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Cosmopolitan

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America's Greatest Magazine

The Gambler



The Motorist who does not stop to put on Weed Tire Chains before driving over wet-slippery-skiddy streets gambles with his life and the lives of others.

Some men would gamble with anything, from a counterfeit coin to life and property and all that they or others hold dear.

But at least they gamble for some stake which to them—if to no one else—seems worth the gamble. They do not risk their whole fortunes with only a few dollars to gain.

Why then, if time be precious, would they risk *all the time* allotted them here on earth, for the sake of a *few moments* of it now?

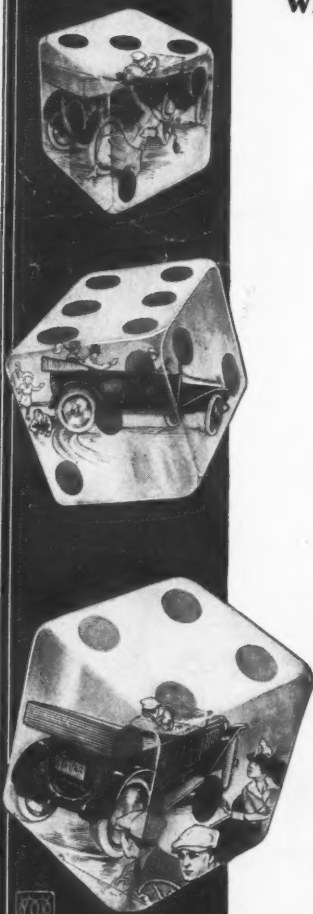
Yet, strange to say, this is just what some motorists do when *they fail to stop to put on Tire Chains before driving over wet-slippery-skiddy streets*. They gamble their automobiles, their limbs, their very lives; and the lives of others on the road—for no more than a little of their time to put on *Weed Chains, the only dependable safeguard against skidding*.

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COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. LXII

APRIL, 1917

NO. 5

Beyond the Bend

By Herbert Kaufman

HE gave his son a fighting chance, led him back over the roads his youth had passed, pointed the wrong turns, pictured the aftermath of reckless, wanton hours, wiped the sweet paints from Folly's bitter lips, panoplied the boy with all his knowledge.

But he refused his daughter an equal share in the valuable estate.

He did not tear the mask from life to show the lies that only are revealed to deep experience.

When her time came to walk alone, having no maps for guidance, she went astray.

A wrecker set a light and led her from the path. Her heart looked up, thinking to find a star. Then she fell, and dragged her crippled soul away to hide it in the night.

Girls are not born road-wise—that's why so many of them wander into danger.

Her father sought to make stern prohibitions suffice where honest, open discussion alone could serve.

He challenged wilfulness by restraining acts and refraining from facts.

There were no mutual confidences. Frankness might have saved what indirection lost.

He knew what lay beyond the bend, where men turn off to sow wild oats and women stay behind and weep and reap.

She only saw the crowds go up the street to play; she never understood how many must come back to pay.

FRIAR YVES

By Edgar Lee Masters

Decoration by W. T. Benda

SAID Friar Yves: "God will bless
Saint Louis' other-worldliness.
Whatever the fate be, still I fare
To fight for the Holy Sepulcher.
If I survive, I shall return
With precious things from Palestine—
Gold for my purse, spices and wine,
Glory to wear among my kin,
Fame as a warrior I shall win.
But, otherwise, if I am slain
In Jesus' cause, my soul shall earn
Immortal life washed white from sin."

Said Friar Yves: "Come what will—
Riches and glory, death and woe—
At dawn to Palestine I go.
Whether I live or die, I gain
To fly the tepid good and ill
Of daily living in Champagne,
Where those who reach salvation lose
The treasures, raptures of the earth,
Captured, possessed, and made to serve
The gospel love of Jesus' birth,
Sacrifice, death: where even those
Passing from pious works and prayer
To paradise are not received
As those who battled, strove, and lived,
And periled bodies, as I choose
To peril mine, and thus to use
Body and soul to build the throne
Of Louis the Saint, where Joseph's care
Lay Jesus under a granite stone."

Then Friar Yves buckled on
His breastplate, and, at break of dawn,
With crossbow, halberd took his way,
Walked without resting, without pause,
Till the sun hovered at midday
Over a tree of glistening leaves,
Where a spring gurgled. "Hunger gnaws
My stomach," whispered Friar Yves.
"If I," he sighed, "could only gain,
Like yonder spring, an inner source
Of life, and need not dew or rain
Of human love, or human friends,
And thus accomplish my soul's ends
Within myself! No," said the friar:
"There is one water and one fire;
There is one Spirit, which is God.
And what are we but streams and springs
Through which He takes His wanderings?
Lord, I am weak, I am afraid;
Show me the way!" the friar prayed.
"Where do I flow and to what end?
Am I of Thee, or do I blend
Hereafter with Thee?"

Yves heard,
While praying, sounds as when the sod
Teems with a swarm of insect things.
He dropped his halberd to look down,

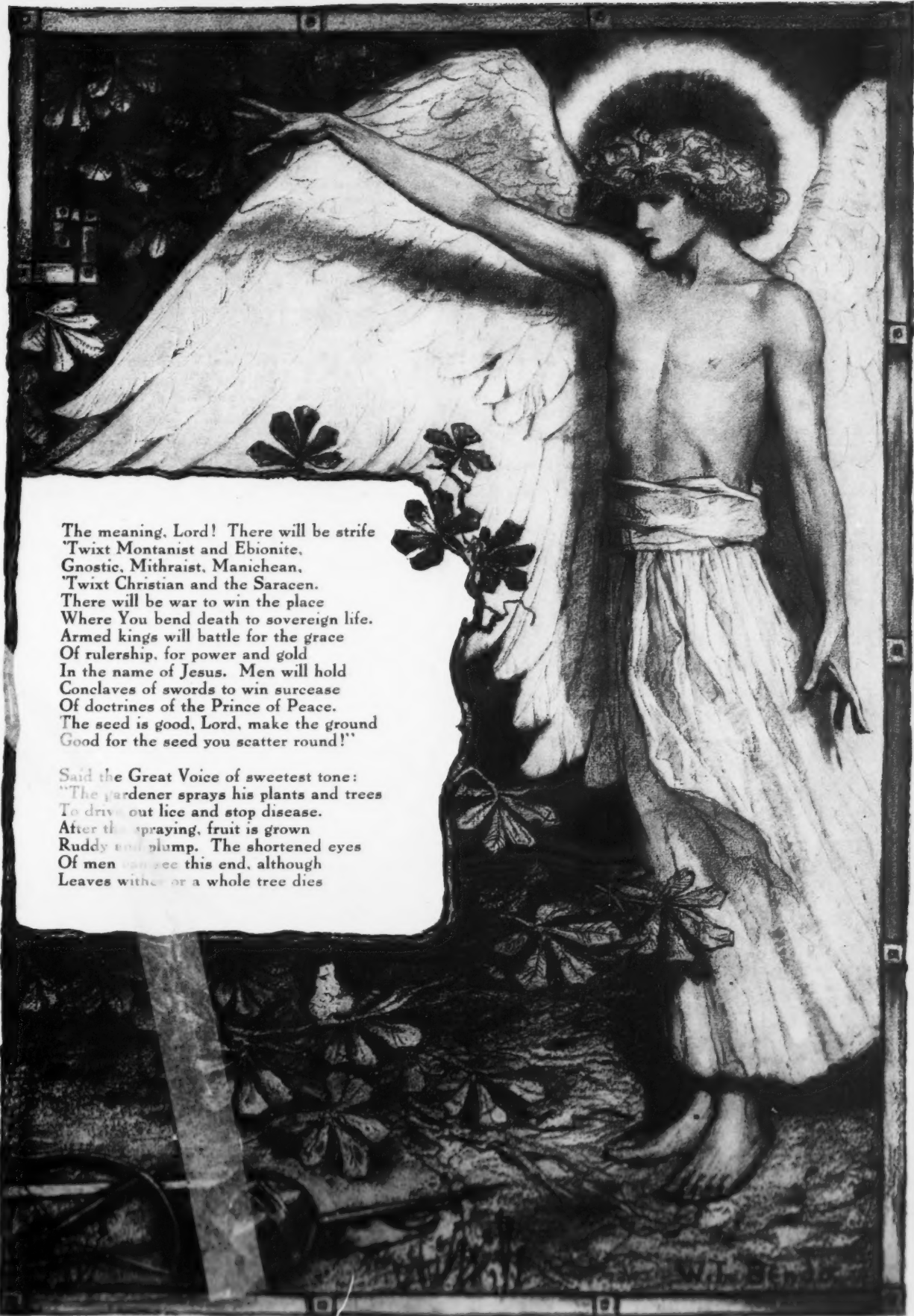
And then his waking vision blurred,
As one before a light will frown.
His inner ear was caught and stirred
By voices: then the chestnut tree
Became a step beside a throne.
Breathless he lay and fearfully,
While on his brain a vision shone.

Said a Great Voice of sweetest tone:
"The time has come when I must take
The form of man for mankind's sake.
This drama is played long enough
By creatures who have naught of me.
Save what comes up from foam of the sea
To crawling moss or swimming weeds,
At last to man. From heaven in flame,
Pure, whole, and vital, down I fly,
And take a mortal's form and name,
And labor for the race's needs."

Then Friar Yves dreamed the sky
Flushed like a bride's face rosily,
And shot to lightning from its bloom.
The world leaped like a babe in the womb,
And choral voices from heaven's cope
Circled the earth like singing stars.
"O wondrous hope, O sweetest hope,
O passion realized at last;
O end of hunger, fear, and wars,
O victory over the bottomless, vast
Valley of Death!"

A silence fell,
Broke by the voice of Gabriel:
"Music may follow this, O Lord!
Music I hear; I hear discord
Through ages yet to be, as well.
There will be wars because of this,
And wars will come in its despite.
It's noon on the world now; blackest night
Will follow soon. And men will miss





The meaning, Lord! There will be strife
Twixt Montanist and Ebionite,
Gnostic, Mithraist, Manichean,
Twixt Christian and the Saracen.
There will be war to win the place
Where You bend death to sovereign life.
Armed kings will battle for the grace
Of rulership, for power and gold
In the name of Jesus. Men will hold
Conclaves of swords to win surcease
Of doctrines of the Prince of Peace.
The seed is good, Lord, make the ground
Good for the seed you scatter round!"

Said the Great Voice of sweetest tone:
"The gardener sprays his plants and trees
To drive out lice and stop disease.
After the spraying, fruit is grown
Ruddy and plump. The shortened eyes
Of men can see this end, although
Leaves wither or a whole tree dies

COSMOPOLITAN

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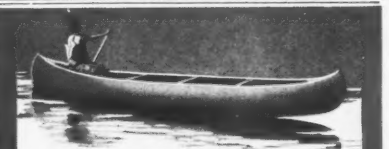
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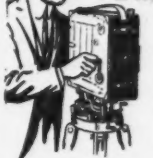
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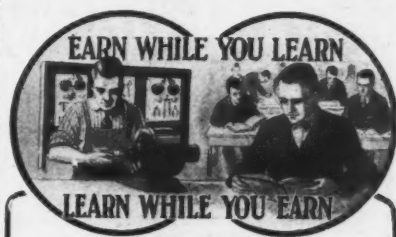
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Agents not earning \$900 yearly should let us show them how to make much more. We train the inexperienced. Write today. Novelty Cutlery Co., 7 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

Hosiery Manufacturer offers permanent good paying position supplying regular customers at home town at mill prices. All or spare time. No capital or experience needed. Protected territory. Credit. F. Parker Mills, 2733 No. 12th St., Phila., Pa.

AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED

Specialty Salesmen: Pony Carnival, 25% less than former propositions. Merchants captivated by weekly payments of \$5.50. Dunlap Pony Company, Box 5, Greenfield, Ohio.

Ladies—We pay \$2.50 per day, pursuant to contract, to distribute free circulars and take orders for Regal Shields. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Regal Company, D-12, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Greatest of All Clothes Washing Compounds No Rubbing. No Boiling. No Injury. Our agents coin money under our plan. Trial package 10c. Particulars free. Utility Mfg. Co., Chippewa Falls, Wis.

We start you in business, furnishing everything; men and women, earning \$30 upward weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Hillyer-Ragsdale Co., E. Orange, N. J.

Salesmen wanted—to sell Shinon Products to retailers and jobbers. All trades handle. Consumption big. Low prices; attractive deals. 18-year quality reputation. Big commission nets large income. All or part time. Shinon, Rochester, N. Y.

Wanted—Live Salesmen to sell fertile farm lands. Ten-acre tracts. Easy terms. No interest or taxes. Big commission. Attractive proposition. Palm Beach County Land Co., Box F, Stuart, Florida.

Stop Here—Just Out—Elsen Regulator for Ford Headlights. Selling like wildfire everywhere. Gives splendid driving light at low speed—keeps bulbs from burning out—works entirely automatically. Needed on every Ford. Big profits quick. Latest Hopkins, Tenn. cleared \$16.20 first day. White, Michigan, \$134.00 one week. No experience or capital needed. We show you how; sales guaranteed. Hurry—don't delay; write now for special information. Address Elsen Instrument Company, 365 Valentine Building, Toledo, Ohio.

Armstrong earned \$67.50 1st day; new collection system sells \$5 to \$30. Agent's profit 150%. No competition. Exclusive territory. Free sample. Sayers Co., 404 Walworth, St. Louis.

Agents: Screen door check. Demonstrate and sale is made. Stops the bang and saves the door. Wonderful summer seller. Demonstrating sample free. Thomas Mfg. Co., 1318 North St., Dayton, O.

Agents: Sell our new Peerless Policy for \$8.00 yearly. All accidents and sicknesses covered. \$2500 death. \$12.50 weekly benefit. Policy providing double benefits \$16.00 yearly. Liberal Commissions. Underwriters, Dept. A, Newark, N. J.

Salesmen acquainted with drug trade and hospitals to sell our Genuine Russian Mineral Oil as a side line. Liberal commission.
Arnold B. Weil & Co., Wade Bldg., Cleveland, O.

Auto Tire Prices Up. Sell Inside (Armour) Tyres. Double tire mileage, prevent punctures, blowouts. Great profitable seller. Free details. American Accessories Co., Dept. C-1, Cincinnati, O.

Agents, Make War-Time Profits, build permanent business with our Big Line Perfumes, Creams, Extracts, Spices, Medicines. Catalogue free. Western Laboratories, 1900-D Van Buren, Chicago.

Sell for large Mfrs. Rex raincoats & bath- robes; sensational demand, 100% profit, unique line, no competition, no investment, 1917 outfit free. Amer. Mercantile Co., N. 969 Simpson St., N. Y. C.

Would \$150 Monthly as General Agent for \$150,000 corporation and a Ford auto of your own, introducing Stock and Poultry remedies, Dips, Disinfectants, Sanitary products, interest you? Then address Royoleen Co-operative Mfg. Co., Dept. 18, Monticello, Ind.

\$120 in 3 days is big profit but Jennings did it in 3 hours. How? Selling our wonderful, brand new, repeat advertising proposition to retail merchants, stores, etc., everywhere. Work when you like—make what you want. Experience unnecessary. Our book tells all—write quick. Salesmanager, Winslow Cabot Co., 94 Congress Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Salesmen: Get Our Plan for Monogramming automobiles, motorcycles, traveling bags, etc., by transfer method; very large profits.
Motorists' Accessories Company, Mansfield, Ohio.

Free Sample—Nosplash water strainers sell themselves—no talking—experience unnecessary. Daily profits \$5 upwards. Send 2c (mailing cost). T. O. F. Union Filter Co., 73 Franklin St., N. Y.

Sells like hot cakes. Brand new ironing wax, perfumes clothes, clamps to ironing board, has asbestos from rest. Working outfit 5c.
Waxinpad, Lynbrook, N. Y., Dept. 1.

Minutes pay dollars, demonstrating new \$7.50 adding machine. Wonderful invention. Adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides. Does work of expensive machines. Five-year Guarantee. Enormous demand. Splendid profits. Write quick for trial offer and protected territory. Dept. A.
Calculator Corporation, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Get Davis' Latest Proposition. Best yet. No matter how often you have answered my advertisements in last 20 years get my 1917 "Prosperity Offer." E. M. Davis, Dept. 31, 900 Lake St., Chicago.

Salesmen—Wanted everywhere to sell Ajax Chemical Fire Engines. If you average sales of one or two machines a week, you make from \$2,000 to \$4,000 a year. You can sell Ajax Chemical Fire Engines to factories, stores, small towns, etc. No capital required. Exclusive territory. Goods well advertised. Ajax Fire Engine Works, 97 W. Liberty St., N. Y. City.

Transfer Initials, Letters, Monograms; applied on automobiles while they wait; cost 2c each; profit \$1.38 on \$1.50 job; free particulars. Auto Monogram Supply Co., Dept. 2, Niagara Bldg., Newark, N. J.

Large profits. Manufacture "Barley Crisps," costs cent to make. Sells like hot cakes for 5c. Machine & instructions, prepaid, \$7.50. Send 10c for sample. Barley Crisp Co., 1208 B way, San Fran.

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Large Mfg. wants agents to sell custom-made Raincoats. Prices defy competition. 1917 outfit free. Exceptional inducements. Enormous profits. Every coat guaranteed waterproof. American European Raincoat Co., 175 E. B'way, N. Y. City, Desk A.

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Agents Make Big Profits selling our Auto Monogram & Initials, Window Sign Letters, Changeable Signs & Show Cards. 1000 Varieties; enormous demand. Sullivan Co., 1123 Van Buren St., Chicago.

Sterilizer—Barbers and Doctors. Easy payments. \$5 to \$14 commission on each sale. Also sell jobbers. The Republic Mfg. Co., 416 Huron Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

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Explain new plan of Systematic Saving, 6% on small payments. Funds invested First Mortgage Bankers Est. 1887. Illustration: 28c. saved every day will be \$2,500 Cash in 15 years—\$965 interest; or \$8,700 in 30 years with \$5,700 profits. Free 40-page book of charts, etc. High man earned \$747 in 15 days as per affidavit will send you. Opportunity for real big income for hard working salesmen. Write fully, stating age, experience, territory desired. Salesmen, school teachers, ministers, office men all do well, all or part time.
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At Last! Ford Starter That Starts and Lasts; production nearly two thousand per week; starts car winter and summer; Woods' pinch clutch starter United Steel Supply, Ford Building, Detroit.

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Be a Detective—Earn large monthly salary; travel over the world. Write
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428, St. Louis, Mo.

Photoplays wanted by 48 Co.'s. \$10 to \$500 each paid for plots. No correspondence course or experience needed; details free to beginners. Sell your ideas. Producers League, 3245, St. Louis.

Ladies to sew at home for a large Phila. firm; good money; steady work; no canvassing; material sent prepaid; send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 8, Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

Intelligent person may earn up to \$25 weekly during spare time at home writing for newspapers. Send for particulars.
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The way to get a Gov't job is through the Washington Civil Service School. We prepare you and you get a position or we guarantee to refund your money. Write to Earl Hopkins, President, Washington, D. C., for Book P K 5, telling about 292,296 Gov't Positions with lifetime employment, short hours, sure pay, regular vacations.

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Learn to be a Detective; Earn a large salary and traveling expenses, write today for free booklet. National School of Detectives,
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Photoplays, plots, original stories. Wanted by a new company. Submit in form. Protection guaranteed. No school agency. Enclose return postage. Address Scenario Editor, California Scenario Company, Inc., Los Angeles, California.

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Photoplays wanted by 48 Co's. \$10 to \$500 each paid for plots. No correspondence course or experience needed; details free to beginners. Sell your ideas. Producers League, 324, St. Louis.

Picture plays wanted. Producers pay \$25 to \$100. You can write them. We show you how. Easy, fascinating way to earn money in spare time. Get free details. Rex Publishers, Box 175, L-16, Chicago.

Motion picture plays—how to write and sell them. Send for E. H. Ball's new 200-page book, "Photo-Play Scenes." It gives you the substance of a \$20 course in Photo-Play writing. Postpaid, cloth 75c. Star Library Co., Dept. C., 114 W. 41st St., N. Y.

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Wanted—Stories, articles, poems for new magazine. We pay on acceptance. Hand written mss. acceptable. Submit mss. to Cosmos Magazine, 1107 Stewart Bldg., Washington, D. C.

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Get More Eggs by feeding cut raw bones. Mann's Bone Cutter sent on 10 days free trial. No money in advance. Catalog free. F. W. Mann & Co., Box 322, Milford, Mass.

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Underwoods: Late model Bichrome improvements. All charges prepaid. 10 days' free trial. Fresh from our factory. Less than half price, small monthly payments or cash. Guaranteed for five years. Write for the best. Agents wanted.

Metro Typewriter Company, 74 Washington Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

All standard makes of typewriters factory rebuilt. Guaranteed for five years from date of sale. One-fourth to one-half manufacturer's price. Send for our big special offer. Remingtons \$10.00 and up. Standard Typewriter Co., Dept. 7, 431 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Largest stock of rebuilt typewriters in the United States. Guaranteed saving \$10.00 to \$25.00 on any rebuilt machine. Underwoods, Remingtons, Oliviers and Monarchs. Write for our big 1917 catalog and price list No. 75 today. Dearborn Typewriter Co., Dept. 5, Chicago, Ill.

Largest stock of typewriters in America. Underwoods, 3/4 to 1/2 mfr's prices, rented anywhere; applying rent on purchase price; free trial; installment payments if desired. Write for catalog O. Typewriter Emp'm (Est. 1892), 34-36 W. Lake, Chicago.

Typewriters, all makes, factory rebuilt by famous "Young Process." Look like new, wear like new, guaranteed like new. Our big business insures "square deal" and permits lowest cash prices—\$10 and up. Also machines rented—or sold on time. No matter what your needs are we can best serve you. Write and see—now. Young Typewriter Co., Dept. 71, Chicago.

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Patents wanted. Write for list of patent buyers who wish to purchase patents and What to Invent with List Inventions Wanted: \$1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability. Write for our four Guide books sent free upon request. Patent advertised Free. We assist inventors to sell their inventions. Victor J. Evans & Co., Patent Attys., 753 9th, Washington, D. C.

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Learn to write advertisements. Will positively show you by mail how you can earn \$25 to \$100 a week. Biggest field in the world. Information free. Page Davis Co., 1117 Page Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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Grow Younger As You Grow Older

Younger in Body, Younger in Spirit, Younger in Ambition, Younger in Every Characteristic that Gives Greater Earning and Living Power, Greater Thought Power, Greater Pleasure Obtaining Power and Greater Health Promoting Power

THE number of years a man has lived does not tell how old or young he is. A man is as old or as young as his energy, his vitality, his capacity for work and play, his resisting power against disease and fatigue.

A man is only as old or as young as his memory power, will power, sustained-thought power, personality power, concentration power and brain power. He is only as old or as young as his digestive power, his heart power, his lung power, his kidney power, his liver power. Age is measured by the age of our cells, tissues and organs, and not by the calendar!

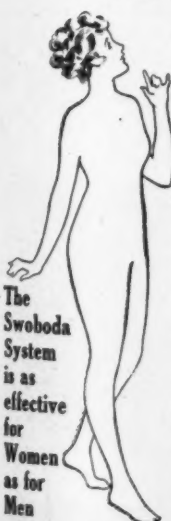
Cultivate the Cells

Everybody knows that the body and brain are made up of millions of tiny cells. We can be no younger than those cells are young. We can be no more efficient in any way than those cells are efficient. We can be no more energetic than the combined energy of those cells.

By conscious cultivation of these cells, it is as natural as the law of gravity that we become more efficient, more alive, more energetic, more ambitious, more enthusiastic, more youthful. By consciously developing the cells in our stomachs, we must improve our digestion. By consciously developing the cells in the heart, we must increase its strength in exact proportion. By consciously developing the brain cells, the result can only be multiplied brain power—and so with every organ in the body.

What we are and what we are capable of accomplishing depends entirely and absolutely on the degree of development of our cells. They are the sole controlling factors in us. We are only as young and as great and as powerful as they are.

There Is No Fraud Like Self-Deception



You may think you are young, strong, brainy, energetic, happy, yet when compared with other men or women, you are old, weak, dull, listless and unhappy. You do not know what you are capable of accomplishing because you have not begun to develop the real vital powers within you. The truth is you are only a dwarf in health and mind when you can easily become a giant through conscious development of every cell, tissue and organ in your body and brain. By accelerating the development of the powers within you, you can actually become younger, as you grow older—yes, younger in every way that will contribute to your health, happiness and prosperity.

Conscious Evolution—the Secret

Swoboda proves that Conscious Evolution gives energy and vitality to spare, digestive power to spare, self-reliance to spare, and gives many other desirable characteristics to spare. He proves that Conscious Evolution makes people disease-proof, fatigue-proof. He maintains that to possess sufficient vitality and energy and to keep the body in normal health under the most favorable conditions is no more health prosperity than to have only enough money from day to day to meet current expenses. Great reserve health, great reserve energy is what we must acquire if we are to successfully nullify the ravages of time and to easily overcome every adverse condition and thus enjoy the benefit of our health power and the advantage of our energy.

Beware of Health Poverty

As Swoboda says, "There are individuals who seek work only when their last cent is gone. Likewise, individuals live from minute to minute and from day to day, seeking health and energy only as they need them badly."

Conscious Evolution is for them—for everyone. It is a simple scientific and practical system by means of which every part of the brain and body is energized, strengthened, awakened, so that we become possessed of a super health and mentality—the Swoboda kind of health and mentality. Conscious Evolution makes for good fortune by developing the resources and the ability and power of personality.

Strange as it may seem, this revolutionary method of consciously awakening and developing weakened and lifeless cells requires no drugs, medicines or apparatus of any kind. It does not require dieting, deep breathing, excessive exercising, cold baths, electricity or massage. It takes only a few minutes a day, yet so startling is the effect of Swoboda's system that you begin to feel younger, renewed, revitalized, re-energized after the first day.

AN AMAZING BOOK FOR YOU

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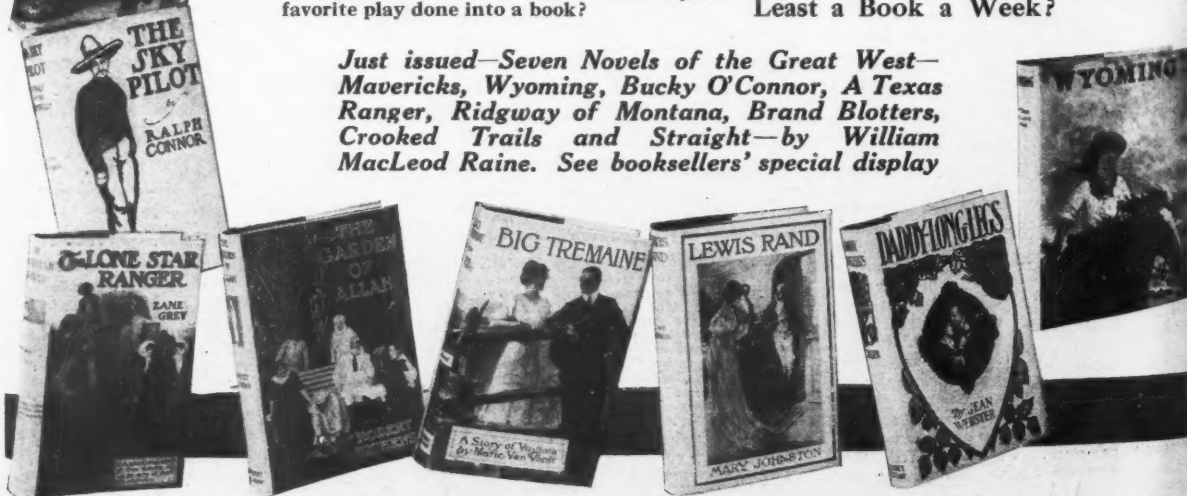
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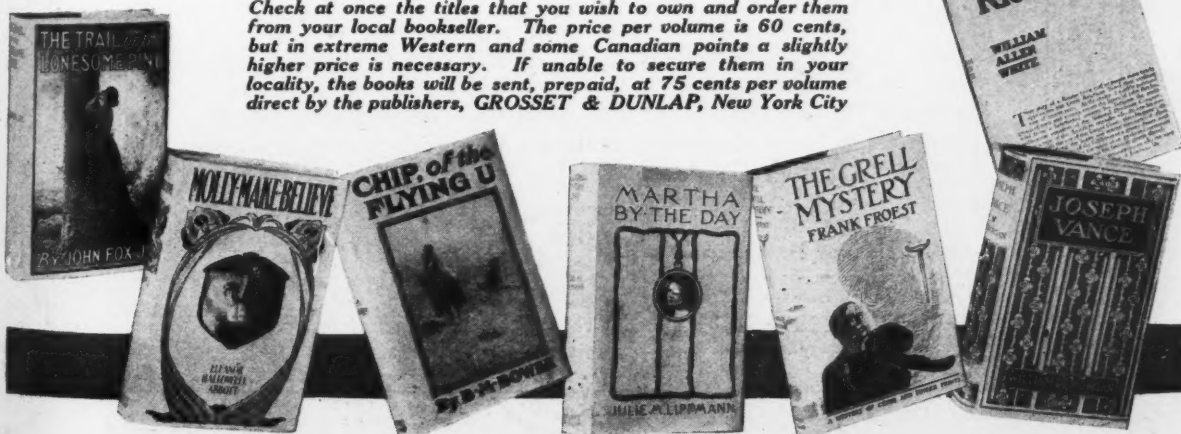
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COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. LXII

APRIL, 1917

NO. 5

Beyond the Bend

By Herbert Kaufman

HE gave his son a fighting chance, led him back over the roads his youth had passed, pointed the wrong turns, pictured the aftermath of reckless, wanton hours, wiped the sweet paints from Folly's bitter lips, panoplied the boy with all his knowledge.

But he refused his daughter an equal share in the valuable estate.

He did not tear the mask from life to show the lies that only are revealed to deep experience.

When her time came to work alone, having no maps for guidance, she went astray.

A wrecker set a light and led her from the path. Her heart looked up, thinking to find a star. Then she fell, and dragged her crippled soul away to hide it in the night.

Girls are not born road-wise—that's why so many of them wander into danger.

Her father sought to make stern prohibitions suffice where honest, open discussion alone could serve.

He challenged wilfulness by restraining acts and refraining from facts.

There were no mutual confidences. Frankness might have saved what indirection lost.

He knew what lay beyond the bend, where men turn off to sow wild oats and women stay behind and weep and reap.

She only saw the crowds go up the street to play; she never understood how many must come back to pay.

FRIAR YVES

By Edgar Lee Masters

Decoration by W.T. Bender

SAID Friar Yves: "God will bless
Saint Louis' other-worldliness.
Whatever the fate be, still I fare
To fight for the Holy Sepulcher.
If I survive, I shall return
With precious things from Palestine—
Gold for my purse, spices and wine,
Glory to wear among my kin,
Fame as a warrior I shall win.
But, otherwise, if I am slain
In Jesus' cause, my soul shall earn
Immortal life washed white from sin."

Said Friar Yves: "Come what will—
Riches and glory, death and woe—
At dawn to Palestine I go,
Whether I live or die, I gain
To fly the tepid good and ill
Of daily living in Champagne,
Where those who reach salvation lose
The treasures, raptures of the earth,
Captured, possessed, and made to serve
The gospel love of Jesus' birth,
Sacrifice, death; where even those
Passing from pious works and prayer
To paradise are not received
As those who battled, strove, and lived,
And periled bodies, as I choose
To peril mine, and thus to use
Body and soul to build the throne
Of Louis the Saint, where Joseph's care
Lay Jesus under a granite stone."

Then Friar Yves buckled on
His breastplate, and, at break of dawn,
With crossbow, halberd took his way,
Walked without resting, without pause,
Till the sun hovered at midday
Over a tree of glistening leaves,
Where a spring gurgled. "Hunger gnaws
My stomach," whispered Friar Yves.
"If I," he sighed, "could only gain,
Like yonder spring, an inner source
Of life, and need not dew or rain
Of human love, or human friends,
And thus accomplish my soul's ends
Within myself! No," said the friar:
"There is one water and one fire;
There is one Spirit, which is God.
And what are we but streams and springs
Through which He takes His wanderings?
Lord, I am weak, I am afraid;
Show me the way!" the friar prayed.
"Where do I flow and to what end?
Am I of Thee, or do I blend
Hereafter with Thee?"

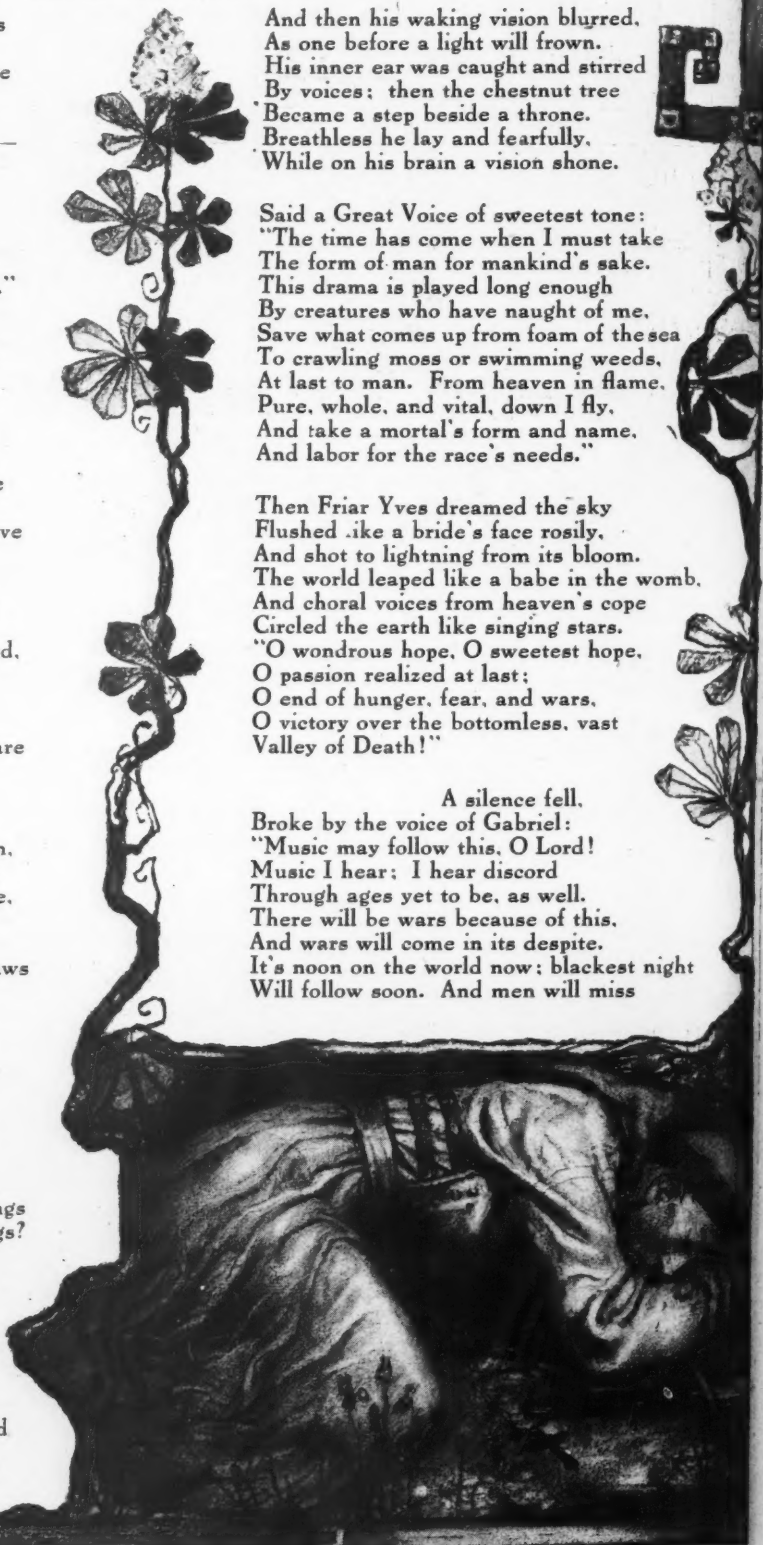
Yves heard,
While praying, sounds as when the sod
Teems with a swarm of insect things.
He dropped his halberd to look down,


And then his waking vision blurred,
As one before a light will frown.
His inner ear was caught and stirred
By voices: then the chestnut tree
Became a step beside a throne.
Breathless he lay and fearfully,
While on his brain a vision shone.

Said a Great Voice of sweetest tone:
"The time has come when I must take
The form of man for mankind's sake.
This drama is played long enough
By creatures who have naught of me,
Save what comes up from foam of the sea
To crawling moss or swimming weeds,
At last to man. From heaven in flame,
Pure, whole, and vital, down I fly,
And take a mortal's form and name,
And labor for the race's needs."

Then Friar Yves dreamed the sky
Flushed like a bride's face rosily,
And shot to lightning from its bloom.
The world leaped like a babe in the womb,
And choral voices from heaven's cope
Circled the earth like singing stars.
"O wondrous hope, O sweetest hope,
O passion realized at last;
O end of hunger, fear, and wars,
O victory over the bottomless, vast
Valley of Death!"

A silence fell,
Broke by the voice of Gabriel:
"Music may follow this, O Lord!
Music I hear; I hear discord
Through ages yet to be, as well.
There will be wars because of this,
And wars will come in its despite.
It's noon on the world now; blackest night
Will follow soon. And men will miss





The meaning, Lord! There will be strife
Twixt Montanist and Ebionite,
Gnostic, Mithraist, Manichean,
Twixt Christian and the Saracen.
There will be war to win the place
Where You bend death to sovereign life.
Armed kings will battle for the grace
Of rulership, for power and gold
In the name of Jesus. Men will hold
Conclaves of swords to win surcease
Of doctrines of the Prince of Peace.
The seed is good, Lord, make the ground
Good for the seed you scatter round!"

Said the Great Voice of sweetest tone:
"The gardener sprays his plants and trees
To drive out lice and stop disease.
After the spraying, fruit is grown
Ruddy and plump. The shortened eyes
Of men can see this end, although
Leaves wither or a whole tree dies

From what the gardener does to grow
Apples and plums of sweeter flesh.
The gardener lives outside the tree;
The gardener knows the tree can see
What cure is needed, plans afresh
An end foreseen, and there's the will
Wherewith the gardener may fulfil
The orchard's destiny."

So He spake.
And Friar Yves seemed to wake,
But did not wake, and only sunk
Into another dreaming state.
Wherein he saw a woman's form
Leaning against the chestnut's trunk.
Her body was virginal, white, and straight,
And glowed like a dawning, golden, warm,
Behind a robe of writhing green.
As when a rock wall makes a screen
Whereon the crisscross reflect moves
Of circling water under the rays
Of April sunlight through the sprays
Of budding branches in willow groves—
A liquid mosaic of green and gold—
Thus was her robe.

But to behold
Her face was to forget the youth
Of her white bosom. All her hair
Was tangled serpents; she did wear
A single eye in the middle brow.
Her cheeks were shriveled, and one tooth
Stuck from her shrunken gums. A bough
O'ershadowed her the while she gripped
A pail in either hand. One dripped
Clear water; one, ethereal fire.
Then to the Graia spoke the friar:

"Have mercy! Tell me your desire
And what you are?"

Then the Graia said:
"My body is Nature and my head
Is Man, and God has given me
A seeing spirit, strong and free.
Though by a single eye, as even
Man has one vision at a time.
I lift my pails up; mark them well.
With this fire I will burn up heaven,
And with this water I will quench
The flames of hell's remotest trench.
That men may work in righteousness.
Not for the fears of an after hell,
Nor for rewards which heaven will bless
The soul with when the mountains nod
And the sun darkens, but for love
Of Man and Life, and love of God.
Now look!"

She dashed the pail of fire
Against the vault of heaven. It fell
As would a canopy of blue
Burned by a soldier's careless torch.
She dashed the water into hell,
And a great steam rose with the smell
Of gaseous coals, which seemed to scorch
All things which on the good earth grew.
"Now," said the Graia, "loiterer,
Awake from slumber, rise and speed
To fight for the Holy Sepulcher—
Nothing is left but Life, indeed—
I have burned heaven; I have quenched hell."

Friar Yves no longer slept;
Friar Yves awoke and wept.





Egeria Unveiled

By Amélie Rives
(Princess Troubetzkoy)

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

IT was in a mood somewhat autumnal—in the sense that the October day itself was quietly melancholy despite its sunshine, faintly bitter with the fragrance of dead leaves and late flowers—that Cleyden watched the mauve gown of his Egeria receding between the hedges of clipped yew. He watched with just the queer measure of regret that one feels for the absence of some one very dear, whose presence brings an even greater sense of unfulfilment, and yet whom one can't imagine doing without. Had he, indeed, once "done" without her, and rather worth while things at that? It seemed a dim, unreal time as he looked back on it—almost prenatal. In a way, it *was* prenatal. He had not been born—not his realest creative self, that is—till he met her. And how long ago was that? How many vain springs and empty summers and wistful autumns and unfulfilled winters? Eight years by the calendar, by the sum of a man's endurance—a lifetime, the best of his youth—he sighed, running a nervous hand over his red-roan locks. And he asked himself for the millionth time, as so many men in his plight have asked themselves, "What are women made of, I wonder?"

Just twenty-nine he had been when he met her; now he was thirty-eight—an anchorite of love—"a barren stock," as he mockingly put it in his thoughts (that bitterness of dead leaves was certainly in his mood). He felt starved out, played out, written out. There it was—the thing that simply *couldn't* be borne smilingly—he had come to the end of himself if not to the end of what she meant to him. He felt empty within—like a famished spider that can no longer spin its web from unnourished vitals. "He laughed out at this last simile, and some one close beside him said, "Well, *that's* a gloomy specimen of mirth!"

Turning quickly, with his lean nervousness, he saw that Jacqueline Day was leaning on the balustrade at his right. He had known Jacqueline since she was a little creature

Cleyden had one horrid moment of suspense, and then he saw that both Mrs. Warren and Jacqueline were doing the incredibly perfect thing

with fine black legs like exclamation points and the curls of Phœbus Apollo. Now it was her hair that was black—as Hamburg grapes are black—but its bunched masses still curled, giving a charming bacchanal look to her pointed face.

I say he had "known" her, but he never felt less that he "knew" her than at that moment. He had seen her, observed her, admired her from time to time, in her different stages from larva to chrysalis, and now, in the full flight of her girlhood, he was sure that he "knew" her no more than any man has ever "known" a young girl.

She was just twenty-one and had been "out" three years. "I suppose," she continued, as he stood looking down at her in silence, with a "caught in the act" expression, which gave his maturity an odd air of awkwardness in the glare of her untempered youth, "that's what they call a 'sardonic' laugh. What I'd like awfully to know is whether you're feeling sardonic toward yourself or some one else?"

He had selected the right shade of tone in which to answer her by now—or thought he had—and said, smiling, "I was laughing rather unkindly, I'll admit, at the lamentable muddle a friend of mine has made of things."

"What sort of things? Things generally, or things particular?"

He pretended to reflect.

"I suppose *he* would consider them rather particular," he said, at last, still smiling.

"Do *you* consider them 'particular?'" persisted the girl, and, to his nervous mood, her eyes had an odd look of seeing through the surface of his tone.

"Why, in so far as I'm his friend, I must," he returned lightly.

The mauve-gowned figure had now reached the end of the lower terrace and was about to disappear behind some shrubbery. Jacqueline's eyes, having turned from Cleyden, fixed upon it.

"Is Mrs. Warren his friend, too?" she then asked, a little singularly.

"Yes; I believe she is," Cleyden admitted.

"What does *she* think about it?"

"My dear girl, I really don't know."

He tossed this off as if her inconsequent questions amused him greatly.

"Well," said Jacqueline, more singularly than ever, "I do."

"*You* do?" asked Cleyden, clinging to his pose of finding her quaintly amusing. "Now, if you'd only condescend to explain to me how you've arrived at your wonderful knowledge—your telepathic reading of Mrs. Warren's thoughts about a person whose name you don't know."

"I *do* know it," she announced calmly, and this time reduced him to a speechless stare.

But she was looking straight before her at the foliage of the strikingly American wood that so strangely hemmed in the "Italian" garden, and did not see this stare of helpless stupefaction. There was a somber frown on her low forehead, as of one determined to go to the bitterest end of a bitter thing.

"The person's name," she added, after a few seconds thus spent in frowning at nature, "is Stuart Cleyden."

Cleyden would have gasped if she had left him breath enough to manage it.

"My dear Jack," he brought out at last, "you're really *too* wonderful this morning!"

"It's because," said Jacqueline, still more amazingly, "I'm rather fond of *you*, and I loathe *her*."

"Her? My dear child—who?"

He could only echo her, as one might clutch at a chip in a whirlpool.

"Violet Warren," answered the terrible and uncompromising young voice.

Here Cleyden flung himself, with the leap of a desperate perch trying to escape from an energetic young pike, high and dry on solid ground.

"Jack, my dear," he said gently, "I don't think that I can discuss Mrs. Warren, even with you—especially as you so frankly say that you loathe her."

She turned on him implacable eyes of indigo—very beautiful eyes, and never more beautiful than just then, with that wilful flame in them.

"*You're* not discussing her," she said; "*I'm* discussing her."

"I don't think I can even let—" he began; but she nipped off his sentence as if she were nipping a dry twig.

"You can't help it—unless you run away."

Cleyden did not run away, though he felt inclined to, but he took refuge in a personality as blunt as hers had been, delivered with more than a hint of grave reproof in it.

"My dear girl, I don't seem to know you at all this morning."

She had a quick and even more overwhelming retort for this.

"Of course you don't. You've never known me. How



"I wonder," she said, in a queer, pale

voice, "could you? A creature who sat on your knee when she was a baby, and to whom you've given sweets and flowers as she grew up, but never five minutes of serious thought or conversation. *I*, though," she ended, "know *you*."

"Oh!" He couldn't help laughing.

"I know you," she went on, unperturbed, "through your books. You're in them more than anyone ever *was* in his books—more than you dream you are, more"—she uttered this with peculiar emphasis—"than you ever meant to be."

"I am delighted," said Cleyden blandly, "that, after seeing me so unveiled, you still continue to like me."

"I don't like you as you are in your latest books," replied Jacqueline.

The mental start that this gave him warned him that if he was to run away, now was the appointed time. But the inclination had left him. She had roused his curiosity of the writer as well as of the mere human being in her strange personality, thus suddenly sprung upon him like a fascinating figure out of a lovely but not mysterious-looking

not youthful just showed about her young, full mouth—"Memoirs of My Dead Life."

Cleyden was aghast to feel how his heart was beating, how this blow on the very quick of his inner self affected his physical self. He didn't say anything for some moments because, simply, he couldn't think of what to say, and couldn't have trusted his voice if he had. The girl kept perfectly motionless, her eyes fixed on the distance. It was she who broke the silence.

"That is why I loathe Violet Warren," she said, as quietly as she might have said, "That is why I like your first books better than the last."

Cleyden made a wild clutch for self-possession, much as one might spring for the rope of an escaping balloon. If the girl had glanced at him now, she would have seen how pale he was under his tan and the boyish sprinkling of freckles that so pleasantly kept his well-cut nose from being too "classic."

"My dear Jacqueline," he said, "when one is as far in as you've got us, there's nothing but to swim for the other side."

"What," asked Jacqueline, "do you call the 'other side?'"

"The other side of the question you've raised about—you've set me an example in plain-speaking which I'm going to follow—about myself and Mrs. Warren."

"The question," repeated the girl, with arched eyebrows, "that I've—raised?"

Cleyden planted it firmly on the basis she had inferred.

"The question of her influence on my writing."

"It's you, after all," flashed Jacqueline, "who influence your writing."

"Then," said Cleyden quietly, "her influence on me." He paused a moment to give his next speech its due effect. "Mrs. Warren is far and away the most remarkable woman I've ever known. If my books have ever been 'alive,' it was her inspiration that made them so. She has never failed me once in the most beautiful relationship I've ever imagined. If my middle-aged books now seem 'dead' to you, it's because my power to write more thrilling ones—younger ones—in fact—he looked at her with a smile that said plainly he considered her extreme

youngness the sole reason for the lack of life that she felt in what he called his "middle-aged" books—"it's because that power has naturally departed with my youth," he concluded.

Jacqueline met his smile with a grave, considering look.

"I can't tell you," she said, at last, "how queerly it strikes me to hear a man of thirty-eight talking as if he were fifty, and decrepit for his age."

His color rose slowly under her look and words.



voice, "if you would marry me"

box. He felt as if a Tanagra statuette had turned into a young sphinx under his eyes—a sphinx, moreover, who was bent on elucidating riddles rather than propounding them.

"What is wrong, please," he tried to ask as matter-of-factly as possible, "with my latest books?"

Jacqueline glanced at him a second, then back at the shrubberies behind which Mrs. Warren had vanished.

"They are not alive," she then pronounced; "they are like things written from memory, like"—a smile that was

"I had not meant to give exactly that impression," he replied rather stiffly.

"No," said the girl; "I don't suppose you did—but, you see, I get impressions from you that I'm sure you don't mean to give."

She looked away again, and while Cleyden, deeply annoyed but still fascinated by the boldness of her singular attack, was casting about in his mind for some ironic rejoinder that would not too clearly reveal his annoyance, she remarked, with quiet scorn:

"Everybody calls her your 'Egeria.' They appear to think the relationship as 'beautiful' as you do."

This quite floored him. He could only wait, in dumfounded amazement, its sequel.

"I looked up 'Egeria' last evening, in Smith's 'Dictionary of Mythology,'" she continued. "She seems to have behaved toward Numa just as your Egeria behaves toward you—taught him how to worship at her shrine, in particular. But then came along Hippolytus. She had, oh—quite a different relationship with Hippolytus."

"Indeed? I'm afraid my mythology's rather rusty," said Cleyden, with a detachment in his tone intended to convey his lack of interest in the subject. The girl completed her story unmoved.

"Yes. She kept Numa just worshipping her all his life, but she gave Hippolytus a son. I haven't," she added judiciously, "one particle of respect for Numa, and she probably hadn't either—in the bottom of her heart."

Cleyden underwent a sudden cataclysmic revulsion of conviction. He had, as he said, up to this moment, believed Mrs. Warren to be the most remarkable of women, but he realized now, with a sense of vertigo, that the young person before him beat all records for remarkableness. He also had the sickening sensation of being in the midst of one of those nightmares in which one finds oneself walking without apparel in a crowded street.

"You see," Jacqueline was saying lucidly, "it's just because she is what they call 'good,' that I despise your Egeria."

"My dear child!" was all he could drag from his paralysis by way of expostulation.

"No," she contradicted, frowning; "I'm not your 'dear child.' I'm not anybody's 'dear child.' I know exactly what I'm saying. I detest her, I despise her, because she sacrifices everything to her 'goodness.' She takes all and gives nothing in return but her loathesome 'goodness.' She's a spiritual vampire. A man's soul is all that's fit for her. His heart is only a little bit of flesh—and she scorns flesh! She—"

The voice in which he spoke her name brought the girl to a check, with lips parted and hot words unuttered. He was white as death now, and his eyes had a strange, mixed gleam—half anger, half shame.

"Think a moment," he said, still in the queer, ravaged voice which had arrested her, "and you will see that, in bare decency, I can't listen to such words."

But she met even this.

"Why not," she asked, pale as he was, but keeping her boldly honest eyes on his; "if I care more for you than she does, if I'm willing to sacrifice things for you instead of sacrificing you to things?" Then, as she saw the bewilderment in his face, she continued, with a rather painful little smile: "Oh, do you think I haven't sacrificed anything—to speak to you as I've done? You see," she went on, before he could answer, "I'm not the stuff that Egerias are made of; I don't care a fig about being worshiped, but, somehow, it's in me to worship, though you mightn't think it—and I've worshiped your genius—the *you* that your genius means to me—ever since I was old enough to realize it. Doesn't that?"—her eyes had the loveliest expression now—"give me some right to—well, to say things? When it's because I so want you to have everything?"

The effect of this speech was to make the muscles in Cleyden's throat tighten as they hadn't done for a considerable period, and to fill him with dread lest his eyes should brim while she looked at him.

To escape this humiliating revelation of what he was trying so hard to keep from her—the knowledge that she had indeed touched the quick of a deep wound—he bent over and kissed the capable little hand that rested on the balustrade. He was quite his own man when he stood erect again.

"That is my homage to your beautiful candor which I don't a bit deserve," he said, with quiet feeling.

"Ah, but you do deserve it!" cried the girl. "Only, I want you to deserve it more."

"But if I'm not 'alive' any longer?" he ventured, trying to recover a lighter tone.

"I want you," said this astonishing girl, "to 'come alive.'"

Cleyden's tone was quizzical now, without effort.

"And how do you propose that I should accomplish that miracle?" he inquired.

The girl had her fixed look for the distance again.

"By getting free—by showing that you *can* get free."

"But just let us suppose, my dear girl, that I don't want in the least to get free?"

Jacqueline's reply to this was a question.

"Did you ever read Fabre on insects?" she asked, with what seemed one of her amusing inconsequences, and when he nodded "Yes," she continued, "Do you remember—the wasp, I think it was, that stings her victims just enough to paralyze them, so that they seem dead but aren't really?"

Cleyden, who saw where her analogy pointed, made a dextrous move to divert its application.

"I remember his account of other insects more clearly," he said. "The scarabs and that weird 'praying mantis.'"

"Well, the 'praying mantis' will do as well for what I mean," said Jacqueline. "She had a 'spectral attitude' that paralyzed her victims. *You're* paralyzed by a spectral attitude. You've only to break the spell—break away, you know."

"Only!" breathed Cleyden, and in this low-pitched echo was more of admission than there had been even in his shocked pallor.

"Tell me," said the girl suddenly, her hand on his arm: "Don't you sometimes *ache* to break away?"

That was a long, an extraordinary look with which they held each other.

"My dear," said Cleyden finally, "there are some things which, even if one felt, one would never confess."

She turned from him at that and walked to the extreme end of the terrace. Then, after standing there for some moments, came back to him.

"I wonder," she said, in a queer, pale voice, "if you would marry me." Cleyden felt the stone pavement of the terrace give a dizzy heave. "Would you?" repeated Jacqueline, her very lips white now, but her voice and eyes steady. Then, with a burst of passionate bitterness, her hands clasped: "I do so long—I do so thirst for you to give her a lesson—to pay her back—to make her feel that you've never really belonged to her. And that it's her own fault—that she's lost you just through her horrible, selfish, wicked 'goodness!'"

Cleyden was extricated from the most grotesquely excruciating dilemma by her adding, in a quieter tone:

"It isn't as if I were suggesting it because I'm in love with you. I'm only in love with your genius, and I want to save it, to keep her"—she had a little return of fierceness—"from *battening* on it!"

"Doesn't it strike you, you adorable and incredible child," returned Cleyden huskily, "that I should be rather battening if I accepted what I can only call your 'holocaust' of yourself to what you think my genius?"

"No," said Jacqueline; "it wouldn't be a holocaust. I should leave you free. I should feel free myself. It would be only that I think she would hate your marrying a girl like me more than anything that could happen to her."

"If she thought it meant my happiness, she would be the first to urge me to," Cleyden said gravely, not without an effect of rather priggishly upholding his idol.



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"Egeria let Numa worship her all his life, but it was Hippolytus that she really loved." "Why," asked Mrs. Warren, just touching her lips lightly with the golden leaf, "do you say that?"

The girl's response to this was an "Ugh!" which seemed to come from the depths of a bottomless distaste. He flushed red as any boy.

"It's quite beautiful—really magnificent what you are willing to sacrifice for me—that is, for your ideal of me," he said, "but forgive me for reminding you that your way of seeing things is very, very touchingly—young."

"Young!" cried Jacqueline, her face aglow with derision. "It's *you* who're young! You might be a troubadour with a lute!"

Cleyden was surprised to feel how angry this taunt made him. He stood gazing at her, not daring to say any of the too cutting things that rose to his lips.

"Of course you're angry," the girl said, in answer to his eloquent muteness. "It's odd how the truth always does make people angry. But perhaps *she'll* end by making you angry, too." She actually shrugged a contemptuous young shoulder. "If that happens, and it should also make you feel human enough to want revenge, why—what I said to you stands," she wound up boyishly.

And just here, the mauve gown appeared again, moving toward them. At the first glimpse of it, Jacqueline wheeled and walked off toward the house with her soft, free gait of a young Indian. Charles Day, her father and their host, had stayed behind for a talk with the head gardener after having borne Mrs. Warren off to see a new specimen of japonica just arrived from the South, so that she was now advancing alone.

II

As he leaned, watching her come, in a certainly different mood from that in which he had watched her go, Cleyden thought how, more than ever to-day, she resembled the sweet, old-fashioned flower called "love-in-a-mist," to which he had long ago likened her. The diaphanous ruffles of bluish mauve blown against her throat by the warm breeze—the day was mild as summer—were like its petals, and her delicate, pale hair made a tendriled mist above.

Love-in-a-mist! Their whole story was in that charming name of a flower, their whole "relationship," exquisite and impossible, fragile as the flower cut from its roots, embalmed, as it were, by their renunciation, and kept in a clear vase of alabaster, like spikenard.

Suddenly, while he watched her coming, a thought thrust up like a strong weed among his floral similes—a thought, rank and unbidden; he saw their love symbolized, not by an alabaster vase of spikenard but by a pot of basil—the plant that had thrived on a dead man's brains; only, in his thought he pictured its luxuriance as being nourished by—his phrasing of it was really odious—a potted heart.

It was curious how, in direct ratio to each step of her gentle approach, his thoughts grew in bitterness. His previous mood had been like some corrosive metal in solution which Jacqueline's outbreak had precipitated. And he seemed to see the lovely woman below him, attired in samite and miniver, and himself decked out as a troubadour, posing at her feet through long years of subtle abasement and defrauded manhood.

Meanwhile, Violet Warren, happily unaware that she was approaching a seething retort, the contents of which had so lately undergone so notable a chemical transformation, came up and leaned beside him on the balustrade, as Jacqueline had done half an hour ago.

"You look rather fagged, Numa dear," she said, in her veiled, wistful voice that also suggested the flower he thought so like her. "I'm

sure you're writing too steadily on this last book. Why not stop all creative work for the present, and we'll go over together what you've lately done?"

She thought the look rather strange with which he answered slowly,

"I think, Egeria, my dear, I'm going to get you to go over with me what we've both already done."

"You mean the whole manuscript?"

"The whole thing—yes."

"But"—her serene, faintly marked eyebrows went up a little—"we've done it so thoroughly, dear."

"Not as thoroughly as we can, Egeria."

By now, his manner, taken with the rather peculiar way in which he had spoken the name he himself had given her, made her sure that something was wrong. In her low voice, very tenderly, she said,

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" Then, as he did not reply at once, she added, with apparent irrelevance, "Wasn't that Jacqueline Day who left you as I came up?"

"Yes—why?" Cleyden asked.

"Nothing. Only, she tires me—not bores me, you know, but really tires me—like a strong perfume or too violent music. I thought she might have tired you, too. She's so overwhelmingly vivid, so assertively alive—as a 'live wire' is alive."

The smile with which she brought this out didn't win her an answering one from Cleyden. He was poking with his stick at a bit of green that had sprung up between a crevice in the stone flooring, and gazing at it with fixed intensity. Without looking up, he said:

"No; she doesn't tire me. But I know how you must feel toward her. You don't like things or people to be—*too* alive, do you. Egeria? I think"—he looked at her now and smiled, too, and there was something not quite kind in both the look and the smile—"I am, indeed, rather sure that the enchanted prince in the 'Arabian Nights'—the



Strangely enough, this bit of paper shook him as even

chap who was half man and half marble—would have filled your ideal to perfection."

It was just as if something had dimmed the pale, pure luster of her really exquisite face. She drew in her breath softly, then said, even more softly,

"That's very cruel of you."

"The truth," replied Cleyden, "is apt to be cruel."

She drew in another deep, soft breath then,

"The truth?" she said. "You think that is the truth about me?"

"What," said Cleyden, looking at her fixedly and rigidly, "is the truth about you?"

"You can ask me that?"

"Isn't that really all I want to know?"

But, as they stood gazing at each other, somewhat like enemies who have mistaken each other for friends in a thick fog, his rigidity broke suddenly. He gave her the touching, appealing look of a dog that has inadvertently snarled at its beloved mistress because she has touched a hidden sore, and said quickly:

"Come with me where we can talk. We're too near the house here and all those confounded windows. Come; I must talk to you."

They went silently down the terrace and deep into the wood that encircled the Italian garden. A brook divided it, slipping with a clear, continuous music between great slabs of lichen stone, and Mrs. Warren leaned against one of these slabs, looking down at the garrulous water, waiting quietly for him to begin.

It struck him that she had a pathetic, misplaced air under the gorgeous canopy of autumn leaves, against that background of huge stones and rough, vigorous forest-trees. It was rather as if an ivory statuette had been transferred to this "panic" out-of-doors from its proper surrounding of a richly delicate interior, and, his bitterness coming uppermost again, he remembered how ivory must be "dead" before it can be wrought to such perfection. All the while that he stood watching her, thinking these thoughts, she leaned there tranquilly, perfectly silent, perfectly still. It was as if he had hurt her so cruelly that she would not give him the least help to begin hurting her again. He had never noticed before how secretive the fine mouth was, or the veiled brows, and broad, white eyelids. His simile for her changed. She was like a lovely ivory book, closed with a silver clasp of which the key was

lost. Who could read her? Who that did not break the clasp?

"Egeria," he said suddenly, "do you remember Hippolytus?"

She looked at him gently, a little coldly.

"Is it an allegory you've invented about me?"

"No; it is part of the story of Numa's Egeria."

She had taken up a slender, golden leaf that had drifted down against her sleeve, and was turning it about. It made her hands, in the shadow, look like fair porcelain.

"Well, what of Hippolytus?" she murmured.

"Egeria let Numa worship her all his life, but it was Hippolytus that she really loved."

"Why," asked Mrs. Warren, just touching her lips lightly with the golden leaf, "do you say that?"

"Because," said Cleyden, coming close to her, holding her soft, vaguely blue eyes with his, "she bore Hippolytus a child."

Her eyes didn't fall from his, and a look of the purest beauty welled in them.

"My dear love," she said, "you know well that I would have loved to bear your children."

A choked cry broke from the man.

"Then why—why—" he stammered.

She looked at him in deepest, most sorrowful reproach.

"Isn't our love the crystal cup that's so wonderfully full to the very brim that we must go wonderfully, not to spill a drop or break the cup?" she said, at last. "Aren't those your own exquisite words about it?"

He gave, at this, a groan of exasperation.



her presence hadn't done. He had never till then read words traced upon such paper that were not for him and only for him

"Ah," he flung out bitterly, "I am not like Pilate! What I have written, I have *not* written—not to-day! I no longer see our love as a crystal cup full to the brim, of which we besottedly won't drink. I see it as a poor, abject prisoner wound round and round in the chains that you call 'duty' and 'honor.'" He came still nearer. "Your duty to your husband," he said, "is to tell him the truth. Your honor is to be free from him—to be done with all your marvelous, sacrificial falsehoods, to be honest with him and with yourself and with me—an 'honest woman' in the realest, supremest sense of the term. Yes, an 'honest woman,'" he repeated, his voice shaking with love and a sort of submerged wrath. "After all, that's all that I'm asking you to be."

"You forget," she said, in a tone of sweet forbearance, "all that I owe *him*."

"And me!" cried Cleyden, as if suffocating. "Do you owe *me* nothing?"

"I have given you the best of me," she said, "the very best."

He took this in silence; then, as if he could no more repress the words than the blood from a severed artery,

"Ah," he burst forth, "women love to infer that men are brute beasts!"

He strode away from her with this, and stood for some moments with his back to her, staring wretchedly and wrathfully out into the brilliant vistas. Her eyes followed him with a look of tender yearning, but under this look there was also a curious, blind obstinacy. A great tear ran down her cheek to her lips, and, as she tasted the salt of it, she shivered. He came back, and his face had a stiff, unfamiliar expression, as if it might have been a mask of his ordinary face.

"I must tell you," he said, "no matter what you think of me, or"—this choked him a bit—"or how you may feel to me—I am—*au bout de mes forces*. Either"—he drove his hard look still deeper into her soft one—"either you tell the truth to Warren, and get free to live the truth with me, or I must go."

"Ah," she whispered, "haven't you been always free—to go?"

He gave a queer little laugh.

"Is what you've given me," he asked, "your idea of freedom?"

Now she drew herself up, pressing away from him against the great rock.

"Do you reproach me with what I *have* given you?"

"Reproach you? Good God—no! But to give a man just enough love to hold him as with hooks of steel—just enough—just enough," he repeated bitterly; "do you call that leaving him free?"

"What, then," she managed to whisper with pale lips, "would you have had me do?"

It was out before he knew it—the full bitterness.

"Why, lie to me as well as to him," he said; "lie to me about not loving me, as you've lied to him about loving him."

She opened her fingers with a faint movement, and the golden leaf fell slowly from them. It was as if she loosed her hold of many things with that faint, helpless gesture.

"I see," she murmured. "I'm sorry."

"Then I am to go?" said Cleyden.

"If you—will."

"That's all?"

"It—must be."

Cleyden gazed at her a moment with the dreadful feeling of a man who looks on a body that he has loved and from which the spirit is gone.

"Good-by, Egeria," he said.

And she answered, "Good-by;" but he couldn't hear the words—only saw her lips form them.

III

A MONTH before his marriage to Jacqueline Day, Cleyden had an unusual talk with her mother—unusual for two reasons: first, because Mrs. Day seldom talked at all

except with a pleasant, conventional gliding over ordinary surfaces; second, because, on this occasion, she not only plunged deep but swam, as it were, under water without an effort.

It had happened one April afternoon, when Cleyden, coming to the house in Gramercy Park for a cup of tea, found that Jacqueline had gone into the country that morning and would not return till the next night.

"But do you mean she's there alone?" he asked of Mrs. Day, who had given him this information, and invited him, "if he wouldn't mind having tea with an old lady," to stay, in spite of Jacqueline's absence.

"Quite alone—except, of course, for the servants," she had answered. Then, with a smile that struck him as being a little compassionate for a certain ignorance that his wondering look implied, "She has always had these fits of going off by herself since she was a child. She comes out of them all refreshed. It's really," ended Mrs. Day, with, for her, a high flight of fancy, "like a nymph going to bathe in some magic pool. It seems to renew her—really it does."

"It's a perfectly charming idea," said Cleyden.

"What is?" asked Mrs. Day, with another smile. "My poetic view of it—or the reality?"

"Both," said Cleyden, smiling back at her.

She was a small, frail woman, with the sort of delicate features that one can't recall easily, and a high, candid brow under naturally waving wings of ashen hair that added, somehow, to its candor. Her concessions to the fashion of the hour were just sufficient to keep her from being noticeable in any way, and this afternoon she wore a gown gray as a cobweb that helped her to seem even more *efacée* than usual.

Still, as Cleyden met the smile of which even her gray eyes were full, he had a feeling that she was, perhaps, not quite so neutral-tinted a personality as he had always thought her, that her habitual reticence might be that of the observer who finds observation sufficiently interesting in itself.

"You see," she continued, handing him his cup of tea, "Jacqueline is the only person who has ever roused the sense of poetry in me. Everyone, I suppose, who isn't utterly a clod, has one *grande passion*, and Jacqueline is mine."

The pale-gray cloud was turning its silver—no, its crimson lining with a vengeance! Cleyden had hard work not to stare at her. He gazed, instead, into his cup of tea, which he stirred thoughtfully, though he took no sugar. Was it possible that those wan, ascetic-looking lips had pronounced the words, "*grande passion*?"—had, indeed, declared their owner to be the prey of one? Though he had come to be devoted to Jacqueline, he was very glad now that she had elected to run off to Long Island. This was surely a rare occasion that might never again be offered him.

"Nothing but that fact," Mrs. Day was now saying, in a quiet, musing voice, "would make me speak to you as I'm going to speak."

So there was to be an un hoped-for fullness. It would be like watching some rare moth emerge, bit by bit, from its drab cocoon.

"My dear lady," he said, "I think you must know how you touch me."

"Ah," she returned, with a sigh and smile together, "if I can only touch you *enough*!"

"Enough for what?" he ventured.

"Enough for you to see Jacqueline for the extraordinary creature that she is."

"You think that I undervalue her? Isn't that just a little unkind?" asked Cleyden, a good deal hurt.

"No; you don't undervalue her—you simply don't know her!"

"But my dear Mrs. Day, how can a man know anything as exquisitely elusive as a young girl? I know, at least, that she has the most beautiful, generous, high-spirited, splendidly frank nature that could be imagined." (Continued on page 119)



Gyp sat down by the bed and timidly touched the hand

WHEN Ghita (or Gyp, as she nicknamed herself when a baby, and as she is called by her friends) was eight years old, her real father, Major Charles Clare Winton, decided that she should henceforth bear his name. This is shortly after the death of the country squire who thought himself the little girl's parent. His wife, Gyp's mother, had died at the birth of her and Winton's child, and the heart-broken lover was just then recalled to his regiment for active service. In Egypt, he lost his right hand. He does not see Gyp until she is seven, and the child becomes devotedly attached to him. The squire, never suspecting the reason, is grateful for Winton's interest in the child and makes him her guardian and trustee. Winton takes the girl to his hunting-box at Mildenhall, and there she is brought up, with a governess and her old nurse, Betty, developing into a sympathetic, lovable girl, with a great fondness for hunting and for music. She spends part of the year with her aunt Rosamund, Winton's sister in London. When she is nineteen, the girl, overhearing some gossip, goes to Winton, and he tells her the truth about her parentage. Her only comment is, "I'm glad," and she refuses to take more than the eight thousand pounds of her mother's estate.

At the age of twenty-three, Gyp, against her father's wishes and not at all sure of her own love, marries a Swedish violinist, Gustav Fiorsen, and soon finds that her husband can never possess her heart. He proves to be selfish, irritable, and jealous, and sometimes drinks to excess. He owes money, which the conscientious Gyp pays. In fact, he seems to have no sense of responsibility whatsoever, and usually behaves like a child. His protestations of love and constancy to Gyp are frequent, but as she comes to know his true character, she puts little faith in their sincerity. Alto-

Beyond

A Drama of Heart's Counseling

By John Galsworthy

Author of "The Dark Flower"

Illustrated by John Alonzo Williams

gether, she realizes that she has made a bad bargain, but is determined to keep to it.

When Fiorsen learns that Gyp is going to have a child, he is furious, because he does not want one, and, for that matter, neither does she. The baby—a girl—is born at Mildenhall in November, and when Gyp returns to her London home in January, she discovers that her husband is having a love-affair with a dancer known in the music-halls as Daphne Wing. Her

real name is Daisy Wagge, and her father is an undertaker. Fiorsen protests that his soul is faithful, and begs forgiveness, which his wife grants. But the future seems hopeless, and Gyp, for distraction, takes up the study of music with her former teacher, Monsieur Harmost. Thus matters go on until July, when Gyp learns from Fiorsen's friend, Count Paul Rosek—who, to Gyp's great annoyance, makes love to her—that her husband's creditors are threatening to sell up the house. He also brings the news that Daphne Wing will bear a child, of which Fiorsen is the father.

That very day, Fiorsen intrudes upon the music-lesson, and insults both Gyp and the old teacher. She now leaves him and goes to her father, but is back home in a few days, when Fiorsen, drinking now to excess, is threatened with serious illness. Things are better after his convalescence. A few weeks are passed at the seaside, and, in September, Gyp, in spite of Fiorsen's protests, goes to Mildenhall to see Daphne Wing, whom she has sent there to lodge with the family of an old jockey of her father's named Pettance. The evening of her arrival, Gyp is told that a brown horse of hers has been bought by Bryan Summerhay—a young man from a near-by village, whom she has once met on the hunting-field and been attracted to. She says to herself: "How jolly! I'm glad he's got my horse!"

STILL glowing from a morning in the saddle, Gyp started out, next day at noon, on her visit to old Pettance's cottage. It was one of those lingering, mellow mornings of late September, when the air, just warmed through, lifts off the stubbles, and the hedge-

rows are not yet dried of dew. The short cut led across two fields, a narrow strip of village common, where linen was drying on gorse bushes coming into bloom, and one field beyond; she met no one. Crossing the road, she passed into the cottage-garden, where sunflowers and Michaelmas

daisies in great profusion were tangled along the low, red-brick garden walls, under some poplar trees, yellow-flecked already. A single empty chair, with a book turned face downward, stood outside an open window. Smoke wreathing from one chimney was the only sign of life. But, standing undecided before the half-open door, Gyp was conscious, as it were, of too much stillness, of something unnatural about the silence. She was just raising her hand to knock when she heard the sound of smothered sobbing. Peeping through the window, she could just see a woman dressed in green, evidently Mrs. Wagge, seated at a table, crying into her handkerchief. At that very moment, too, a low moaning came from the room above. Gyp recoiled; then, making up her mind, she went in and knocked at the room where the woman in green was sitting. After fully half a minute, it was opened, and Mrs. Wagge stood there. The nose and eyes and cheeks of that thinnish, acid face were red, and in her green dress, and with her greenish hair (for it was going gray and she put on it a yellow lotion smelling of cantharides), she seemed to Gyp just like one of those green apples that turn reddish so unnaturally in the sun. She had rubbed over her face, which shone in streaks, and her handkerchief was still crumpled in her hand. It was horrible to come, so fresh and glowing, into the presence of this poor woman, evidently in bitter sorrow. And a desperate desire came over Gyp to fly. It seemed dreadful for anyone connected with him who had caused this trouble to be coming here at all. But she said, as softly as she could:

"Mrs. Wagge? Please forgive me—but is there any news? I am—I am— It was I who got Daphne down here."

The woman before her was evidently being torn this way and that, but at last she answered, with a sniff,

"It—it—was born this morning—dead."

Gyp gasped. To have gone through it all for that! Every bit of mother-feeling in her rebelled and sorrowed; but her reason said: "Better so! Much better!" And she murmured,

"How is she?"

Mrs. Wagge answered, with profound dejection:

"Bad—very bad. I don't know I'm sure what to say—my feelings are all anyhow, and that's the truth. It's so dreadfully upsetting altogether."

"Is my nurse with her?"

"Yes; she's there. She's a very headstrong woman, but capable, I don't deny. Daisy's very weak. Oh, it is upsetting! And now I suppose there'll have to be a burial. There really seems no end to it. And all because of—that man!" And Mrs. Wagge turned away again to cry into her handkerchief.

Feeling she could never say or do the right thing to the poor woman, Gyp stole out. At the bottom of the stairs, she hesitated whether to go up or no. At last, she mounted softly. It must be in the front room that the bereaved girl was lying—the girl who, but a year ago, had debated with such naive self-importance whether or not it was her duty to take a lover. Gyp summoned courage to tap gently. The economic agent opened the door an inch, but, seeing who it was, slipped her robust and handsome person through into the corridor.

"You, my dear!" she said, in a whisper. "That's nice!"

"How is she?"

"Fairly well—considering. You know about it."

"Yes. Can I see her?"

"I hardly think so. I can't make her out. She's had no spirit, not an ounce. She doesn't want to get well, I believe. It's the man, I expect." And, looking at Gyp with her fine blue eyes, she asked: "Is that it? Is he tired of her?"

Gyp met her gaze better than she had believed possible.

"Yes, nurse."

The economic agent swept her up and down.

"It's a pleasure to look at you! You've got quite a color, for you. After all, I believe it *might* do her good to see you. Come in."

Gyp passed in behind her, and stood gazing, not daring

to step forward. What a white face, with eyes closed, with fair hair still damp on the forehead, with one white hand lying on the sheet above her heart! What a frail madonna of the sugar-plums! On the whole of that bed, the only color seemed the gold hoop round the wedding-finger.

The economic agent said very quietly,

"Look, my dear: I've brought you a nice visitor."

Daphne Wing's eyes and lips opened and closed again. And the awful thought went through Gyp: "Poor thing! She thought it was going to be him, and it's only me." Then the white lips said,

"Oh, Mrs. Fiorsen, it's you—it is kind of you!" And the eyes opened again, but very little, and differently.

The economic agent slipped away. Gyp sat down by the bed and timidly touched the hand. Daphne Wing looked at her, and two tears slowly ran down her cheek.

"It's over," she said, just audibly, "and there's nothing now—it was dead, you know. I don't want to live. Oh, Mrs. Fiorsen, why can't they let me die, too?" Gyp bent over and kissed the hand, unable to bear the sight of those two slowing rolling tears. Daphne Wing went on: "You *are* good to me. I wish my poor little baby hadn't—"

Gyp, knowing her own tears were wetting that hand, raised herself and managed to get out the words:

"Bear up! Think of your work!"

"Dancing! Ho!" She gave the least laugh ever heard. "It seems so long ago."

"Yes; but now it'll all come back to you again—better than ever."

Daphne Wing answered by a feeble sigh.

There was silence. Gyp thought, "She's fallen asleep."

With eyes and mouth closed like that, and all alabaster white, the face was perfect, purged of its little commonnesses. Strange freak that this white flower of a face could ever have been produced by Mr. and Mrs. Wagge!

Daphne Wing opened her eyes and said:

"Oh, Mrs. Fiorsen, I feel so weak! And I feel much more lonely now. There's nothing anywhere."

Gyp got up; she felt herself being carried into the mood of the girl's heart, and was afraid it would be seen. Daphne Wing went on:

"Do you know, when nurse said she'd brought a visitor, I thought it was him; but I'm glad now. If he had looked at me like he did—I couldn't have borne it."

Gyp bent down and put her lips to the damp forehead. Faint, very faint, there was still the scent of orange-blossom.

When she was once more in the garden, she hurried away; but instead of crossing the fields again, turned past the side of the cottage into the coppice behind. And sitting down on a log, her hands pressed to her cheeks and her elbows to her breast, she stared at the sunlit bracken and the flies chasing each other over it. Love! Was it always something hateful and tragic that spoiled lives? Crisscross! One darting on another, taking her almost before she knew she was seized, then darting away and leaving her wanting to be seized again. Or darting on her, who, when seized, was fatal to the darter, yet had never wanted to be seized. Or darting one on the other for a moment, then both breaking away too soon. Did never two dart at each other, seize, and cling, and ever after be one? Love! It had spoiled her father's life and Daphne Wing's, never came when it was wanted, always came when it was not. Malevolent wanderer alighting here, there, tiring of the spirit before it tired of the body, or of the body before it tired of the spirit! Better to have nothing to do with it—far better! If one never loved, one would never feel lonely—like that poor girl. And yet—no—there was no "and yet." Who that was free would wish to become a slave? A slave—like Daphne Wing! A slave, like her own husband, to his want of a wife who did not love him! A slave like her father had been—still was, to a memory! And watching the sunlight on the bracken, Gyp thought: "Love! Keep far from me! I don't want you! I shall never want you!"

Every morning that week, she made her way to the cottage, and every morning had to pass through the hands of Mrs. Wagge. The good lady had got over the upsetting fact that Gyp was the wife of that villain, and had taken a fancy to her, confiding to the economic agent, who confided it to Gyp, that she was "very distangey—and such pretty eyes, quite Italian." She was one of those numberless persons whose passion for distinction was just a little too much for their passionate propriety. It was that worship of distinction which had caused her to have her young daughter's talent for dancing fostered. Who knew to what it might lead in these days? At great length, she explained to Gyp the infinite care with which she had always "brought Daisy up like a lady—and now this is the result!" And she would look piercingly at Gyp's hair or ears, at her hands or her instep, to see how it was done. The burial worried her dreadfully. "I'm using the name of Daisy Wing; she was christened 'Daisy,' and the Wing's professional, so that takes them both in, and it's quite the truth. But I don't think anyone would connect it, would they? About the father's name, do you think I might say the 'late Mr. Joseph Wing,' this once? You see, it never was alive, and I must put something if they're not to guess the truth, and that I couldn't bear—Mr. Wagge would be distressed. It's in his own line, you see. Oh, it *is* upsetting!"

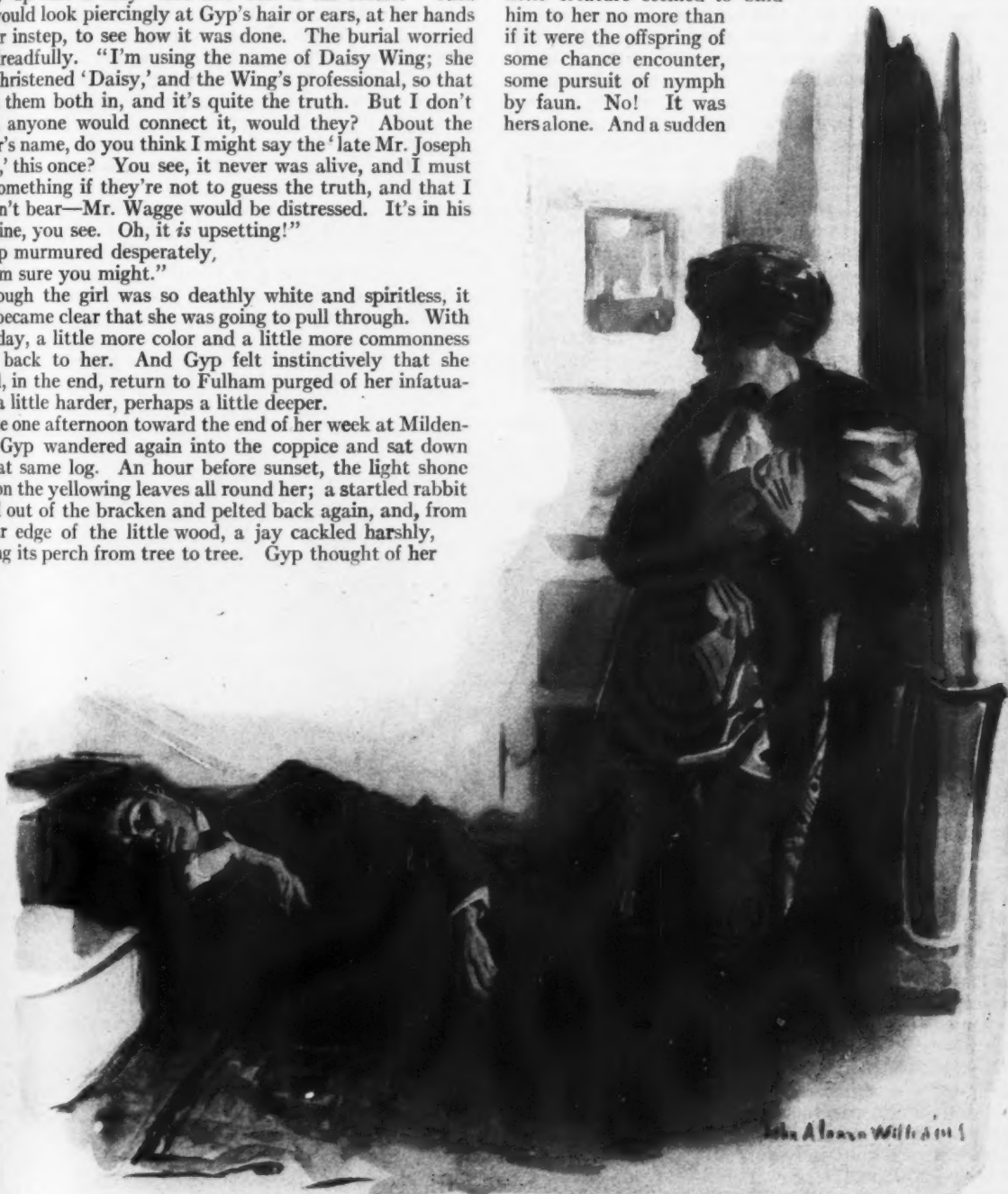
Gyp murmured desperately,

"I'm sure you might."

Though the girl was so deathly white and spiritless, it soon became clear that she was going to pull through. With each day, a little more color and a little more commonness came back to her. And Gyp felt instinctively that she would, in the end, return to Fulham purged of her infatuation, a little harder, perhaps a little deeper.

Late one afternoon toward the end of her week at Mildenhall, Gyp wandered again into the coppice and sat down on that same log. An hour before sunset, the light shone level on the yellowing leaves all round her; a startled rabbit pelted out of the bracken and pelted back again, and, from the far edge of the little wood, a jay cackled harshly, shifting its perch from tree to tree. Gyp thought of her

baby, and of that which would have been its half-brother; and now that she was so near having to go back to Fiorsen, she knew that she had not been wise to come here. To have been in contact with the girl, to have touched, as it were, that trouble, had made the thought of life with him less tolerable even than it was before. Only the longing to see her baby made return seem possible. Ah, well—she would get used to it all again! But the anticipation of his eyes fixed on her, then sliding away from the meeting with her eyes, of all—that would begin again, suddenly made her shiver. She was very near to loathing at that moment. He, the father of her baby! The thought seemed ridiculous and strange. That little creature seemed to bind him to her no more than if it were the offspring of some chance encounter, some pursuit of nymph by faun. No! It was hers alone. And a sudden



Gyp passed Fiorsen's sleeping figure safely, and for one moment stopped for breath

feverish longing to get back to it overpowered all other thought. This longing grew in her so all night that, at breakfast, she told her father. Swallowing down whatever his feeling may have been, he said,

"Very well, child; I'll come up with you."

Putting her into the cab in London, he asked:

"Have you still got your key of Bury Street? Good! Remember, Gyp—any time day or night—there it is for you."

She had wired to Fiorsen from Mildenhamp that she was coming, and she reached home soon after three. He was not in, and what was evidently her telegram lay unopened in the hall. Tremulous with expectation, she ran up to the nursery. The pathetic sound of some small creature that cannot tell what is hurting it, or why, met her ears. She went in, disturbed, yet with the half-triumphant thought, "Perhaps that's for me!" Betty, very flushed, was rocking the cradle and examining the baby's face with a perplexed frown. Seeing Gyp, she put her hand to her side, and gasped:

"Oh, be joyful! Oh, my dear! I am glad! I can't do anything with baby since the morning. Whenever she wakes up, she cries like that. And till to-day she's been a little model. Hasn't she? There, there!" Gyp took up the baby, whose black eyes fixed themselves on her mother in a momentary contentment; but, at the first movement, she began again her fretful plaint. Betty went on: "She's been like that ever since this morning. Mr. Fiorsen's been in more than once, ma'am, and the fact is, baby don't like it. He stares at her so. But, this morning, I thought—well—I thought: 'You're her father. It's time she was getting used to you.' So I let them be a minute; and when I came back—I was only just across to the bathroom—he was comin' out lookin' quite fierce and white, and baby—oh, screamin'! And, except for sleepin', she's hardly stopped cryin' since."

Pressing the baby to her breast, Gyp sat very still, and queer thoughts went through her mind.

"How has he been, Betty?" she said.

Betty plaited her apron; her moon-face was troubled.

"Well," she said, "I think he's been drinkin'. Oh, I'm sure he—I've smelt it about him. The third day, it began. And night before last he came in dreadfully late—I could hear him staggerin' about, abusin' the stairs as he was comin' up. Oh dear—it is a pity!"

The baby, who had been still enough since she lay in her mother's lap, suddenly raised her little voice. Gyp said:

"Betty, I believe something hurts her arm. She cries the moment she's touched there. Is there a pin or anything? Just see. Take her things off. Oh—look!"

Both the tiny arms above the elbow were circled with dark marks, as if they had been squeezed by ruthless fingers. The two women looked at each other in horror; and, under her breath, Gyp said,

"He!"

She had flushed crimson; her eyes filled but dried again almost at once. And, looking at her face, now gone very pale, and those lips tightened to a line, Betty stopped in her outburst of ejaculation. When they had wrapped the baby's arms in remedies and cotton-wool, Gyp went into her bedroom, and, throwing herself down on her bed, burst into a passion of weeping, smothering it deep in her pillow.

It was the crying of sheer rage. The brute! Not to have control enough to stop short of digging his claws into that precious mite! Just because the poor little thing cried at that cat's stare of his! The brute! The devil! And he would come to her and whine about it, and say: "My Gyp, I never meant—how should I know I was hurting? But her crying was so—Why should she cry at me? I was upset. I wasn't thinking." She could hear him pleading and sighing to her to forgive him. But she would not—not this time! He had hurt a helpless thing once too often. Her fit of crying

ceased, and she lay listening to the tick of the clock, and marshaling in her mind a hundred little evidences of his malevolence toward her baby—his own baby. How was it possible? Was he really going mad? And a fit of such chilly shuddering seized her that she crept under the eider-down to regain warmth. In her rage, she retained enough sense of proportion to understand that he had done this, just as he had insulted Monsieur Harmost and her father—and others—in an ungovernable access of nerve-irritation; just as, perhaps, one day he would kill some one. But to understand this did not lessen her feeling. Her baby! Such a tiny thing! She hated him at last; and she lay thinking out the coldest, the cruellest, the most cutting things to say. She would not spare. She had been too long-suffering.

But he did not come in that evening; and, too upset to eat or do anything, she went up to bed at ten o'clock. When she had undressed, she stole across to the nursery; she had a longing to have the baby with her—a feeling that to leave her was not safe. She carried her off, still sleeping, and, locking her doors, got into bed. Having warmed a nest with her body for the little creature, she laid it there; and then for a long time lay awake, expecting every minute to hear him return. She fell asleep at last, and woke with a start. There were vague noises down below or on the stairs. It must be he! She had left the light on in her room, and she leaned over to look at the baby's face. It was still sleeping, drawing its tiny breaths peacefully, little dog-quivers passing every now and then over its face. Gyp shaking back her dark plaits of hair, sat up by its side, straining her ears.

Yes; he *was* coming up, and, by the sounds, he was not sober. She heard a loud creak, and then a thud, as if he had



He raised the window and turned round. "How would we met out hunting. You don't remember me. I And you bought my horse last

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clutched at the banisters and fallen; she heard muttering, too, and the noise of boots dropped. Swiftly the thought went through her: "If he were quite drunk, he would not have taken them off at all—nor if he were quite sober. Does he know I'm back?" Then came another creak, as if he were raising himself by support of the banisters, and then—or was it fancy?—she could hear him creeping and breathing behind the door. Then—no fancy this time—he fumbled at the door and turned the handle. In spite of his state, then, he must know that she was back, had noticed her traveling coat or seen the telegram. The handle was tried again, then, after a pause, the handle of the door between his room and hers was fiercely shaken. She could hear his voice, too, as she knew it when he was flown with drink, thick, a little drawling.

"Gyp—let me in—Gyp!"

The blood burned up in her cheeks, and she thought, "No, my friend; you're not coming in."

After that, sounds were more confused, as if he were now at one door, now at the other; then creakings, as if on the stairs again, and after that, no sound at all.

For fully half an hour, Gyp continued to sit up, straining her ears. Where was he? What doing? On her overexcited nerves, all sorts of possibilities came crowding. He must have

gone down-stairs again. In that half-drunken state, where would his baffled frenzies lead him? And, suddenly, she thought that she smelled burning. It went, and came again; she got up, crept to the door, noiselessly turned the key, and pulling it open a few inches, sniffed.

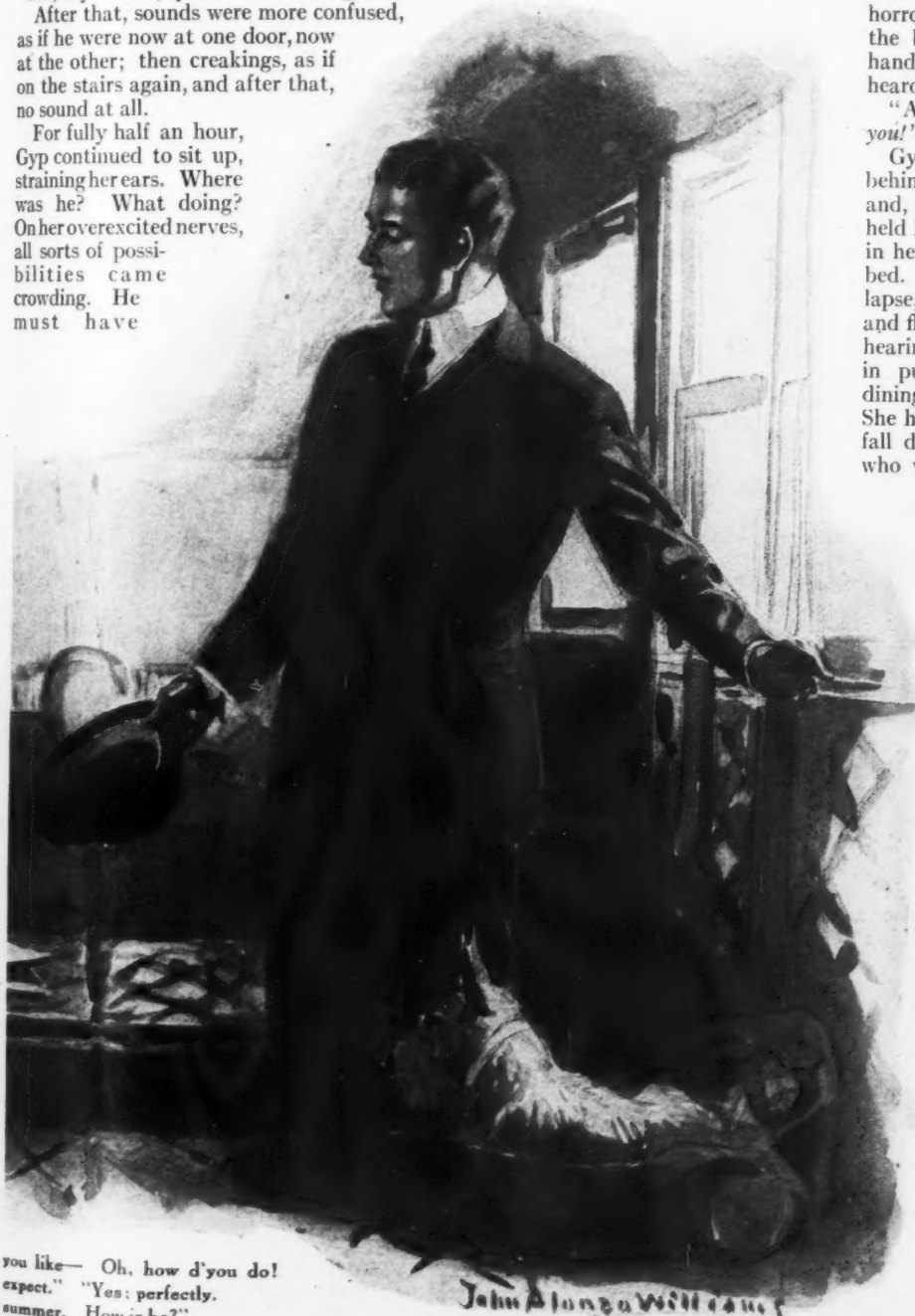
All was dark on the landing. There was no smell of burning out there. Suddenly, a hand clutched her ankle. All the blood rushed from her heart; she stifled a scream and tried to pull the door to. But his arm and her leg were caught between, and she saw the black mass of his figure lying full-length on its face. Like a vise, his hand held her; he drew himself up on to his knees, on to his feet, and forced his way through. Panting, but in utter silence, Gyp struggled to drive him out. His drunken strength seemed to come and go in gusts, but hers was continuous, greater than she had ever thought she had, and she panted,

"Go—go out of my room—you—you—wretch!"

Then her heart stood still with horror, for he had slued round to the bed and was stretching his hands out above the baby. She heard him mutter,

"Ah-h-h!—you—in my place—you!"

Gyp flung herself on him from behind, dragging his arms down, and, clasping her hands together, held him fast. He twisted round in her arms and sat down on the bed. In that moment of his collapse, Gyp snatched up her baby and fled out, down the dark stairs, hearing him stumbling, groping in pursuit. She fled into the dining-room and locked the door. She heard him run against it and fall down. Snuggling her baby, who was crying now, inside her nightgown, next to her skin for warmth, she stood rocking and hushing it, trying to listen. There was no more sound. By the hearth, whence a little heat still came forth from the ashes, she cowered down. With cushions and the thick white felt from the dining-table, she made the baby snug, and wrapping her shivering self in the table-cloth, sat staring wide-eyed before her. There were sounds at first, then none. A long, long time she stayed like that, before she stole to the door. She did not mean to make a second mistake. She could hear the sound of heavy breathing. And she listened to it till she was quite certain that it was really the breathing of sleep. Then stealthily she opened and looked. He was over there, lying against the bottom stair, in a heavy drunken slumber. She knew that sleep so well; he would not wake from it.



you like— Oh, how d'you do! expect." "Yes; perfectly. summer. How is he?"

It gave her a sort of evil pleasure that they would find him like that in the morning when she was gone. She went back to her baby and, with infinite precaution, lifted it, still sleeping, cushion and all, and stole past him up the stairs that, under her bare feet, made no sound. Once more in her locked room, she went to the window and looked out. It was just before dawn; her garden was gray and ghostly, and she thought: "The last time I shall see you. Good-by."

Then, with the utmost speed, she did her hair and dressed. She was very cold and shivery, and put on her fur coat and cap. She hunted out two jerseys for the baby, and a certain old camel's-hair shawl. She took a few little things she was fondest of and slipped them into her wrist-bag with her purse, put on her watch and a pair of gloves. She did everything very swiftly, wondering all the time at her own power of knowing what to take. When she was quite ready, she scribbled a note to Betty to follow with the dogs to Bury Street, and pushed it under the nursery door. Then, wrapping the baby in the jerseys and shawl, she went downstairs. The dawn had broken, and, from the long, narrow window above the door with spikes of iron across it, gray light was striking into the hall. Gyp passed Fjorsen's sleeping figure safely, and for one moment stopped for breath. He was lying with his back against the wall, his head in the hollow of an arm raised against a stair, and his face turned a little upward. That face which, hundreds of times, had been so close to her own, and something about this crumpled body, about his tumbled hair, those cheek-bones, and the hollows beneath the pale lips just parted under the dirt-gold of his mustache—something of lost divinity in all that inert figure—clutched for a second at Gyp's heart. Only for a second. It was over, this time! No more—never again! And, turning very stealthily, she slipped her shoes on, undid the chain, opened the front door, took up her burden, closed the door softly behind her, and walked away.

PART III

I

GYP was going up to town. She sat in the corner of a first-class carriage, alone. Her father had gone up by an earlier train, for the annual June dinner of his old regiment, and she had stayed to consult the doctor concerning little Gyp, aged nearly nineteen months, to whom teeth were making life a burden.

Her eyes wandered from window to window, obeying the faint excitement within her. All the winter and spring, she had been at Mildenhams, very quiet, riding much, and pursuing her music as best she could, seeing hardly anyone except her father; and this departure for a spell of London brought her the feeling that comes on an April day when the sky is blue with snow-white clouds, when in the fields the lambs are leaping, and the grass is warm for the first time, so that one would like to roll in it. At Widrington, a porter entered, carrying a kit-bag, an overcoat, and some golf-clubs; and round the door a little group, such as may be seen at any English wayside station, clustered, filling the air with their clean, slightly drawling voices. Gyp noted a tall woman whose blond hair was going gray, a young girl with a fox-terrier on a lead, a young man with a Scotch terrier under his arm and his back to the carriage. The girl was kissing the Scotch terrier's head.

"Good-by, old Ossy! Was he nice! Tumbo, keep down! You're not going!"

"Good-by, dear boy! Don't work too hard!"

The young man's answer was not audible, but it was followed by irrepressible gurgles and a smothered:

"Oh, Bryan, you are— Good-by, dear Ossy!" "Good-by!" "Good-by!" The young man, who had got in, made another unintelligible joke in a rather high-pitched voice, which was somehow familiar, and again the gurgles broke forth. Then the train moved. Gyp caught a side view of him, waving his hat from the carriage window. It was her

acquaintance of the hunting-field—the "Mr. Bryn Summer-ay," as old Pettance called him, who had bought her horse last year. Seeing him pull down his overcoat, to bank up the old Scotch terrier against the jolting of the journey, she thought, "I like men who think first of their dogs." His round head, with curly hair, broad brow, and those clean-cut lips, gave her again the wonder, "Where have I seen some one like him?" He raised the window and turned round.

"How would you like— Oh, how d'you do! We met out hunting. You don't remember me, I expect."

"Yes; perfectly. And you bought my horse last summer. How is he?"

"In great form. I forgot to ask what you called him; I've named him Hotspur—he'll never be steady at his fences. I remember how he pulled with you that day."

They were silent, smiling, as people will in remembrance of a good run. Then, looking at the dog, Gyp said softly:

"He looks rather a darling. How old?"

"Twelve. Beastly when dogs get old!"

There was another little silence while he contemplated her steadily with his clear eyes.

"I came over to call once—with my mother. November last year. Somebody was ill."

"Yes—I."

"Badly?"

Gyp shook her head.

"I heard you were married—" The little drawl in his voice had increased, as though covering the abruptness of that remark. Gyp looked up.

"Yes; but my little daughter and I live with my father again." What "came over" her—as they say—to be so frank, she could not have told.

He said simply:

"Ah! I've often thought it queer I've never seen you since. What a run that was!"

"Perfect! Was that your mother on the platform?"

"Yes—and my sister Edith. Extraordinary dead-alive place, Widrington—I expect Mildenhams isn't much better?"

"It's very quiet, but I like it."

"By the way, I don't know your name now?"

"Fjorsen."

"Oh, yes! The violinist. Life's a bit of a gamble, isn't it?"

Gyp did not answer that odd remark, did not quite know what to make of this audacious young man, whose hazel eyes and lazy smile were queerly lovable, but whose face in repose had such a broad gravity. He took from his pocket a little red book.

"Do you know these? I always take them traveling. Finest things ever written, aren't they?"

The book—Shakespeare's Sonnets—was open at that which begins,

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments: love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove—

Gyp read on as far as the lines:

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come.
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom—

and looked out of the window. The train was passing through a country of fields and dikes, where the sun, far down in the west, shone almost level over wide, whitish green space, and the spotted cattle browsed or stood by the ditches, lazily flicking their tufted tails. A shaft of sunlight flowed into the carriage, filled with dust motes, and, handing the little book back through that streak of radiance, she said softly:

"Yes; that's wonderful. Do you read much poetry?"

"More law, I'm afraid. But it is about the finest thing in the world, isn't it?"



DRAWN BY JOHN ATKINSON WILLIAMS

She made a little movement as if in protest, and, without looking at him, answered very low: "Of course I don't want you to go. How could I?" Summerhay gasped. "Then you *do* love me?" She turned her face away. "Wait, please. Wait a little longer"

"No; I think music."

"Are you a musician?"

"Only a little."

"You look as if you might be."

"What? A little?"

"No; I should think you had it badly."

"Thank you. And you haven't it at all?"

"I like opera."

"The hybrid form—and the lowest."

"That's why it suits me. Don't you like it, though?"

"Yes; that's why I'm going up to London."

"Really? Are you a subscriber?"

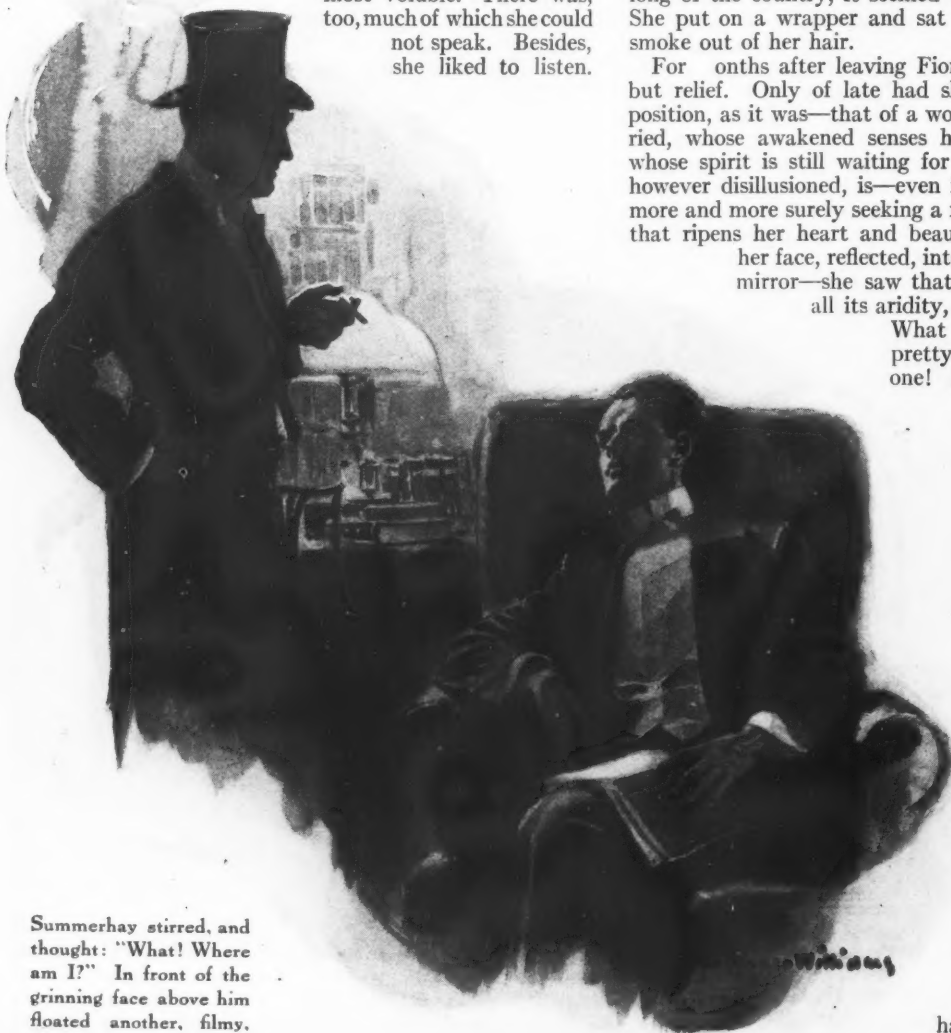
"This season."

"So am I. Jolly—I shall see you!"

Gyp smiled. It was so long since she had talked to a man of her own age, so long since she had seen a face that roused her curiosity and admiration, so long since she had been admired. The sun-shaft, shifted by a westward trend of the train, bathed her from the knees up; and its warmth increased her light-hearted sense of being in luck—above her fate, instead of under it.

Astounding how much can be talked of in two or three hours of a railway journey! And what a friendly after-warmth clings round those hours! Does the difficulty of making oneself heard provoke confidential utterance? Or is it the isolation or the continual vibration that carries friendship faster and further than will a spasmodic acquaint-

anceship of weeks? But, in that long talk, he was much the most voluble. There was, too, much of which she could not speak. Besides, she liked to listen.



Summerhay stirred, and thought: "What! Where am I?" In front of the grinning face above him floated another, filmy, charming

His slightly drawling voice fascinated her—his audacious, often witty way of putting things, and the irrepressible bubble of laughter that would keep breaking from him. He disclosed his past, such as it was, freely—public-school and college life, efforts at the bar, ambitions, tastes, even his scrapes. And in this spontaneous unfolding there was perpetual flattery; Gyp felt through it all, as pretty women will, a sort of subtle admiration. Presently, he asked her if she played piquet.

"Yes; I play with my father nearly every evening."

"Shall we have a game, then?"

She knew he only wanted to play because he could sit nearer, joined by the evening paper over their knees, hand her the cards after dealing, touch her hand by accident, look in her face. And this was not unpleasant; for she, in turn, liked looking at his face, which had what is called "charm"—that something light and unepiscopal, entirely lacking to so many solid, handsome, admirable faces.

But even railway journeys come to an end; and when he gripped her hand to say good-by, she gave him an involuntary little squeeze. Standing at her cab window, with his hat raised, the old dog under his arm and a look of frank rather wistful admiration on his face, he said,

"I shall see you at the opera, then, and in the Row, perhaps; and I may come along to Bury Street, sometime, mayn't I?"

Nodding to those friendly words, Gyp drove off through the sultry London evening. Her father was not back from the dinner, and she went straight to her room. After so long of the country, it seemed very close in Bury Street. She put on a wrapper and sat down to brush the train-smoke out of her hair.

For onths after leaving Fiorsen, she had felt nothing but relief. Only of late had she begun to see her new position, as it was—that of a woman married yet not married, whose awakened senses have never been gratified, whose spirit is still waiting for unfoldment in love, who, however disillusioned, is—even if in secret from herself—more and more surely seeking a real mate, with every hour that ripens her heart and beauty. To-night—gazing at her face, reflected, intent, and mournful, in the mirror—she saw that position more clearly, in all its aridity, than she had ever seen it.

What was the use of being pretty? No longer use to anyone! Not yet twenty-six, and in

a nunnery! With a shiver, but not of cold, she drew her wrapper close. This time last year, she had at least been in the main current of life, not a mere derelict. And yet—better far be like this than go back to him whom memory painted always standing over her sleeping baby, with his arms stretched out and his fingers crooked like claws.

After that early-morning escape, Fiorsen had lurked after her for weeks, in town, at Mildenhall, followed them even to Scotland, where Winton had carried her off. But she had not weakened in her resolution a second time;

and suddenly he had given up pursuit and gone abroad. Since then—nothing had come from him, save a few wild or maudlin letters, written evidently during drinking-bouts. Even they had ceased, and for four months she had heard no word. He had "got over" her, it seemed, wherever he was—Russia, Sweden—who knew—who cared?

She let the brush rest on her knee, thinking again of that walk with her baby through empty, silent streets, in the early misty morning last October, of waiting dead-tired outside here, on the pavement, ringing till they let her in. Often, since, she had wondered how fear could have worked her up to that weird departure. She only knew that it had not been unnatural at the time. Her father and aunt Rosamund had wanted her to try for a divorce, and no doubt they had been right. But her instincts had refused, still refused to let everyone know her secrets and sufferings, still refused the hollow pretense involved—that she had loved him when she never had. No; it had been her fault for marrying him without love—

Love is not love

Which alters when it alteration finds—

What irony—giving her that to read—if her fellow traveler had only known!

She got up from before the mirror, and stood looking round her room, the room she had always slept in as a girl. So he had remembered her all this time! It had not seemed like meeting a stranger. They were not strangers now, anyway. And, suddenly, on the wall before her, she saw his face, or, if not, what was so like that she gave a little gasp. Of course! How stupid of her not to have known at once! There, in a brown frame, hung a photograph of the celebrated Botticelli or Masaccio "Head of a Young Man" in the National Gallery. She had fallen in love with it years ago, and on the wall of her room it had been ever since. That broad face, the clear eyes, the bold, clean-cut mouth, the audacity—only, the live face was English, not Italian, had more humor, more "breeding," less poetry—something "old Georgian" about it. How he would laugh if she told him he was like that peasant acolyte with fluffed-out hair and a little ruching round his neck! And, smiling, Gyp plaited her own hair and got into bed.

But she could not sleep; she heard her father come in and go up to his room, heard the clocks strike midnight, and one, and two, and always the dull roar of Piccadilly. She had nothing over her but a sheet, and still it was too hot. There was a scent in the room, as of honeysuckle. Where could it come from? She got up at last, and went to the window. There, on the window-sill, behind the curtains, was a bowl of jessamine. Her father must have brought it up for her—just like him to think of that!

And, burying her nose in those white blossoms, she was visited by a memory of her first ball—that evening of such delight and disillusionment. Perhaps Bryan Summerhay had been there—all that time ago! If he had been introduced to her then, if she had happened to dance with him instead of with that man who had kissed her arm, might she not have felt different toward all men? And if he had

admired her—and had not everyone, that night—might she not have liked, perhaps more than liked, him in return? Or would she have looked on him as on all her swains before she met Fiorsen, so many moths fluttering round a candle, foolish to singe themselves, not to be taken seriously? Perhaps she had been bound to have her lesson, to be humbled and brought low!

Taking a sprig of jessamine and holding it to her nose, she went up to that picture. In the dim



She led him straight up into the first Italian room to contemplate his counterfeit

light, she could just see the outline of the face and the eyes gazing at her. The scent of the blossom penetrated her nerves; in her heart, something faintly stirred, as a leaf turns over, as a wing flutters. And, blossom and all, she clasped her hands over her breast, where again her heart quivered with that faint, shy tremor.

It was late, no—early, when she fell asleep and had a strange dream. She was riding her old mare through a field of flowers. She had on a black dress, and round her head a crown of bright, pointed crystals; she sat without saddle, her knee curled up, perched so lightly that she hardly felt the mare's back, and the reins she held were long, twisted stems of honeysuckle. Singing as she rode, her eyes flying here and there, over the field, up to the sky, she felt happier, lighter than thistle-down. While they raced along, the old mare kept turning her head and biting at the honeysuckle flowers; and suddenly that chestnut face became the face of Summerhay, looking back at her with his smile. She awoke. Sunlight, through the curtains where she had opened them to find the flowers, was shining on her.

II

VERY late that same night, Summerhay came out of the little Chelsea house which he inhabited and walked toward the river. In certain moods, men turn insensibly toward any space where nature rules a little—downs, woods, waters—where the sky is free to the (Continued on page 142)

The Raging Canal

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mrs. Rinehart is the right kind of a traveler. Nothing escapes her inquiring mind; her sense of humor never fails her. This account of a recent trip to the Panama Canal Zone is not only a most entertaining narrative but an instructive lesson for all who hope or intend, some day, to see something of the world for themselves.

WITH the onset of cold weather, the tide of travel had set south. It overflowed Florida and Cuba to Jamaica and the Windward Islands, and Panama and Costa Rica, and when I turned north, it was still spilling out over the tropical map and oozing figuratively and actually into South America.

Through airless nights and glaring days, the steamer had taken us across the Caribbean. There was no shipping, no life. The war and the temporary closing of the Panama Canal had swept its waters clear. Somewhere on our right, as we left Cuba, was Mexico, eating herself alive, and Yucatan, named for a chewing-gum. Here, too, were Guatemala and Honduras, located at last for those who had believed them a part of the Orient.

Below, the staterooms were breathless. It was too hot for bridge, too hot for conversation. On deck, the passengers crowded to the shady side, and there lay somnolent. One heard a certain amount of Spanish spoken. Young men taking advantage of our tardy efforts at trade-expansion in Central and South America hunted up natives on board and practised on them.

I am not fond of summer seas, save as they lap



Balboa, discoverer of the Pacific Ocean

38



The voyage to Panama
Games on shipboard

the edges of the temperate zone. On a ship, I prefer a strong breeze, preferably cool. Indeed, the cooler the better.

Mrs. Rinehart

There are times on a ship when a blast from Greenland's icy mountains would not more than preserve my *sang-froid* and other things.

When, therefore, I find myself immured in a dainty cabin decorated with chintz, with a thermometer that registers one hundred and ten degrees in the wash-basin, I long for other places—for a window, and not a port-hole to which one rises like a turtle in an aquarium for air, for a hammock on a cool veranda, for a rain, for hail, for a cloud, for a breeze that does not proceed from an electric fan.

Mr. Dooley's celebrated inquiry as to how a man is to get out of his trousers in a sleeping-car berth while he is sitting on them is no more pertinent than the question of how a woman with a



fairly heavy head of hair is going to put it up under an electric fan.

The nights were beautiful—if one could have slept on deck. And one side of the ship—the right hand going south—starboard, isn't it?—one side, anyhow, usually had a breeze. But the other!

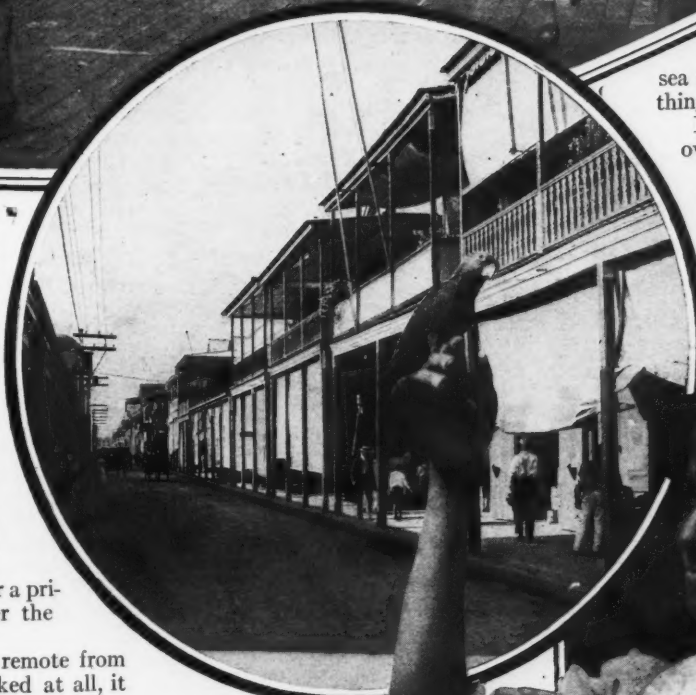
It was hot, *hot*, HOT!

The ship steamed along and we steamed with it, and all desire for a private yacht left me after the first five hundred miles.

We seemed singularly remote from the war. When we talked at all, it was of trade-expansion. And, after a time, a little group formed—the editor-in-chief of a great New York daily, a San José merchant, a banker going to South America to arrange an extension of his bank, a novelist, and one or two others. Mostly we talked trade—the reason for our failure in the south, our present opportunity. Like other similar groups of those that go down to the

sea in ships, we settled many things.

But now and then I leaned over the rail, where the vessel churned her way through blue seas that turned to milk behind her, and looked north and east to where,

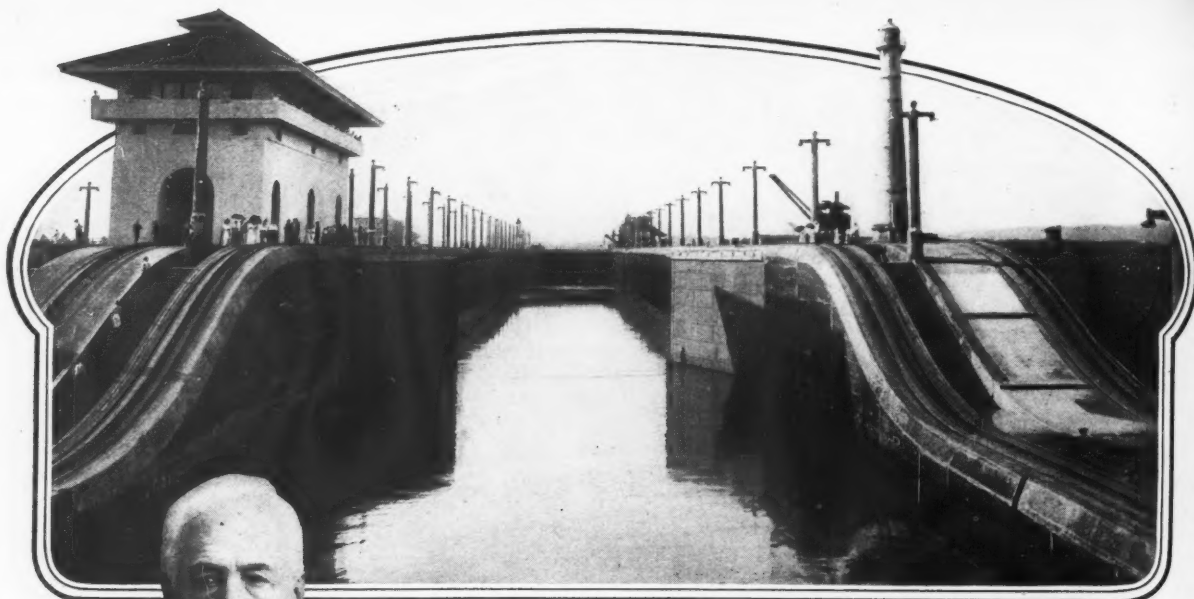


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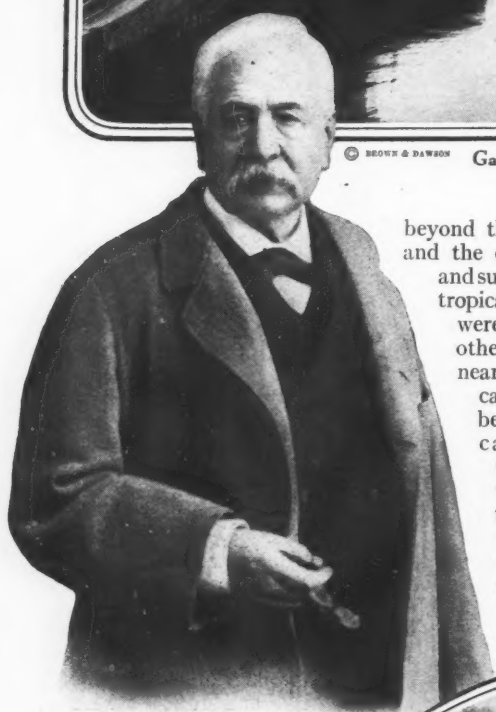
View of the principal business street of Colon

South American parrot—such a one is Lorita, graphically described by Mrs. Rinehart in this article





© BEOWN & DAWSON Gate of one of the Gatun Locks, Panama Canal, open to permit a vessel to enter



Ferdinand de Lesseps (1805-1894), projector of the Panama Canal

And so, one day, as I leaned over the rail in the blistering heat and the flying-fish were making their terrified flights away from the monster fish I stood on, the banker came and leaned beside me.

"It is strange, this peace," he said. "When one thinks——"

"Just over there," I said, looking toward the horizon.

"You have been there, I hear."

I said that I had.

"To Ypres?"

"Yes."

He was silent. Then, a moment later, he said, very quietly: "I have lost my two sons there recently. One at Ypres."

So, quite evenly, he spoke about it. They had been officers, one a captain and one a lieutenant in the British

beyond the flying-fish and the eternal calm and sunlight of that tropical ocean, men were killing each other. It seemed near to me, because I had been there, because sometimes I think that the thunder of their cannon will roar in my ears until I die.

army. One was nineteen when he died, and the other was twenty-one. He had some letters from them in his pocket, boyish letters, making little of the danger or discomfort and much of chocolates they had received from home. Humorous letters they were, too. I read them, and I remembered Ypres at that time—its mud, its cold and damp and stench, so carefully kept out of those letters.

There were people playing shuffleboard on the deck above, and a steward was passing with a tray of iced drinks. Suddenly, it all seemed horrible to me—that glassy sea and the crowd of pleasure-seekers, this talk of trade, trade—when just over there——

Our group learned some things about trade-expansion from the Costa Rican merchant. He was a very courteous gentleman, this man from San José and at first he kept silent while we talked largely of our trade-expansion in Latin America. But at last he spoke, and he said something like this:

First of all, he did not believe we would ever take the place of Germany in Latin America. Our attitude was wrong.

We patronized our Southern neighbors, and we did not discriminate. We lumped together Mexico and Cuba

and the Argentine and Peru and Panama and Guatemala and all the rest, and because we

know something, and that not particularly good, about Mexico, we regard all the remainder of this immense territory with either patronage

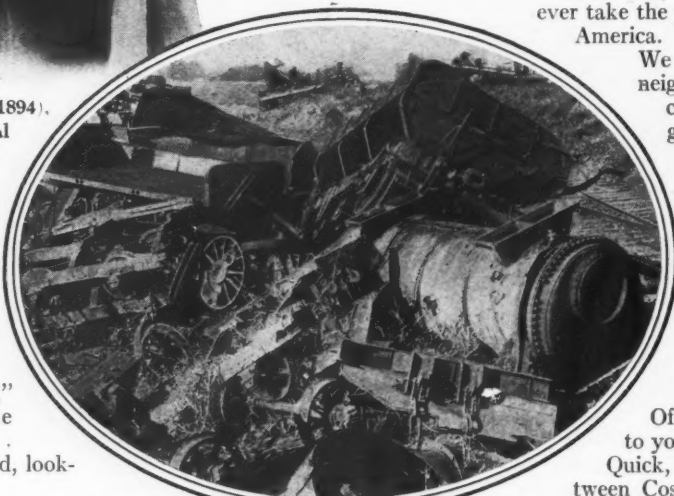
or the dislike of ignorance.

Of course, this does not apply to you, dear reader, but——

Quick, what is the difference between Costa Rica and Porto Rico?

"And the result of this attitude has been, in the past, the appointing of consuls who were unworthy of your great government," said the Costa Rican. "A consul who sits in his office

in his shirt-sleeves and slippers—but I do not speak of my country now. We have a fine consul—Mr. Lee." (Mr. Lee has since been exchanged to a post in Brazil.) "But in the past!" he went on. "And in other parts of Latin



Some of the abandoned equipment of de Lesseps company that started to build the Panama Canal and went into bankruptcy

America now! The German consuls are always gentlemen, carefully selected. They are concerned not only with diplomatic but with trade-relations. They watch business, and because they are gentlemen, we receive them into our homes. We become friends."

The Wilson administration has introduced reforms in this matter of consuls, it should be said here. But even a friendly and intelligent consul, it is certain, and one who speaks the language—how many there have been who do not!—even these men are helpless against the pig-headedness of many of our merchants who are casting a covetous and unintelligent eye southward. The matter of credit is even now under advisement, and soon, by a system of bank-extensions, it will be possible for these Southern countries, poor in spite of their great resources, to buy on time. But how about these categorical accusations, backed up by consuls, merchants, and men who know the situation generally?

First, we are accused of not living up to specifications. That is equivalent to an accusation of commercial dishonesty. And I found certain instances where it was undoubtedly true.

"The goods are not up to the quality of the samples," said the merchant.

Second, we will not allow for the prejudice of the country. Our attitude is: "Take it or leave it." The German merchant, on the other hand, will make every effort to please, will send home samples of the article as it is preferred.

Third, freight is very high to Central and South America. When goods are bought f. o. b. New York, they are packed in an extravagant manner, so that the freight-charges are enormous.

Fourth, the packing is hasty and careless. For example, Costa Rica is a musical country. It uses mainly German pianos, because they come carefully packed and screwed into cases. In an effort to prove the quality of American pianos, this gentleman sent to New York for one. It came, and was opened in the custom-house. It had been nailed, not screwed, into the case, and one nail had penetrated the mahogany frame. The case was smashed. All the keys were out!

The merchant, foreseeing trouble, had it photographed. It had been sent by one of the great piano-houses of this country. He had affidavits of its condition made by Lloyd's agent and the American consul. In spite of this, he was two years getting the ten-per-cent. insurance against damage from a prominent United States insurance company.

That seems worth repeating, because it is typical of the stories I heard as to the reason for our trade-failure in Latin America. It shows the whole situation—careless shipping, stupid procrastination, obstinate indifference. And the piano-house will probably do the same thing again.

No one who knows the resources of Central America can question its future. Its wealth is untouched. Only the fringes of its jungles, the borders of its rivers, the more accessible of its ranges have ever been exploited or, in

many cases, even explored. In time, railroads will be built, and these luxuriant countries will be open to the world. And then, too late as usual, we shall find that German forehandedness and passion for detail and painstaking care have triumphed over our brilliant slovenliness.

Some day, foreign capital will build great railways through these jungles. German ships already in time of peace fill their harbors. What Germany does not take, Great Britain will. Already, her consuls are watching her interests. She sends good men, and watches their reports. And Japan—make no mistake—Japan turns no covetous eyes toward the United States, but does desire the wealth of our Southern neighbors.

We want it, but we will not work for it. We prefer sitting on the Monroe Doctrine, which is exactly as dangerous as an open keg of gunpowder, and smoking the pipe of peace. And if the peace-pipe sheds any sparks, they are not the sparks of intelligence.

It takes four days and four nights to get from Havana to Colon, the Atlantic end of the canal. The Caribbean Sea is no slouch of a sea. We had had some sort of an idea of jumping lightly from island to island, or chartering a sail-boat by the hour and getting round. But this had died a quick death in Cuba. Our itinerary had included, for instance, the Windward Islands. It had seemed a simple route—from Cuba to Jamaica and from there, by ferry, possibly, to Barbados.



RUINS OF PANAMA CATHEDRAL, DESTROYED BY MORGAN, THE WELSH BUCCANEER, IN HIS SACK OF THE CITY, JANUARY, 1671



But it is a trifle of fifteen hundred miles to Barbados from Havana, and the only way to get there, we discovered, was to go back to New York and take a British mail-boat from Halifax. Oh, there is really quite a lot to learn about the Caribbean!

But, at last, we had completed the second leg of our journey, and Colon was in sight. It was not lovely. The longed-for clouds had come at last, and all we saw was a high, slate-gray land, covered with mist that looked like smoke. A wind had sprung up, and as we neared the breakwater, a native fishing-boat, overcrowded with sails, swept under our lee. Outside the breakwater we had been rolling most unpleasantly, but inside there was a heavenly calm. From a roar, the screw slowed down until it sounded like the beating of a distant drum. To the left was a background of mountains. In the foreground towered the twin masts of the government wireless. A moist and heavy heat hung over everything.

Yet it was a fine moment. In the first place, we were about to set foot on our own soil again—although any soil

The Raging Canal



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Vegetation rotting in Gatun Lake
(In oval) Scene along the upper
reaches of the Chagres River

would have been welcome. But, aside from that, here before us lay the realization of a great dream, of many dreams. Here, at last, was Columbus's short route to the Orient. Here



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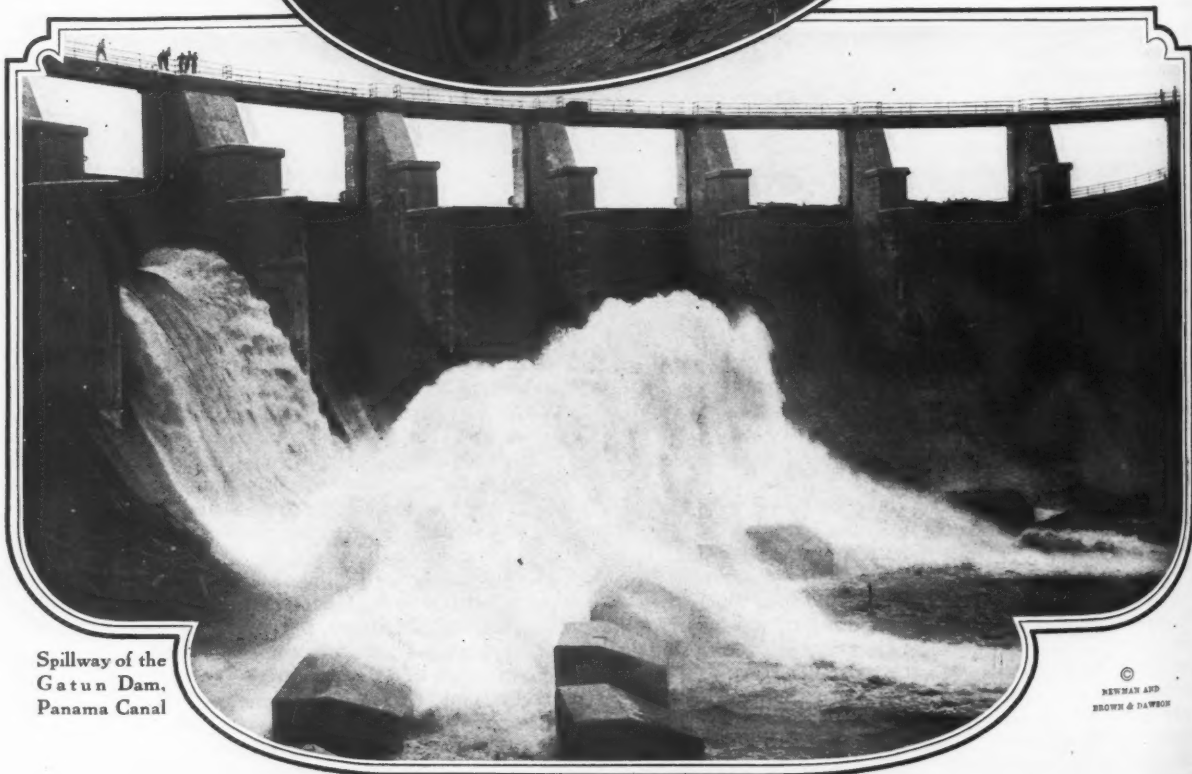
Balboa landed from his ship, and but a few miles away had, according to the grammar-books, "beheld the Pacific Ocean climbing to the top of a high mountain."

Here had come Morgan and other buccaneers, to clean the bottoms of their ships, and, in Morgan's case, to loot and ravage the city of Panama itself. Here, in '49, had come the gold-hunters, seeking a way across to the Pacific and California. Here had come the French under de Lesseps, to work and fail and die of yellow fever, because Doctor Charles J. Finlay, of Havana, was born too late for them.

And here, at last, had come triumphant America to cut through the great ditch, to make the impossible possible—to turn the open sewer that was Colon into the ways of health and decency — although not of raiment — and to shoulder the responsibility of the greatest military strategic point in the world.

A little guide-book I have says that the only interest of Colon for Americans lies in the fact that it is at the Atlantic terminus of the Canal. But the guide-book is wrong. Colon has, it is true, no art museums, no Carnegie libraries. But it has parrots for sale, and smiling

little negroes clad in the circumambient atmosphere, and fiddler-crabs that walk sideways on the beach when the tide is out, and that can leap from stone to stone — so that one's age-old confidence in the sluggishness of crabs is destroyed forever — and pongee at very low prices, sold by squatting Hindus and made up into suits for seven dollars by negro tailors, (Continued on page 114)



Spillway of the
Gatun Dam,
Panama Canal

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The Devil Is Sick

An Episode of
The Loves of Henry the Ninth

By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy



Henry stood by the dormer-window in his room, holding the watch in his hand, considering it with dreamy eyes

ON the Saturday morning, Ernestine Lambert—big brown eyes and a delicately outlined oval face framed in a fine fluffy mass of pale-gold hair—sat up, drew an extra pillow behind her, reached for a kimono of yellow silk, and cried cheerily,

"Come along in!" And added, when her young hostess set the breakfast-tray on her lap, "It's awfully dear of you, Mary."

Mary Ames, a forthright, pleasant young person, drew up a chair.

"Had mine down-stairs—Got to worrying about you last night, Ernestine."

"But I'm not doing too much. You've no idea the things I do at home—something every night—scads of dances, and always an opera or a play—and everything!"

"I wasn't thinking of the opera—or the dances."

Mary's thoughtful tone drew a quick glance from the brown eyes; after which, Ernestine salted and peppered her eggs and proceeded to eat them. Sunbury, at that time, had not heard of eating eggs from the shell, but took them, opened, in a cup.

"I may as well say it, child"—Mary was nearly a year older than Ernestine—"since it's on my mind. What are you going to do about Henry Calverly?" Ernestine hid her face in her coffee-cup. "Henry can be one of the nicest boys in the world when he wants to be—and he can be perfectly impossible."

Ernestine carefully put the coffee-cup back on its saucer and centered her attention again on the eggs. So Mary was as disturbed as that! Memories—amounting to little twinges of guilt—stirred behind the brown eyes, memories of walks and talks with Henry Calverly while Mary patiently entertained the puzzled Elberforce Jenkins. Color appeared under the delicate skin, mounting her cheeks to her temples.

"I don't think it's a matter of his wanting to or not wanting to," she ventured, after some hesitation. "He has temperament. I—I understand it."

"Henry's an infant."

"He's eighteen."

"He hasn't any business training or any money."

"They're paying him—aren't they?—for directing the opera."

"Something, perhaps. But what's that? It wouldn't pay for the candy and flowers he buys. He has a nice voice, but he'll never be a great singer—not if he studies for ten years and spends thousands and thousands. And he hasn't the experience to go around from town to town getting up operas, like Professor Du Bonne. He isn't even a college man. And he'll never have a fiftieth part of what Elby Jenkins starts with. What Henry'll do, about next year, if you want my opinion, is to go into Johnson Brothers,

wholesale, and begin at the bottom, like Will Bingham and the Peterson boy, running errands and wrapping bundles. He'll get about six dollars a week for the first two years." It was a long speech for Mary. She closed her lips on it tightly, then opened them to add, "He's fickle, too."

"Oh, no, Mary; I'm sure he isn't! He's awfully honest. It's just his temperament."

The eggs finished, Ernestine went at the muffins. Her appetite, for such a fragile-appearing little person, was hearty. After a-time, she looked up at the opposite wall, hesitation in her manner, a pucker between her eyebrows, and said,

"He is—he does—sometimes—"

"Is and does what sometimes?"

"I don't know just how to say it—only, sometimes he takes things more seriously than you mean—little things. But just lately he's been awfully sensible."

Mary sagely shook her head.

"Hen Calverly'll never be sensible, Ernestine. Never! Not two days running. Not like Elby or Art Clifton."

"I wonder," mused Ernestine gravely, "if I could be, myself."

"No, child; you couldn't. That's why I'm talking at you. If Henry was a little older, and had money or a good chance in business—or even a smart business head, like Ban Widdicombe—and you really cared for him and wanted to be engaged to him, or something like that"—real concern flitted into the brown eyes now, and the pucker deepened—"I wouldn't say a word. Though it wouldn't do, even then—two excitable things like you and him. You're going to need a pretty steady person to take care of you. And, some day, Henry's got to find somebody to take care of him or he'll explode. He's perfectly crazy."

"But, good gracious, Mary; you don't suppose—"

"No, I don't. Not for a minute. You're getting too many of those brown envelopes from New York."

Ernestine stirred her spoon slowly round and round in her coffee-cup, and followed it with her eyes.

"Sometimes," she remarked, calmly enough, not looking up, "I just don't know what to do. I wish I was a—a nun—or something."

"Ernestine!"

"It got that way before I left home. Now it's getting that way here."

"But you're so awfully nice to Henry, child! You send him notes. You paint things for him. You're working your head off in the rehearsals to please him——"

"Not just to please him—I can't help it. I'm that way. I always have to be doing things."

"Thing for you to do, if you must be doing things for boys, is to be nice to a lot of them at once."

"I can't be that way—calculating——"

"Safety in numbers."

"I don't know—they might all misunderstand." And Ernestine pursed her lips, as if stirred by sudden definite memories.

Mary got up and stood, with lowered eyelids, fingering the back of the chair.

"Wish I knew what to say, then, Ernestine. Here's Elby wanted to know last night if he couldn't get up a drive to-night for the crowd, after the rehearsal. You had disappeared off the face of the earth. What could I say? It's—it's a little hard to plan——"

It was all out now. Mary tried to cover her confusion by rearranging the silver-backed set on the bureau. Ernestine was still moving her coffee-spoon round and round, and still following it with eyes that were beginning to shine. It was she who broke the long silence.

"Oh, Mary!" she said.

"Elby's going to look in this morning to see if—I thought it might be fun to have him and Art here for dinner."

"Lots of fun," said Ernestine mournfully. "Of course I'd love to go."

There is a way of transferring a photograph from the negative to the crystal of a watch. Henry Calverly, 3d could never have accomplished this himself; the common boyhood gift of expertness with chemicals, electricity, or that quite new toy, the gas-engine, was not his. But he knew a boy who could enlarge and reduce pictures, and, at the present moment, there was on the edge of Henry's watch-crystal a tiny, transparent oval face that framed a pair of attractively large eyes and that was itself framed by a fine fluffy mass of hair.

By turning the crystal, he could move the little picture around the dial. If Ernestine smiled, it slid up toward, but never quite over (only perfect understanding could make that possible) the XII. When Ernestine was unresponsive (as happened at times), it moved down to the IX, the VIII, even, in dark hours, to the VII.

Directly after supper on this Saturday evening, Henry stood by the dormer-window in his room in Mrs. Wilcox's boarding-house on Douglass Street, holding the watch in his hand, considering it with dreamy eyes. The picture was over the X. A faint smile curved his

sensitive lips. Memories were stirring in his eyes—memories retouched in shining colors by the dynamic imagination that was Henry's blessing and his curse. With his thumb, he moved the crystal upward a very little, then a very little more, until it covered the XI. He even slid it a fraction of an inch beyond the XI, then stopped, caught his breath, slipped the watch back in his pocket, as if determined to tempt fate no further. And, as he hurried over to Simpson Street on his way to the country club, a rather excited, unsettled contentment purred within his breast.

He had not seen Ernestine since, the evening before, they had wandered up and down the lake shore. She would be early at the rehearsal; she always was early, dragging the (he sometimes thought) slightly hostile, certainly non-committal Mary Ames along with her. And because there had been no word from her, he knew that she would have a surprise for him this evening. There would be a whimsical whisper. Some absurd little work of her hand—a note, a drawing, a caricature of some one in the cast, part of the deliciously harmless little secret that was growing up between them—would be slipped into his hand. After the rehearsal, no matter what the hour, they would stroll away from the coldly polite Mary.



Passing along Simpson Street, Henry noted the large placards in the store windows announcing:

IOLANTHE
By W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan
In Thompson's Grove
Aug. 23, 24, 25, 26
PROMINENT ARTISTS
Including Henry Harper Hispeth (late
of McCall Opera Co.), Anne Mayer Stelton,
Harry B. Hemper, Ernestine Lambert, Mrs.
G. B. Williams, Abel C. Diehlman, David
Mansfield, Janet Bulger, Henry Calverly, 3d
FOOTE'S ORCHESTRA OF
EIGHTEEN PIECES
Chorus of Fifty-six
HENRY CALVERLY, 3d, DIRECTOR
Refreshments served
Tickets and Reserved Seats at
Donovan's Drug Store



"I don't know just how to say it—only, sometimes he takes things more seriously than you mean—little things. But just lately he's been awfully sensible"

There it was, in bold black type—"Henry Calverly, 3d, Director." To save himself, he couldn't wholly control the twitching smile that came again at each placard. He had to pull his hat down and lower his head; it wouldn't do to be caught grinning at the empty air like an idiot. But there it was—his name! It was there twice. Once more than even Mr. Hispeth's or Miss Stelton's. It was nothing that he had written the placard himself; it had been approved, first by Bancroft Widdicombe, the manager, then by the full opera committee, William B. Snow, chairman.

And this was not all. On half the barns and fences along the railroad from Rockwell Park on the south to Borea on the north blazed the rather expensively lithographed "three-sheets," the appropriation for which he and Ban had extracted from the committee. His name was on those, too, in type that you could read from the car window. He had seen to that—quite without guile; it had seemed fair and proper. More still, in the inner breast-pocket of the blue-serge coat, at this moment, were newspaper clippings—several from the *Sunbury Gleaner* and the *Weekly Voice of Sunbury* (these written by Henry's own active pen), one, his treasure, from the *Chicago Inter Ocean*, each of which mentioned his work at length and emphasized the social importance of the event

to the whole North Shore—emphasized, too, the assembling of the finest cast of singers known in the history of local amateur efforts, and the heavy cost of building the open-air theater and making special scenery and very special costumes.

It was an extremely self-assured young director that walked with dignity through the lower rooms of the country club and mounted the wide stairs to the ballroom above.

William B. Snow was at the door of the pool-room, coat off, cue in hand, a long cigar clamped in the corner of his firm mouth. He nodded with a curt friendliness. Henry responded with a dignified bow.

John W. MacLouden was in evidence, fussing about among the magazines on the long table. Him, Henry ignored, even quickened his pace, almost ran up the stairs. Only too well he knew that old MacLouden's mind was bristling with hints and officious suggestions—that the peers should carry their elbows high and walk with a strut; that Mr. Hemper, as Strephon, must be taught that dance; that Mr. Diehlman, the Lord Chancellor, must be informed that this was distinctly not the boat-club minstrels.

John W. MacLouden was a Scot, an insurance man, who had lived in London during the great days of Gilbert and Sullivan, had once met Mr. Gilbert, and regarded himself as the true conservator in Sunbury of the Savoy tradition—a tall, grotesquely gangling person, with thin sandy hair, a whispery voice, and a dourly confidential expression on his mottled face. He was not widely liked in Sunbury; but he had money enough to assure a certain standing, and he knew how to give, we used to think, where it counted. He was on the hospital board, and also on the opera committee. He was superintendent of the Sunday-school at the First Presbyterian Church—a rather inescapable person, if you happened to figure in his plans. That the

coming performance of "Iolanthe" figured actively in his plans was Henry's misfortune. So Henry hurried up the stairs.

Still in something of a glow, he mounted the soap-box that had been placed for him at the side of the ballroom, took up his baton, and rapped on the music-stand. The thirty-odd girls and young women (they were of the best in Sunbury—Watersons, Spaldings, William Smiths, Dexter Smiths, Vanderdams, De Reamers, and the rest nearly as prominent) stopped their chattering in groups and hurried into position outside the chalk lines that marked the limits of the stage. The twenty-odd young men fell into line. The fat Mrs. G. B. Williams, who was to play the Fairy Queen, rose heavily from her chair. Martha Caldwell, the Celia, and Janet Bulger, the Leila, took their places.

The youthful director, however, stood for a moment, motionless, baton in air, looking here and there about the great room. A shadow crossed his face—a face usually pleasant, if touched with a suggestion of self-consciousness about the sensitive mouth. The eyes behind the spectacles

were gray. The brown hair showed a tendency to hang down over his forehead and get into his eyes. An attractively boyish face it was, above a supple, mildly athletic body—but, at the moment, a suddenly unhappy face. Iolanthe was not there—for the first time since rehearsals had begun, she was late.

Gloomily, then, he shouted for the opening chorus. Pretty Mrs. Arthur V. Henderson, at the piano, sounded the introductory measures. The girls danced gracefully down-stage, weaving in and out, singing,

"Tripping hither, tripping thither,
Nobody knows why or whither——"

Mrs. Williams sang the invocation.

Then the cloud deepened on the director's face. It began to amount to a scowl. He dropped his hands to his sides, stood a moment with tightly compressed lips, finally rapped and called out,

"We'll go back to——"

There were voices just outside the double doors. These opened. Mary Ames appeared, and Ernestine Lambert, the Iolanthe—a veritable fairy in her light summer frock and pale-silk scarf. Before she closed the door, Henry saw—he was turning to descend the stairs—the tall, complacent Elberforce Jenkins, a grin on his good-looking face.

That Henry Calverly had a considerable gift for drilling and driving was, among the members of this chorus, already an accepted fact. When he stood up there, rapped for order, and spread his arms, he ceased automatically to be the boy they had always known about town—working in the bank, in B. F. Jones' book shop, in Thomas P. Wilson's gents' furnishing store, singing bass in the Second Presbyterian Church, leading that enterprising little high-school glee-club; he became, at that instant, the symbol and source of most energetic authority. He shouted and banded. He drilled and he drove. But never before had he drilled and driven as now, after that glimpse of Elberforce Jenkins turning cheerfully down the stairs—to wait down there, doubtless, shoot pool or something, idling around until a certain young person should reappear. Ernestine, as she passed him in getting to her place, colored a little, and murmured,

"I'm awfully sorry to be late."

Henry's reply to this was a shout of:

"Back to the invocation, please! Girls in position! Be ready, Iolanthe! Yes, Mrs. Henderson; page ten—the whole introduction. I want the chorus business." Rap rap—rap—rap!

"Ready, Queen! One—two—three—four—five—six! One—two—three—four—five—six!"

It was an hour and a half later when he laid down his baton, mopped his dripping face, and crying, "Ten minutes rest!" strode out through the limp crowd of singers to the upper veranda.

Outside, he stood gripping the railing and staring off into the leafy darkness. Everywhere he could see the easy grin or the complacent back of Elberforce Jenkins. Everywhere was gloom. In his soul was pitch blackness. The ballroom behind him seemed quite unreal; the very railing under his hands and the floor beneath his feet, the dark maples



Mary Ames appeared, and Ernestine Lambert, the Iolanthe

out yonder, the town of Sunbury, he himself, all of life—all were unreal, false, dream-stuff. The makings of a loud, bitter laugh were trembling close to his lips.

He had felt, in a vague, blind way, that Ernestine, if she was still the Ernestine of his dreams, would find a way to follow him out here. She had not yet failed to find a way to him, not once. That was what had so thrilled him.

She did not come. Others did, but circled around him, respecting his solitude. It appeared that his blackest fears were true. She was avoiding him. He could have cried aloud in the torture of this thought.

Quite beside himself, he went back in there.

She was, of course, the center of a group—a hideously merry group—she and Mary Ames, and boys, boys, boys—the Smith cousins, Charlie Vanderdam, Will Spalding, others. There seemed to be nothing for it but to join the group and watch his chance. Even this was awkward; for directly in the way stood the ripely pretty Janet Bulger, with whom, weeks or centuries ago, before he so much as knew that there was an Ernestine Lambert in all the world, Henry had flirted fatuously. That Janet was at this moment flirting with that fast De Casselles boy, using her slightly prominent eyes and her faint mask of a smile with the demure ease of long habit, seemed to have no bearing on the situation. Henry circled gloomily, uncomfortably around that couple.

There was, at first, no chance for a private word.

Henry bit his lip, drew his watch out a little way, hiding it in his hand. The ten minutes were up.

And there, smiling up at him, mocking him, was Ernestine's picture almost over the XII! He turned half away, hesitated.

"Well, I guess it's about time we got back to work," he remarked, in a voice that was huskily, tremblingly casual. He even laughed a little.

The group broke up slowly. Henry lingered, holding his breath. His pulse was pounding at his temples. His mouth was dry. It was like having a fever.

Then the chance came. He bent over her, breathing rather hard, over the little golden girl of his golden reveries.

"Walk home with you—after?" he muttered fiercely.

She shook her head, suddenly all color.

"Please! I can't explain now. But when we spoke of it, I didn't—"

The clear, low voice trailed off into silence. Henry was stalking off toward the soap-box. He mounted it, snatched up his baton, rapped savagely, shouted:

"Finale, Act One! Ready at A, page fifty-four, Mrs. Henderson! Got it? All right. Strephon is singing,

"When darkly looms the day,
And all ta ra la lay,
Get ready, Peers; to-day
On thee I'll call—"

Savagely he kept them at it. There was grumbling here and there, but none that reached his ears; for this fiery young embodiment of primal force commanded respect and obedience. It was twenty minutes past eleven when he finally laid down the baton and applied a saturated handkerchief to his face that glistened red and white in spots.

The doors opened. Laughing and chattering over their exhaustion, still keyed up, in a measure, by the excitement of the evening, the chorus drifted out and down the stairs.

Henry, still on his soap-box, could see over their heads. And the thing he saw was the thing he had been dreading. Elberforce Jenkins was out there, smoking a cigarette and chatting languidly but cheerfully with Art Clifton. Mary and Ernestine joined them. The four moved off down the stairs.

Henry thought that Ernestine looked back once. His spirit fluttered upward for a moment, only to sink again. He let them all go. Then he hurried down and out through the reading-room into the night. He knew that William

B. Snow was still in the billiard-room. He plainly saw John W. MacLouden, looking sleepy, starting up out of a wicker armchair, waiting with suggestions, doubtless. But out he went.

That night, before throwing his weary body on his narrow bed, Henry, still fighting down that queer, bitter impulse to laugh long and loud, held his watch up to the gas-jet and moved the face down clear to the bottom of the dial, over the VI.

After going to bed, however, the memory of it tortured him. It was going to extremes—as if he were unwilling to give her another chance. Surely she wouldn't, she couldn't leave matters in this dreadful pass. She would send a note in the morning by the Ames' coachman. She



Henry saw the tall, complacent Elberforce Jenkins

would do something. She had never yet failed to do something. It would be a monstrous outrage against her impulsive, delicious little self to hurt him cold-bloodedly like this, and let it stand. So he got up, lighted the gas, and moved the face up a very little, nearly to the VII. Higher he could not put it. Things were bad enough. He mustn't, couldn't deceive himself.

The next morning, at ten minutes to eleven, when her last chance had passed to employ the coachman before church, he moved it down again to the VI and left it there. It was as if his life had stopped. It was like a blow too hard to be felt, like a sound too deafening to be heard.

As far back as Henry could remember, he had felt the trees of Sunbury. In their seasonal functioning, they were like a part of him. Each year he stirred to life, flowered mentally and spiritually, bore fruit, drooped, and died with them. In the spring, when the red-maple buds slowly swelled and burst into tassels, his heart swelled within his breast and burst into little tassels of verse or prose fancies, laboriously written and copied into a blank book that no eyes but his own had ever seen. He kept it in the one drawer of the golden-oak bureau that was locked against his mother.

On this Sabbath morning, he stood for a long time leaning against the wall in his dormer-window, gazing out through the screen. After a night of inner storm, he was listless. The opera, his dreams of a success far beyond this little amateur business, on a real stage in a great city, were but faint memories out of some dim past.

The week before him ought to be the busiest of his life. There were a thousand things—printing, supervision of the stage-setting when the carpenters should be through, or nearly through, endless rehearsals with the chorus, with groups of principals, with the full cast, dashing about on Rufus Bowes' bicycle, seeing to this and that. He ought, at this moment, to be hunting up Ban Widdicombe to arrange the details of transportation and carriages for those Chicago singers. Nothing seemed to get done, nothing of all those thousands of details, unless he did it himself. He was the force. Everything had got, somehow, onto his slim shoulders, and he didn't know how to get them off. The prominent business men of the committee and the hospital board (excepting old MacLouden) were too busy with their own affairs to help.

At every rehearsal, he would have to face Ernestine. And she had cut him to the heart. The very thought of it was anguish. Elbow Jenkins would be there—every time! Wildly he thought of getting out, throwing up his hands. "Let the old goat run it!" he mused. The "old goat" was Mr. MacLouden. "He thinks he knows so much!" Just outside the window, the maples were drab with the heat and dust of mid-August—as drab as Henry's heart.

We are dealing with the ungoverned and ungovernable moods of an adolescent boy. Among other effects on his chaotically sensitive nature, these brought him, before noon, to the point of an unusual kindness toward his mother. A sufferer himself, a bitter solitary in a hostile, crowded world, he awoke to a new sympathy for solitude and suffering.



"You may look—I don't care."

Mrs. Calverly was a quiet little woman, with more reserve than her son would ever have, and with a good deal of distinction in carriage and manner. She has figured little in this episodic history because she figured little in Henry's life at the time. He always kissed her good-morning and occasionally kissed her good-night. He sat through many a meal with her in the dining-room of the boarding-house, at the small table in the side bay window. That he loved her was a basic assumption of his life. But the time had come, a year or two back, when he had found himself plunging out into the first thrilling contact with the stirring, pagan young world about him. Every moving, healthy instinct in the boy cried out against parental control, and every touch of reality in conduct and thought was deftly screened from her eyes (they were gray, like his).

She sewed on his buttons, darned his socks, sponged the spots off his coat with ammonia, cleaned his straw hat with lemon juice, pressed his trousers (by grace of a little arrangement with Mrs. Wilcox). She had many friends, mostly women of her own or a greater age, all of whom had seen, with varying resentment, the old, quiet Sunbury of the 'Seventies and 'Eighties give place to the new, wealthy,



replied Ernestine, in a listless voice

card-playing, dancing, coach-driving groups. She and they

kept up an active interest in the church, the Ladies' Aid and the Browning Club, quite unaware that Browning, like Emerson, had died out as had old Sunbury, and that with the noisier new element had come Kipling, Stevenson, and Barrie—above all, Kipling. She managed, somehow, to live within her minute income. Her pride in Henry's local successes and her concern over his rapidly growing wardrobe were alike evident to him. He knew that she was sensitively aware of his beginning experiences in that mysterious, stirring region in which boys and girls meet and adventure on their tentative experiments among the perplexities with which most of them are doomed to struggle until failing vitality brings a sort of peace. But they never talked of these things. Each steered away from the one undiscussable topic. So Henry ranged, explored, began gropingly the desperately exciting business of living, accepting his mother as a useful, even important item in the background of his life, skilfully hid that life from her, and now and then (as on this Sabbath morning) suffered remorse.

She had been ill. She was even now lying late abed. Henry, his thoughts anywhere but in the smelly old board-

ing-house, had brought up her breakfast-tray. He now went to her room.

She wore about her shoulders a fringed pink shawl of her own knitting. A little lace cap covered, he knew, the spot where the gray hair had thinned. Her writing-portfolio was across her knees.

Henry saw, with eyes which his remorseful mood had momentarily, partially opened, that her face was sallow and thin. There were innumerable fine wrinkles about her eyes. There was, too, a patient questioning about those eyes that touched uncomfortably sober depths within him. He turned

away. The bureau was covered with her little possessions, neatly arranged. Her switch lay there, coiled. It was nearly as gray as her hair. He wondered, thinking of his own many extravagances, if she oughtn't to have a new one. There were two tumblers, each a third full of colorless liquid, each covered with a card.

"It's time for my medicine, Henry," she said. "The one with the spoon on."

The little service performed, he strode to the window.

"I'm going to have the doctor come in again," he announced gruffly.

"I don't think I need him, dear."

There was a hesitating quality in her voice that was disturbing. He became gruffer.

"Yes; you do need him. It ain't right to be careless when you're sick like this."

"It costs a dollar more when he calls. I thought I'd probably feel able to step in to see him to-day or to-morrow."

"You won't do anything of the sort."

"I'll get him now."

"He'll be at church."

"Then I'll get him at dinner-time."

"Henry"—he felt an admonishing quality in her voice, and his nerves tightened—"you don't ever go to church any more."

"I've gone a lot. More'n most fellows—twice every Sunday when I was in the choir."

"But that isn't the same, dear. You were paid for that."

His face was working. He stamped his foot.

"I don't care! I just can't sit there and listen to a man airing his opinions when I

can't talk back."

"It's not just his opinions, Henry."

"Yes, it is, too!"

Mrs. Calverly sighed.

"I'm afraid I can't argue, Henry—now—"

He bit his lip and marched out of the room and into his own. There he stood for a time, his face still working, tears in his eyes.

After dinner, on his way home from the doctor's, he met Rufus Bowes.

A number of the boys in the East Side "crowd" of Sunbury had, at one time or another, usually during a revival, turned to religion. A particularly gifted junior secretary of the Y. M. C. A. had once kept a majority of them religious for nearly a year. Henry himself had been converted, twice by revivalists and once at a camp-meeting, between the ages of eight and fourteen. But Rufus Bowes was the one boy who had never been deeply interested in anything but religion. Though still in the high-school age of education, he was headed for the Methodist ministry as inevitably as Ban Widdicombe was headed for La Salle and Wall Streets, as Henry Calverly for some one of the arts. Rufus was leading Bible classes when other boys were struggling dismally with their first cigarettes. At the Y. M. C. A., Boys' Branch, he was, year in, year out, the one dependable

volunteer worker. Yet, perhaps because he was a simple, natural boy, and played an excellent game of baseball, Rufus was not unpopular.

"Oh, Hen," he cried, "you're just the fellow! Could you help us out for an hour this afternoon at the Boys' Branch?"

"What doing?"

"Lead the singing. I know you're awfully busy these days"—Henry was gazing at Rufus with widening eyes; there was a faint quivering about his mouth. Rufus, unaware that he had stirred to life within Henry's breast an old, long-latent fear, plunged on—"but there's a special service. Mr. Fay has come down from Lake Bluff to talk to us. We thought Mr. Minor was coming with him, but he's had to go West."

Willoughby Fay and Melody P. Minor were the Moody and Sankey, the Sunday and Rodeheaver of the region and the period.

"Going to?"—Henry had to clear his throat—"going to be a revival?"

"Why, there's nothing like that planned. It's just this one talk for the boys. It *would* help us out, Hen, a lot——"

Willoughby Fay was a short, chunky man, with thick, dark hair brushed back off a high, wide forehead, a wide, thin mouth, penetrating black eyes, and, despite his almost constant smile, an air of aggressiveness amounting to power. He held Henry's hand firmly, smiled on him calmly and pleasantly, and thanked him for helping in the emergency. Henry's gaze, that had been fixed, in a sort of fascination, on the great man, wavered and broke, settling finally on the broad feet at the base of the chunky figure. He was wondering, amid a confused flutter of feelings, why he had come.

The meeting proved to be on the revival order, doubtless because Mr. Fay, through long habit, had only the one method to use. They sang number after number from "Gospel Hymns, Number Five," while the long rows of chairs in the gymnasium were filling. And, finally, the evangelist launched into his talk. His voice, quiet at first, as he recalled his own boyhood and dwelt with clarity and directness on the temptations that assail the growing boy, swelled into a fine, stirring resonance as he worked into his deliberately built-up climaxes. It sounded harsh, dramatic notes of warning. It grew tender as he dwelt on the wandering young sinner who couldn't find the way to peace. It rang with confidence as he told them, calm, assured, like a conqueror, how that way was to be found.

He knew every approach to those inexperienced young hearts. Every face in the old gym was sober. Half a hundred heads were bowed. You could hear snufflings and coughings, as boy after boy struggled with the emotionally overwhelming consciousness of his weaknesses and misdeeds. Smiling, radiant, the evangelist stepped to the edge of the platform, spread his arms in a quick, dramatic gesture, and invited all who felt the spirit stirring in their breasts to come forward and announce themselves as seekers of the Way.

"Come now!" he shouted, stretching out his arms, closing his eyes, lifting his face, and smiling as if he felt a beatific light beating down upon him. "Come now, while the organ plays, and our dear young friend sings for us, 'Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?'"

Henry, in a daze, got to his feet. The organ wheezed. The alert Rufus placed an open hymn-book in his hands.

Henry's voice, throaty and quavering, issued from a barely opened mouth. Already boys were rising and stumbling down the aisles—one here, another there, then two or three at once. Henry's voice broke—stopped. Tears filled his eyes, ran down his cheeks. His book fell unheeded to the platform. He swayed. Then he stepped down from the platform and knelt, in an ecstasy of emotion that was at once exalted and abject, before the transported evangelist.

After supper on this Sunday evening, Ban Widdicombe appeared at the great stone residence of William B. Snow on lower Chestnut Avenue. He presented a faithful picture of a

prosperous young man of Sunbury in Sunday attire—frock coat, gray-striped trousers, patent-leather shoes, fancy waist-coat, smoothly ironed silk hat, and walking-stick. But his thin lips were compressed; his brows were knit.

"Quitting cold, is he?"

Ban hesitated. He was as lacking in sentimentality as a youth of nineteen with a money-making mind could well be. But it was apparent that he had been strongly impressed.

"I—I wouldn't put it that way exactly, Mr. Snow."

"But he's quitting?"

"Yes. He thinks it's his duty. Far as I can see, the plan is to give up as bad everything he likes to do—cards, dancing, theater, everything. And he means it. Perhaps you could make him talk sense; I can't. Been trying for an hour. No good."

"Where is he now?"

"Going around to the houses of the committee. Came to me first, as manager. Then he was going to Mrs. Henderson's, Mr. MacLouden's, and Mr. Spalding's—then here. He seems to think he's got to explain to each one himself."

At the mention of Mr. MacLouden, Mr. Snow's eyelids twitched once—a fact instantly noted by the astute Ban.

Mr. Snow handed Ban a cigar, and lighted one for himself.

"What's it all about, anyway? What's got into him?" he asked now.

"He was converted this afternoon—at the Y. M. C. A. by Willoughby Fay."

"Hm!" mused Mr. Snow. "Rather a bad time for that man to come to town! Sure it's not a question of money?"

"Oh, no—not at all! Henry hasn't a complaint in the world."

"Let's see—what are we paying him for this work?"

"He and I have a private arrangement, Mr. Snow. The board is to give me ten per cent. of the receipts. For this, I give my time as manager, and Henry's as director of the rehearsals. It seems to me the trouble is—if you don't mind my speaking——"

"Shoot!"

"Well, it gives Mr. MacLouden the chance he's been after all along. He's sure to try to step in now and run it. Thought I ought to see you before Henry turns up."

Mr. Snow smoked thoughtfully for a brief time. Then he rose, said, "Just sit here until I come back," and left the house.

He walked around the corner to the Arthur V. Hendersons'. Mr. Henderson, it appeared, was out of town, but Mrs. Henderson was at home. So also—quite—was Henry Harper Hispeth, the tenor singer, late of the McCall Opera Company, who was spending the summer at Rockwell Park and had so kindly offered his services for the Sunbury "Iolanthe."

"Oh, Mr. Snow"—thus Mrs. Henderson—"how do you do! Come right in! You know Mr. Hispeth. He came to talk over the opera with me."

"Henry Calverly been here?"

"Yes. We're still rather dazed, Mr. Hispeth and I."

"He told you he was quitting, then?"

"Oh, yes. I'm sure I don't know what on earth we're going to do. If some one else—of course Mr. MacLouden——"

"Think Henry means it?"

Mrs. Henderson and her tenor exchanged glances.

"Oh," she cried, "he means it!" I never saw anything quite like it. Funny boy!"

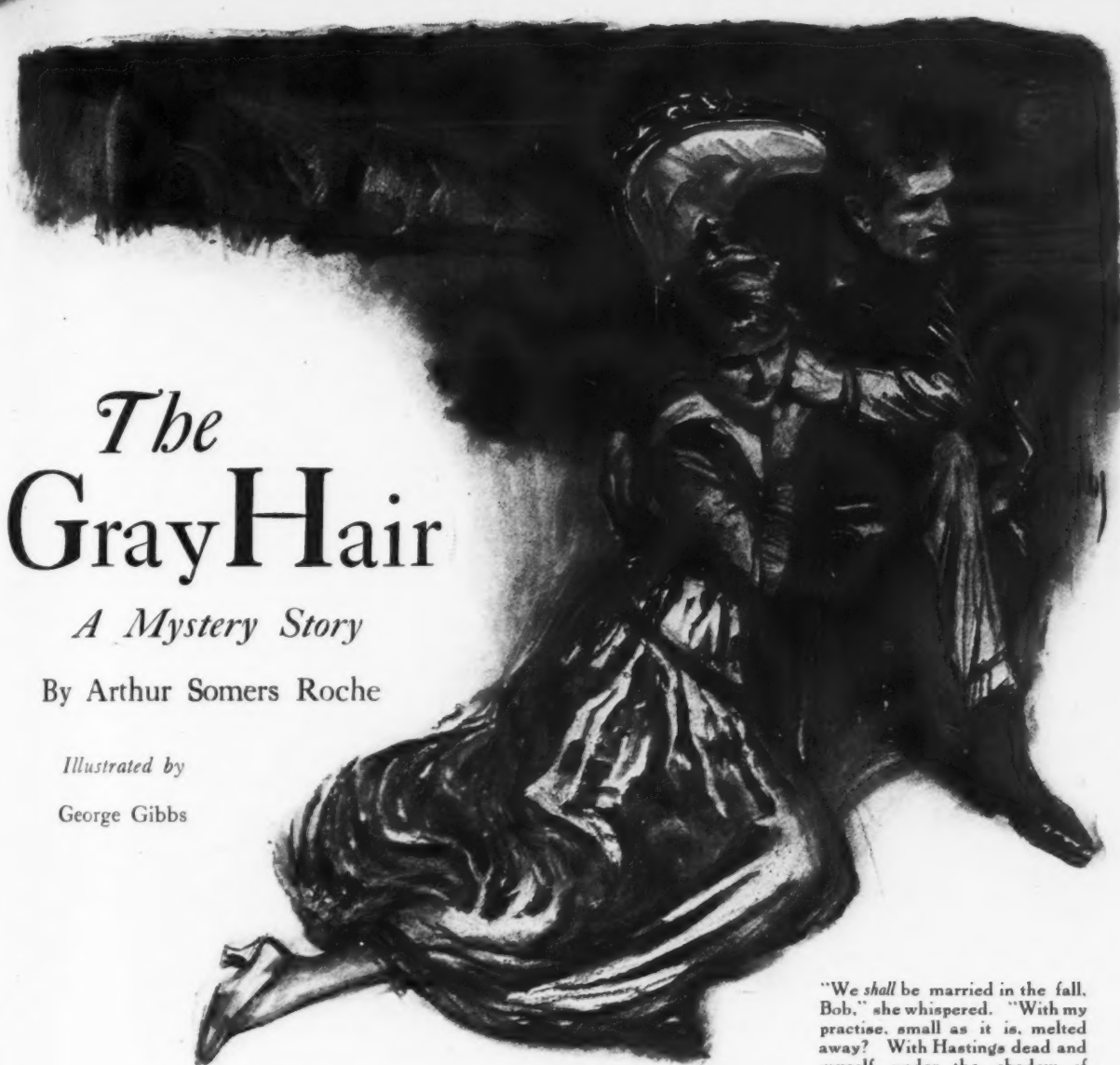
"How about finishing up without him? Got the thing going pretty well, haven't you?"

"Well"—Mrs. Henderson looked again at Mr. Hispeth, whom Mr. Snow now addressed.

"How about it—do we need the boy?"

"Of course," said the tenor airily, "he's pretty crude, but—we're doing it his way. A real stage-director could pick it up, of course. But that (Continued on page 104)

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The Gray Hair

A Mystery Story

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by

George Gibbs

"We shall be married in the fall, Bob," she whispered. "With my practise, small as it is, melted away? With Hastings dead and myself under the shadow of suspicion?"

NEW YORK city is thrown into a frenzy of excitement over the murder of John Hastings, multimillionaire, railway president, and controller of industries, in his own library by a pistol-shot. The deed is committed by an agent of the Society for the Redistribution of Surplus Wealth, which, under threat of death, is trying to compel the men of vast wealth in the city to surrender to it one-half their fortunes. The murderer is identified by the Hastings servants as Robert Allaire, a young lawyer who had been employed by the capitalist, but, when arrested, he has no difficulty in establishing an alibi, and is discharged from custody at the preliminary hearing. Going to his apartment, he finds a letter from the society stating that he was the medium whereby Hastings had been executed without danger to the executioner, and enclosing a thousand dollars in bills to recompense him in part for the loss to which he would be put.

Meanwhile, three other threatened financiers, Warrener, Coleman, and Deewald, have hastened to the office of Police Commissioner Blake to beg for protection. While there, the president of the deadly society telephones to the commissioner from an up-town hotel that the three men, having ignored a warning not to appeal to the police, are doomed to immediate death. The operator at the hotel is brought to headquarters and accuses Blake himself of being the man who telephoned from the hotel. Evidently, some genius at impersonation is at work. The three financiers ask for protection to get aboard Deewald's yacht, but as they leave the building, Deewald is shot and killed by a man in a passing motor-car, who manages to elude police pursuit. Blake now decides to call in the famous detective, Heenan, who was a rival for the office he holds, and who, after deriding his efforts, agrees to put his own detectives on the trail of the murderer. Blake, while seeking Heenan, has left Warrener and Coleman guarded in his office, but when he gets back, he finds that some one impersonating him (Blake) has sent the policeman outside the door away on an errand and has killed the two financiers, leaving a note saying that they are victims of the society. Allaire is the *fiancé* of Allison Courtney, a well-to-do orphan, who makes her home with her uncle, Peter Courtney, and as soon as possible after his release, he goes to see her.

ALLISON COURTNEY answered Allaire's ring herself. A maid servant, who had ascended from the basement, stood at the end of the long front hall a moment, a tender smile on her lips and tears in her eyes. The maid was Irish; she, too, had a sweetheart. She was using a handkerchief freely when she reached the kitchen.

"I've been sitting before the 'phone for—oh, hours!" said Allison, when Allaire finally and reluctantly released her.

"I couldn't spoil this moment," said Allaire.

"It's as I wish, too," she answered.

She led the way to the drawing-room. He would have sat beside her, but she motioned him to a chair opposite her.

"I want you away from me," she blushed. "Otherwise, you'd never tell me anything."

"But that I love you—isn't that enough?" he asked reproachfully.

"It's everything," replied Allison simply. Allaire thrilled

at the look she gave him. It was as though she unveiled her soul for him to gaze at. His love had never been a thing of passion only; but now all passion seemed submerged in his reverence for her. He felt, as he met her eyes, that her faith in him was of the sort that had led martyrs cheerfully to the flames. Heretofore he had considered himself mighty lucky to have won Allison Courtney. Now he deemed himself chosen of fortune by the gods. A woman may be loved for the things that she conceals, but the right woman is worshiped for the things that she reveals. Allaire felt humble.

"Tell me!" she commanded.

"But you never doubted?" He would play at love for a while.

"Doubt?" She leaned slightly toward him; once again the fragrance of her hair, the sweetness of her breath were upon him. But Allison Courtney was an extremely level-headed girl. With every bit of her she loved Allaire. Her mind and heart craved him; but a deep stratum of common sense underlay her emotions. Once more she released herself. Again she asked for a relation of the night's events.

He told her, and she followed every point. Her brows knitted as he told of the positive identification by the Hastings servants. Her eyes were soft with pity as he related the "third degree" to which he had been subjected. They flashed as he told of Smallidge's entrance to the court-room and the testimony of his companions of the evening, and of his discharge. They swam with tears as he told of the offers of his friends to aid him. They hardened as he told their opinions of the position in which he would now find himself. They were mirthful as he told of Henry, the elevator-boy, and grateful, too. She gasped as he handed her the letter which Henry had given him. She took it and the ten hundred-dollar bills which it contained from him. She read the letter. Then, for the first time during his recital, she spoke.

"Bob," she asked, "of course you haven't the faintest idea who sent this?"

"I'm afraid, my dear," he replied grimly, "that if I knew the writer, I'd not be here. I'd be confronting him with half a dozen policemen at my back."

"But you *do* know," she said thoughtfully.

"Eh?" He stared at her.

"Of course," she nodded. "Don't you see? No stranger could know so much of your affairs. The writer of this letter knew last night that you would be released this morning. He could not be sure of that unless he knew of your alibi. It doesn't seem to me that he *guessed* or *believed* that you'd be released. He knew it. And if he knew it, he must have known when, where, and with whom you were to spend the evening. Who would know that except a friend of yours?"

"Hardly a friend," said Allaire.

"Let's not quibble over words—some one you undoubtedly believe to be a friend. How many people knew that you were to dine, go to the theater, and play cards with Phelan, Swinton, and Lane last night? By the way, Bob, do you *often* play cards until three A. M.?"

He grinned.

"Not often, dear. The game happened to be mighty interesting, you understand."

"I understand that my husband will spend his evenings at home," she smiled. Then she grew serious once more. "Don't you see, Bob, that some one close to you wrote this letter? Or, at least, the writer acquired the information as to how you planned the evening from some one close to you. Find that person, and if he's not the author of this letter, he can, at least, be made to tell who is."

He shook his head.

"Any one of a hundred persons might have known of my plans for the evening. Phelan, Swinton, or Lane may have told, each of them, a dozen persons what they were going to do and with whom they were going to do it. For

myself, I told no one but you. And I don't think you wrote this letter," he smiled. He continued: "There were fully twenty other members dining in the Maple grill with us. I remember that Phelan asked our waiter to look up the advertisement of 'The Girl from London' and find what time the curtain rose. There was no particular reason for him to lower his voice. All those in the club might have listened, had they wished. Then there were three or four persons passing as Phelan told our taxi-driver where to take us. To find out the persons who knew where we intended to spend the evening, and find out then the actions of each one of those persons—it would be a wild-goose chase, dear."

"You wouldn't have to inquire about all of them," she answered. "You forget—the writer of this note knows you well, Bob. He refers to your employment by Hastings and offers you recompense for its loss. Doesn't that narrow the inquiry?"

"You *are* clever!" he cried. Then he objected: "But my name has appeared in trials as an attorney for Hastings. The whole world could know that."

She read the letter from the mysterious society once more.

"He doesn't refer to past employment, Bob. He pays you a thousand dollars, not for work already done for Hastings—that's absurd—but for the loss of future work. The fact that you've been employed by Hastings in the past wouldn't necessarily mean future employment. As a matter of fact, that case you handled for him, you lost, according to the records, didn't you?"

"Judgment was entered for the plaintiff, but, as defendant's counsel, I made an agreement out of court that was eminently pleasing to Hastings," said Allaire.

"Did the whole world know of that agreement?"

"It was kept secret," he replied; "from the public, I mean. I told a few—"

"But the writer of this letter evidently knew that, while apparently defeated, you had been successful," she said triumphantly. "Can't you see? The search narrows. The man must be some one who knows you well. For he knew you well enough to impersonate you successfully enough to deceive the Hastings servants, who had seen you a couple of times—"

"And probably Hastings himself," said Allaire. "He'd only met me personally on those occasions I dined with him."

She nodded.

"Furthermore, he knew where you were going to spend the evening, and last, he knew of your private business with Hastings and your hopes for the future. Again, Bob, you're a bit of a socialist, aren't you?"

"I believe socialism will ultimately be tried," he admitted. "I'm not at all sure that it will be successful. Yes; in theory, I believe in socialism. Practically, I'm not so sure. I debated in favor of socialism at college—"

"And the writer of this note hints that he has hopes of converting you to his society. Oh, I know"—as he would have objected—"socialists don't believe in violence, and this murderer does; but some anarchists have started out by being socialists, haven't they? Probably this murderer. He sends you money, and hints that he believes you'll join his wicked society, and says you'll hear from him again. Bob, it's some one who knows even your views on social questions."

"And I've kept those dreamy theories of mine pretty dark since I began practising law," he said gravely. "I don't believe in them really, but they sound pleasant. But they don't do for a business lawyer nowadays. And while I haven't stultified myself—because I'm not really a socialist—I've learned that it's bad business even to play at being one. I haven't told many people—talked with many—on that subject."

"And that narrows the field of inquiry." She looked at him steadily. "Of course, Bob, you aren't thinking of letting the matter drop, now that you've been discharged from court?"



DRAWN BY CHARLES GIRARD

He coughed, and Allison sprang up, blushing furiously and arranging her somewhat disordered hair. Allaire rose and stood stiffly

He laughed harshly.

"Hardly. In fact, my dear, until the murderer of Hastings is caught, I shall devote my every moment—except those I spend with you—to running him down."

"And those you spend with me can be devoted to that purpose," she replied, no whit less seriously than himself. "I've been of some help already, haven't I?"

"You have the clearest brain I've ever known," he said. "Also, you're the loveliest and truest girl that ever breathed. I'll never be able to tell you what I think of you. You never thought me guilty for a second, though you'd read the morning papers, and—oh, Allaire, it's hell—that's what it is! I was on the road to success; we were to be married in the fall, and now—"

For the first time since meeting her, he gave way to despair. She slipped to her knees beside him and drew his hand against her cheek.

"We *shall* be married in the fall, Bob," she whispered.

"With my practise, small as it is, melted away? With Hastings dead and myself under the shadow of suspicion?"

"It's a long time to fall," she answered. "Surely you don't think that a murderer can elude justice that long?"

But there is a certain pleasure to yielding to despair. This is proved by the fact that pessimists are the happiest people in the world.

"I think," said Allaire gloomily, "that he has hidden his tracks so completely that unless he surrenders—"

Allison pressed his hand tighter to her cheek.

"We'll find him," she said; "we'll find him. We're to be married in the fall!"

"Even if we do," said Allaire, "even if he's caught to-day, the black eye my reputation has received—people will forget everything save that I was once accused of murder. I'll have no practise; and a man can't marry on twelve hundred a year—not in New York!"

"It has been done," she said. It pleased him that she made no reference to her own fortune. She knew him too well to imagine that he'd be content to live on her money. He bent over and kissed her. It was thus that Peter Courtney found them.

He coughed, and Allison sprang up, blushing furiously and arranging her somewhat disordered hair. Allaire rose and stood stiffly. Peter Courtney had smiled upon his engagement to Allison, but that was yesterday. To-day, he felt some relief as Courtney advanced toward him, holding out his hand.

"I'm glad to see you, Allaire," he said.

Tears stood in the lawyer's eyes. It was good, this world! People might talk of the evanescent quality of friendship, but to-day had given their sneers the lie. Look how Phelan, Swinton, and Lane had stood by him! And now look at Peter Courtney, stretching forth his hand! Friendship? Nothing equaled it! Of course, love was its superior, but God had been good when he gave Allaire his friends. He wrung the hand of Allison's uncle.



"Suppose you tell me," he began, "about what your shadowing Allaire? His witnesses?"

"It's mighty good of you to say that, Mr. Courtney," he said. "I appreciate it more than I can tell you—"

"Yes," said Courtney; "I'm glad to see you, Allaire—but not here!"

"Uncle!" Allison's eyes blazed.

Allaire's face grew crimson.

"I don't understand you, sir," he stammered.

"Yet I think you should, Allaire," said Courtney. "I have not had many dealings with the police; my relations with them are confined to nodding to the officer on this beat. But I have read enough of the style of dress affected by plain-clothes men to recognize one of them when I see him. Kindly look out that window."

Allaire raised the window-shade. Across the street, lounging against an iron fence, smoking a cigar, apparently merely killing time and yet equally apparently, to the eye of Allaire, who, in the courts, had seen hundreds of them, a plain-clothes man assigned to watch the house stood—the object of Courtney's resentment. The man looked up and caught Allaire's angry glance. He looked away with a clumsy affectation of indifference. Allaire dropped the shade and turned to Courtney.

"I'm very sorry, sir. I didn't dream that, after Judge Sweeney had discharged me—"

"I don't suppose you did," said Courtney. "Yet, it might have occurred to you."



said, I am glad to see you. I am glad, too, that events have occurred which completely exonerate you from all suspicion."

"What do you mean?" gasped Allaire. "Has the murderer been caught?"

Courtney shook his head.

"No; but he has killed three other men—Silas Warrenner, Jonathan Coleman, and Wilson Deewald, the latter on the sidewalk in front of police headquarters and the other two in the commissioner's private office. Inasmuch as he impersonated the commissioner in slaying Warrenner and Coleman, it seems most probable that he is the same person who impersonated you last night. And as you have undoubtedly been shadowed since leaving the court-room this morning and have not been arrested"—and he smiled—"for these later crimes, I imagine that suspicion, all suspicion, for having been guilty of the first crime will be lifted from you. However"—and he grew stern

once more—"people will talk, and newspapers will give them something to talk about. I prefer that they do not give them my niece's name to gossip about. Therefore, until this society is brought to justice, or until time enough has elapsed for the papers to forget that you were implicated unjustly in the affair—until, in short, you have ceased to be of news-value, as editors remark, I should prefer that you discontinued your visits here."

Out of courtesy, Allaire waited for Courtney to finish. But he hardly heard his last words.

"Society? What society? Not the Society for the Redistribution

of Surplus Wealth?" He handed Courtney the letter he had received this morning. "Is that it?"

Courtney read it.

"Daring," he commented, "and strange—very! Yes; that is the name of the organization that killed these men to-day. A note was left by the bodies of Coleman and Warrenner—"

Allaire turned to Allison. He clasped her in his arms and kissed her, heedless of her uncle's presence.

"He's right, Allison," he said; "right! But—it won't be long. If detectives are any good at all, they'll be able to trace these notes."

"You're going to show them yours?" queried Mr. Courtney.

"Of course! Why not?"

Courtney shrugged his shoulders.

"Personally, I should be a little alarmed if I took such a course. This society must be powerful—and dangerous—when they can kill men in front of headquarters and surrounded by detectives, when they can slay in the very office of the commissioner. They seem kindly enough disposed toward you, Allaire. I should be very careful not to do anything that would change their feelings."

"You'd have me withhold evidence that might tend to help run them down?" demanded Allaire.

"I don't imagine this typewritten note will be of much avail as evidence," said Courtney. "If I thought it would, I should, of course, advise you to present it to the proper authorities. But whoever wrote it has proved himself a genius. It is hardly liable that he has overlooked ordinary

men are doing now—my men. I mean. Anybody The Hastings servants?"

"Uncle," cried Allison again, "I—I think you're most unkind! One would think you objected to Bob's coming here."

"One would think correctly," said her uncle shortly.

Allaire looked miserably at Allison.

"I think—I'd better be go—"

She held him with a glance.

"Uncle," she said, "one would think you thought Bob guilty!"

"Certainly not! Of course, Allaire is innocent. But—the police have not dropped the matter—so far as he is concerned, I mean. That is obvious from the presence of the gentleman outside. Undoubtedly, too, the reporters will keep in close touch with Allaire. If he is known to come here, where a most lovely young lady resides—I do not care to have the name of my niece pilloried in the press for the public to gape at. Allaire must understand that. Until this affair has blown over, I think that you will understand, Allaire, that it is best for you to remain away from here."

"He shan't!" cried Allison.

"Your uncle is right, Allison," said the lawyer. "I shouldn't have come here at all. I should have thought of your name, but I only thought of myself and how good it would be to see you and hear from your lips your faith in me."

"I do not blame you, Allaire," said Courtney. "As I

precautions. It's only in fiction that typewriting can be traced back to its source. I should advise you to be very careful—shouldn't you, Allison?"

"I should advise him to go at once to police headquarters and present this letter," said the girl spiritedly.

"And risk his life, perhaps?" put in her uncle.

"And risk his life," said Allison.

Allaire looked at her. He needed no explanations to the effect that, despite her advice, she valued his life. He knew—and thrilled at the knowledge—that, precious as was his life to her, more precious was his courage, his honor. And a man who loves surrenders his honor to his lady. It is good to know that that honor is in safe-keeping.

"Do as you will," said Courtney lightly; "but, of course, you understand now that it becomes more imperative than ever that you do not come here. In addition to notoriety, there is the danger from this society, which may visit vengeance upon—"

"Uncle, you talk as though you were a coward!" blazed Allison scornfully.

"I was thinking of you," said Courtney gently.

She flushed, and looked a bit shamefaced.

"Of course. Forgive me, uncle."

He bowed and looked at Allaire.

"It is possible, of course, Allaire, for you to come here in my absence. It is also possible for Allison to meet you outside of this house."

"You need not fear, sir," said Allaire stiffly. "There will be no deception."

"No," said Allison; "if Bob thinks it right we should keep apart—I owe you too much, uncle, to deceive you. If I see Bob, you shall know it."

The look she gave Allaire told him more plainly than words that, when he sent for her or came for her, she would go to him or with him, though the whole world jeered his name and though a hundred deadly societies threatened him and her. Once more he kissed her.

"There is no ill will, Allaire? You understand my point of view?"

"Perfectly; and you are absolutely right, sir," replied Allaire. He left the room without looking again at Allison. He might see her again in a few days; scandal might cease to point at him. Some miracle, even, by which he might be rehabilitated in a business way, might happen. Indeed, there was a possibility that Phelan and the others were wrong that his business, save for the failure to secure employment by the Hastings interests, might not suffer. He felt encouragement as he left the house. Allison's last look would have stiffened the back-bone of a worm. He strode briskly down the steps. He even paused to light a cigarette. As he puffed it, he saw the plain-clothes man looking at him furtively. The detective shifted his glance as Allaire stared at him. The lawyer crossed the street.

"You're shadowing me, eh?" he demanded of the detective.

"Who? What? Shadowing? I don't get you," was the reply.

"Oh, don't be any more of an ass than you have to be," said Allaire impatiently. "You're trailing me, and we both know it. Let's both admit it. Of course, if you want to deny it, I'll take your word. But as I happen to be going down to headquarters this minute, I thought you might like to ride down in the taxi with me."

The plain-clothes man grinned.

"You got my number O.K. sure! Where'll we find the taxi?"

"Around the corner at the Martinette," said Allaire. "Come along."

At the news-stand of the Martinette, Allaire bought a couple of papers. He gave one to the detective and opened the other himself. There were head-lines about his own release; but these were dwarfed by those that told of the murder of Deewald and of the strange impersonation of the police commissioner by a man who had telephoned from the Talley Arms. But there was nothing about the murder of Warrenner and Coleman.

A taxi answered the finger of the detective. Allaire climbed in, and the plain-clothes man followed him. The car started.

"I don't see anything about the killing of Warrenner and Coleman," said Allaire.

"It ain't had time to get in the papers yet," said the plain-clothes man. "It only happened half an hour ago. Papers ain't up-town yet with that story. I only got it from a harness bull that passed me while I was waitin' for you. He'd just left the 'house,' and they'd told him there. How'd you know of it?"

"Mr. Courtney, at whose home I was, told me when he came in," replied Allaire.

"Prob'ly picked it off a bulletin-board down-town," said the detective. "Headquarters' news is on them boards three minutes after it happens. That's how he got it. Say, you ain't goin' down-town to confess, are you? 'Cause if you are, it would give me a big boost to get the confession from you first. Say, now"—and his voice was suddenly truculent—"come across! Why'd you kill Hastings last night?"

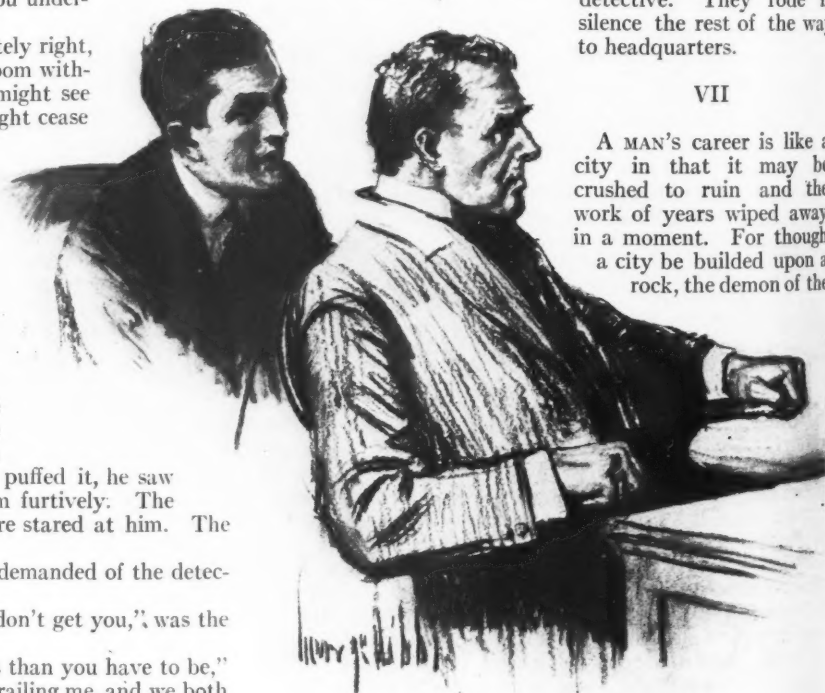
Allaire sighed.

"Once a plain-clothes man *always* an ass, I'm afraid. No, my dear young friend; I am not going to confess anything except my contempt for the intellectual qualities of the detectives of the New York force."

"Aw, sell your hammer and buy a horn!" snarled the detective. They rode in silence the rest of the way to headquarters.

VII

A MAN'S career is like a city in that it may be crushed to ruin and the work of years wiped away in a moment. For though a city be builded upon a rock, the demon of the



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earthquake may turn over in his bed, and the work of man is set at naught by the movement of the demon's coverlet, which is the earth-crust on which man lives. And a career built upon the most apparently solid foundations may be brought crashing down to shame by one mere trick of fate, or circumstance—call it what you will.

Jameson Blake had been among the volunteers in Cuba. After the war he had gone to the Philippines. He had made a record in the constabulary, in a few short years, that brought him to the attention of an Eastern city. He had been made chief of police there. He had held the position one year, and then discovered that police work could be made as exact a science as engineering, if one knew how. Blake went to Europe to learn how. He spent four years in Europe; he studied the London "bobby," the police of Petrograd. He spent a year in Germany. And a year and a half he spent in Paris, learning the wonderful police system that takes cognizance of the entrance and departure of every stranger. In Paris, he had become acquainted with Alderman Phinney, then on a vacation. They had become rather good friends, and the alderman had been deeply interested in the career to which Blake was giving so much preliminary study. And a little later, when Phinney had been elected mayor of New York, he had sent for Blake and made him police commissioner.

There was no denying that, in his six months of office,

police, detection, was not his line. At least, he had not the peculiar genius possessed by the successful detective. How to go about apprehending the deadly society which had defied him in his own stronghold was beyond Blake. A student, a worker, earnest, brainy, but no detective genius—and genius was needed to cope with the society. Blake was not conceited; he knew his own limitations; he had gone to Heenan, the man whom he disliked and whom he knew was ready to cut his official throat. And he had come back to his office to find that the murderer had impersonated himself, Blake, and that Coleman and Warrener were dead.

Blake's first act had been to suspend Officer Drake, the guardian of the office who had been gulled into leaving his post. His next act was to communicate by telephone with the mayor, and ask permission to offer a reward of one hundred thousand dollars for the apprehension of the murderer. For Blake felt that the killer must have accomplices, and one of the lesser lights would be tempted to turn traitor by such an amount of money. The mayor, shocked, amazed at the latest development, had promised to let Blake hear from him within the hour. For twenty minutes after the conversation, Blake had devoted himself to obvious instructions to his detectives and to superintending the removal in hospital ambulances of what was mortal of the financiers. He had completed that unpleasant task and was back in his office when Mayor-Phinney entered with Heenan.

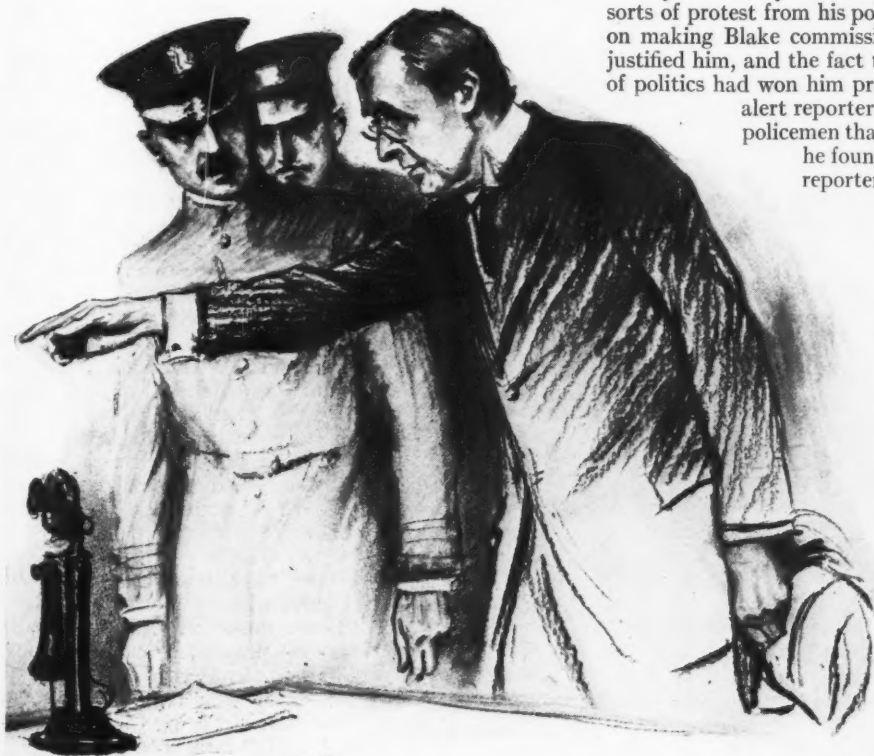
Mayor Phinney was an admirer of Blake. Despite all sorts of protest from his political adherents, he had insisted on making Blake commissioner. Events, up to now, had justified him, and the fact that he had taken the police out of politics had won him praise from many places. But an

alert reporter had been among the swarm of policemen that had answered Blake's call when he found Coleman and Warrener. The

reporter had managed a glimpse of the card left near the bodies. In thirty seconds, he had been on a telephone. In two minutes, the news of the latest murders and the message left by the murderer had been on a newspaper bulletin-board. Five minutes after that, a terror-stricken financier, one of those who had contributed heavily to the non-partisan campaign-fund of the mayor, was frantically demanding that Heenan be made commissioner. Six other millionaires, all of them among the men who had engaged Heenan to trace the society, 'phoned in the next ten minutes, each one frantic with fear and dire with threats as to the mayor's political future if he disobeyed.

Mayor Phinney did not like Heenan. He admitted the latter's ability as a detective, but he did not care for him personally. Heenan's

success had turned his head. Beginning as an obscure country constable, he had achieved a sensational arrest of a notorious bank-robber. A famous agency had then employed him. His work was exceptional. In a little while, he broke loose and formed an agency of his own. More fame came to him. He became rich; he became politically ambitious. He knew that the police commissionership of New York had been the graveyard of as many political hopes as the mayoralty, but his self-conceit assured him that he would make a record that would lead to higher



"Look like?" he cried. "Look like? Why, he's lookin' right at me now!" And he pointed a trembling finger at the amazed face of Heenan

Blake had done good work. The gambling and other evils had been handled better than ever before. Press, pulpit, and public agreed that the city was "cleaner" than ever before. The "theorist" who had been derided by the political friends of Heenan had made good. The career which Blake had chosen, to which he had given the best that was in him, was on the highway to success. And then came the four murders! The career was in ruins about the commissioner's head.

Blake was an executive; the coordinate branch of the

things. Of a different political faith from Phinney's, he had nevertheless joined the non-partisan movement which had elected the mayor, expecting the commissionership as a reward. But Phinney had not given it to him, and Heenan had raged. He had insulted the mayor to his face.

But Phinney was ambitious; he hoped to be governor. He certainly could never achieve that office if his mayoralty administration was accompanied by incompetence in the police department. Nor could he achieve it against the wishes of some of the men who were now telephoning and who were powers in politics as in finance. Phinney hated to turn down Blake, but—the occasion and his own future demanded it. He 'phoned Heenan. He asked the detective to meet him at police headquarters at once. Heenan agreed. He was grinning when he met the mayor, although the latter's face was serious. They exchanged greetings, and went at once to Blake's office. Phinney came right to the point, though the sight of Blake's haggard, desperate face hurt him.

"These murders, Blake, are something extraordinary. They demand extraordinary measures. You've been the best commissioner New York has had in years, but this isn't routine or organization or executive work. New York wants the best detective ability obtainable. I've decided to ask you to resign; I intend to appoint Heenan commissioner."

From the moment that Deewald had been shot down, Blake had feared this. The discovery of the murders of Warrener and Coleman had made him certain that this would come to pass. He schooled his features into impassiveness. He reached for pen and ink and swiftly wrote his resignation, which he handed to the mayor. Phinney winced.

"Of course, old man, you understand that—" He would have expressed regret, sympathy, assurance of friendship, and what-not, but Blake, with the leering face of Heenan present, was in no mood for anything of the sort.

"I understand," he said shortly. Then he added, with the

honest courage innate in him: "I don't blame you, Mr. Mayor. I'd do the same in your place. I'd already asked Mr. Heenan's cooperation; but I suppose that is not enough. He's needed badly." He turned to Heenan. "I wish you all the success in the world, Mr. Commissioner. If there's anything I can do for you—"

Heenan was of the commonest clay—a brute, a bully, and a mucker. Most men would have found it in their hearts to be sorry for Blake, confronted as he was by a situation so out of the ordinary that his failure to handle it reflected not at all upon his ability. But Heenan never won a victory in his life that he did not jeer his victim afterward.

"Do for me?" he sneered. "I don't suppose you've done anything but sit around like a dummy; still—" He walked over to Blake's desk and sat down before it. He looked insolently up at the angrily flushing ex-commissioner. "Suppose you tell me," he began, "about what your men are doing now—my men, I mean. Anybody shadowing Allaire? His witnesses? The Hastings servants?"

"Yes," replied Blake shortly. "And the men of your agency? I suppose they are—"

"You ain't an official any more," said Heenan. "What my agency's doing is none of your business. I'm askin' you questions. Now, about Allaire—"

There was a knock on the door.

"Come in," said Heenan. A policeman entered and saluted Blake.

"I'm not commissioner any longer, Doughty," said Blake. "Mr. Heenan will speak with you."

The policeman was well trained; he had seen many commissioners come and go in his thirty years on the force. He spoke to Heenan, saluting.

"Proprietor of garage that owns car Hastings' murderer used last night is outside, sir. Got a queer story to tell."

"Bring him in," snapped Heenan.

The mayor picked up his hat. He looked regretfully at Blake. The mayor was a gentleman, and resented Heenan's treatment of Blake. But politics and friendship sometimes fail to mix. Furthermore, the mayor had right upon his side. He held out his hand. Blake took it.

"You'll not come along now, old man?" asked the mayor, making an advance to regain a friendship which he feared he had lost forever.

"I'll stay and help Heenan as much as I can—for a while," said Blake. "And I meant it when I said I didn't blame you at all."

"By George, you're one of the best, Blake!" exclaimed the mayor. Abruptly, without a word to Heenan, he left the office. As he did so, the garage proprietor and a chauffeur, whose face was very familiar and yet not so familiar on a second glance, were ushered in by Officer Doughty.

"Well?" demanded Heenan.

The garage proprietor shuffled his feet and mopped his forehead. He looked at Blake, whom, of course, he had seen in court that morning and recognized. But Blake nodded at Heenan, and the man spoke to the

new commissioner.

"My name's Collins, sir—Saunders Collins. I identified a man in court this morning as my chauffeur and gave him a good character. I hope I don't get into trouble about it. You see, expecting to see my man there, I don't suppose I looked as close as I ought to have done, being rattled, too, and—"

"Wasn't it your chauffeur that testified this morning?" cried Heenan.



Allaire raised the window-shade. Across the street, a plain-clothes man assigned to watch the house stood

(Continued on page 152)

Sam's Beau

Penrod's friend goes a-courting

By Booth Tarkington

Illustrated by Worth Brehm

SAM WILLIAMS was always cheerful—unless something unpleasant happened to him. That is to say, Sam was no dreamer; consequently, he was not moody—though, of course, he had been in love, for he was now eleven years of age.

He still hazily recalled, sometimes, a day in his eighth year when he suddenly felt the desire to let a certain little girl ride upon his velocipede because she had yellowish hair. For several afternoons he had brought the velocipede to the sidewalk in front of her house, that she might ride; but finally he decided that she was riding too much, and pushed her off—and had quite a little trouble with her mother about it, he remembered.

That was long, long ago, and nothing resembling it had happened again. During all this time, Sam's apathy in the presence of girls (no matter how yellowish their hair) was placid and complete. When comrades requested a statement of his views, Sam issued one of sincere neutrality. He leaned neither one way nor the other, he said. He didn't hate 'em, and he didn't like 'em.

He was never interested, even, in that petulant little belle, Marjorie Jones. He had no eyes for amber curls, and he looked at Marjorie's as he looked at chairs or a wall. Marjorie's exquisite profile meant nothing to Sam, though once, when he was dancing with her at the Friday Afternoon Dancing Class, his curiosity was roused by some accessories to the beauty of her remarkable eyes.

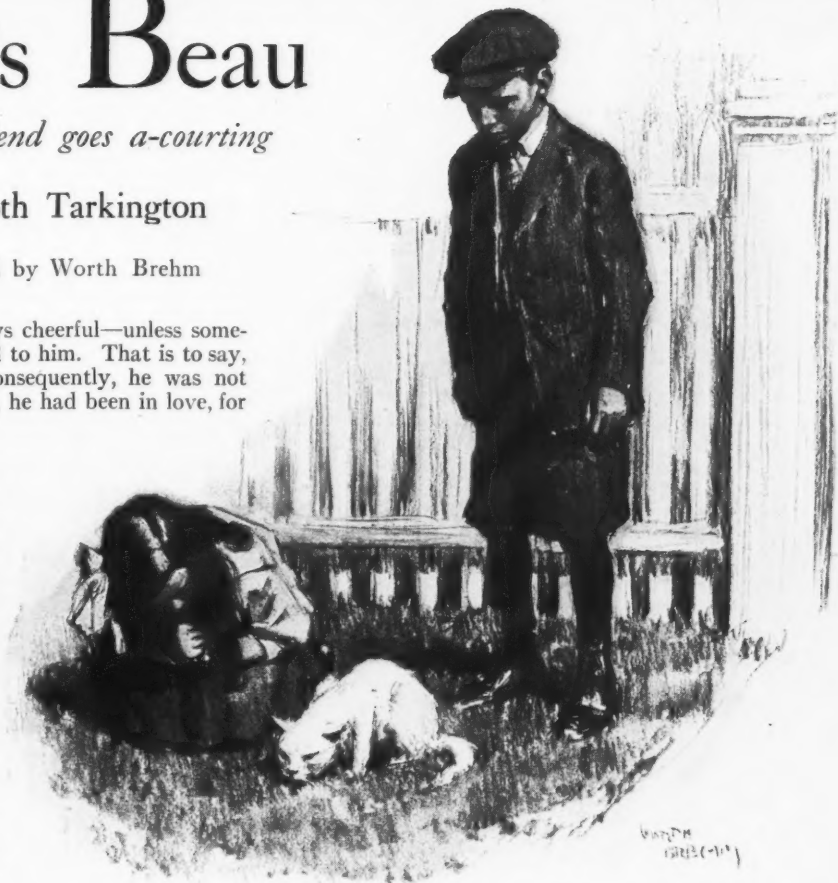
"You got awful long eye-winkers, Marjorie," he said. "Don't they sting when you get a cold?"

Then he sighed, but only because he was tired of dancing.

His apathy was of the true bachelor stuff, untrustworthy and whimsically treacherous; and it vanished in the manner which is characteristic of it. Susceptibility is a condition, not a mood; and anyone may be in that condition without suspecting it, just as anyone may have his foot go to sleep without suspecting it. Sam had seen Mabel Rorebeck probably a thousand times, and never once had he a definite thought about her, much less an emotion.

But the afternoon when Mabel appeared at the Friday Afternoon Dancing Class in a blue-velvet dress with round silver buttons, reminding of little sleigh-bells, Sam was stricken. Of course, he constructed no definition of his sensations; they did not shape themselves as words in his mind at all. What he felt was a warmishness in the upper part of his chest; and whenever he looked at the silver buttons, he wished that etiquette permitted him to exchange his seat for one nearer Mabel.

As soon as Professor Bartet permitted an optional selection of partners, Sam danced with her. And afterward, when the lesson was over, he yielded to a strong desire to



"Poo 'ittle Tarrie!" she said softly. "Wuzzoo have oo' poo' 'ittle tail pulled by ole sneezy rastal?"

kind-of-stand-around near Mabel as much as possible. He lingered in the hall until she departed with a couple of busily gossiping friends; then he followed the group, at a distance of about half a block, and affected to be sneezing whenever one of them glanced back at him.

This action with his handkerchief was for purposes of impersonation; it seemed to Sam that he thus perfectly gave the impression of a boy not in the least following anybody but bound upon an important errand which merely happened to be in that direction. Even grown people sometimes imagine that they are disguising their intentions by devices as curiously transparent; but deceptive byplay usually draws sharper attention to the real purpose of the byplayer. Besides, the little girls had correctly estimated the work of the new dress. They rallied Mabel, who made contemptuous faces, and it would have startled Sam had he overheard their conversation.

"Go on!" one urged another. "It's your turn to make him get out his ole hankachiff and sneeze again."

Sam continued to follow, and now and then the sun struck white fire from the round buttons; little silver arrows sped to the smitten heart. But when the group reached Mabel's gate and paused there, chattering and derisively expectant, Sam had not the courage to pass. He halted, a few yards away, and consulted an imaginary document or note-book under shelter of his coat. He frowned, shook his head, turned decisively, and started for home. Nothing could have been clearer than that he carried about him secret instructions which did not permit him to complete his errand at this time; and yet a vocal tinkling, as silvery as those sleigh-bell buttons, broke out in the vicinity of the

Rorebecks' open gate, and followed him mockingly until he was out of hearing. Upon a subsequent corner, he encountered his friend Penrod Schofield, and replied evasively to intrusive inquiries.

"I haven't been anywhere, I tell you!" he insisted. "I don't care if I did say I'd help train Duke. I got a right to go where I please, haven't I?"

"Well, come on," said Penrod, giving a tug to the bit of clothes-line, by which he held in leash his apprehensive little old dog, Duke. "I got a harness all fixed up, and we can hitch him up to the wheelbarrow and train him lots o' things before dark. Come on hitch up our good ole horse, Sam!"

And so, making way for immediate preoccupations, blue and silver passed from Sam's mind; but they were in it again when he woke the following morning. Throughout that day, indeed, and the next, this symptom recurred, the vision being one of a small figure with a vague head, vaguer legs, feet, and hands, but brightly distinct in regard to blue velvet and silver buttons. Nevertheless, it was certainly not mere raiment that really affected Sam so deeply, because, on Monday afternoon, when he chanced to encounter Mabel on the street, she was wearing a brown-cloth dress with no visible buttons of any kind, and he felt that same warmishness in the upper part of his chest. Moreover, the warmishness now increased its area, extending so greatly as to suffuse his ears. He pretended not to see her; he frowned and breathed hard, as with business cares, and strode briskly on.

Tuesday afternoon, he walked by her house, whistling—not whistling a tune—just whistling. She may have heard him, may have gazed forth from a window; but this is uncertain. Sam did not look to see; his eyes were fixed upon something important far ahead, where there was nothing.

On Wednesday, he came by in a like manner—not once but thrice—always going in the same direction, which might have indicated to an observer that Sam had a mania for walking around that block. On Thursday, he appeared again, for his was a faithful nature, and just as he reached the gate, a fat white cat passed through the air near Sam's head in the concluding episode of a fit. Its own head collided with the bark of a shade-tree, and the cat dropped upon the sidewalk at Sam's feet. It lay there, gasping unpleasantly. Simultaneously, a shriek disturbed Sam's already tingling ears, and Mabel appeared, running from the back yard to the front.

"It's Carrie!" she cried. "Oh, I'm so frightened!" Then she uttered another shriek as Sam gallantly prepared to defend her with the first weapon to his hand. "Don't!" Mabel screamed. "Don't hit Carrie with a rock! We don't want our cat hit with a rock, Sam Williams!"

The logical Sam dropped the stone and looked about him.

"What I better hit her with?" he asked.

"Don't you dare hit her with anything!"

"Well, you said——"

"Oh, my good gracious," Mabel wailed, "I'm so frightened! The cook says it's too much meat. She was sittin' on my lap in the kitchen, and all of a sudden—oh, she scared me so! And then the cook opened the door, and after she knocked 'most everything upside down in there, and broke the cook's lookin'-glass, she tore on out, and went all over the back yard first—and she kept makin' a noise just like a pinwheel on the Fourth o' July—and then she came out here. Oh, Carrie's always been the *quietest* cat—and then to go and have sumpting like *this* happen!"

"She'll come to, perty soon," said Sam. "I've seen cats have fits, and they always come to, afterwhile, once they kind o' quiet down like this."

"Bring her in!" cried Mabel. "Bring her in the yard, because somebody might step on her if we leave her out on the sidewalk!" But, as Sam obeyed, she screamed again: "Don't! Don't do *that*!"

"Do what?" Sam inquired mildly, as he entered the gate, carrying the epileptic. "What's the matter, Mabel?"

"Stop it!" wailed Mabel, wringing her hands.

"Stop what?"

"Let go her *tail*!" she shouted. "Don't carry her by her tail!"

"Oh," said Sam mildly; and he obeyed, dropping the cat upon the grass. "You said bring it in here, and so——"

"I didn't tell you by her tail, did I?" Mabel interrupted fiercely. "We don't want our cat carried around by her tail—do we?—even if she does have fits. You didn't *haf* to go pick her up by her tail, did you?"

"No," Sam admitted, and his heart smote him. Mabel was almost weeping.

"She hadn't ever done anything to you, had she?"

"No."

"Well, then, what'd you haf to go and do that to her for?"

"Well," said Sam, "it's use'y the best way to carry 'em. Specially if a cat's got a fit, it's handy, because they don't hardly know what's happening when they're in a fit. And, anyway, it doesn't hurt a cat much, even when it knows what's goin' on, because a colored boy told me their tail's hitched onto sumpting inside of 'em a good deal tighter than it looks. He told me he knew all about it, because he saw one after a wagon——"

"Stop!" Mabel shrieked, clapping her hands over her ears. "Be quiet! Hush up!"

"Well, I only——"

"It hurt Carrie," Mabel insisted. "I know it did! How'd you like to have some big, ugly, ole, sneezy boy do that way to you if you were a poor little kitty?"

In this reproach, there was a word which made Sam thoughtful, and he became dimly reminiscent in silence, while Mabel knelt upon the ground and addressed words of commiseration to the sufferer.

"Poo' 'ittle Tarrie!" she said softly. "Wuzzoo have oo' poo' 'ittle tail pulled by ole sneezy rastal?"

"I didn't exackly pull it, Mabel," Sam protested mildly. "I just carried her that way a minute, because——"

But Mabel paid no attention to him.

"Poo' 'ittle Tarrie!" she murmured. "Ess 'tis!" she said soothingly, as if agreeing with a complaint just uttered by Carrie. "Bad 'nuff to have horrible ole fit wivout horrible ole boy pullum's tail! Ess 'tis! Poo', sweet 'ittle——"

She would have continued, but, at this juncture, Carrie rose, and, in a rueful and morbid manner, walked slowly away, crawled through a hole under the latticework beneath the front porch, and disappeared for convalescence in that seclusion.

"She's all right," said Sam cheerily. "I expect she feels pretty good already."

"I expect her tail doesn't!" Mabel felt called upon to say, and she added, with severity, "Boys are pretty different from girls."

This truthful generalization deepened Sam's established inferiority; but he was none the less conscious of the warmishness inspired by Mabel's presence, nor had he any desire to depart. On the contrary.

"Well, I guess I better kind of stay around here," he said. "I guess prob'bly you'll need me to get your cat out from under the porch for you, afterwhile."

"I guess we won't anything of the sort want you to get our cat out from under the porch for us afterwhile," Mabel returned tartly. "I'll thank you to please notice we've got a colored furnace-man that comes three times a day, and he's hired to do anything we ask him to—if we need anybody to get our cat out from under the porch for us afterwhile, thank you, Mister Sam Williams!"

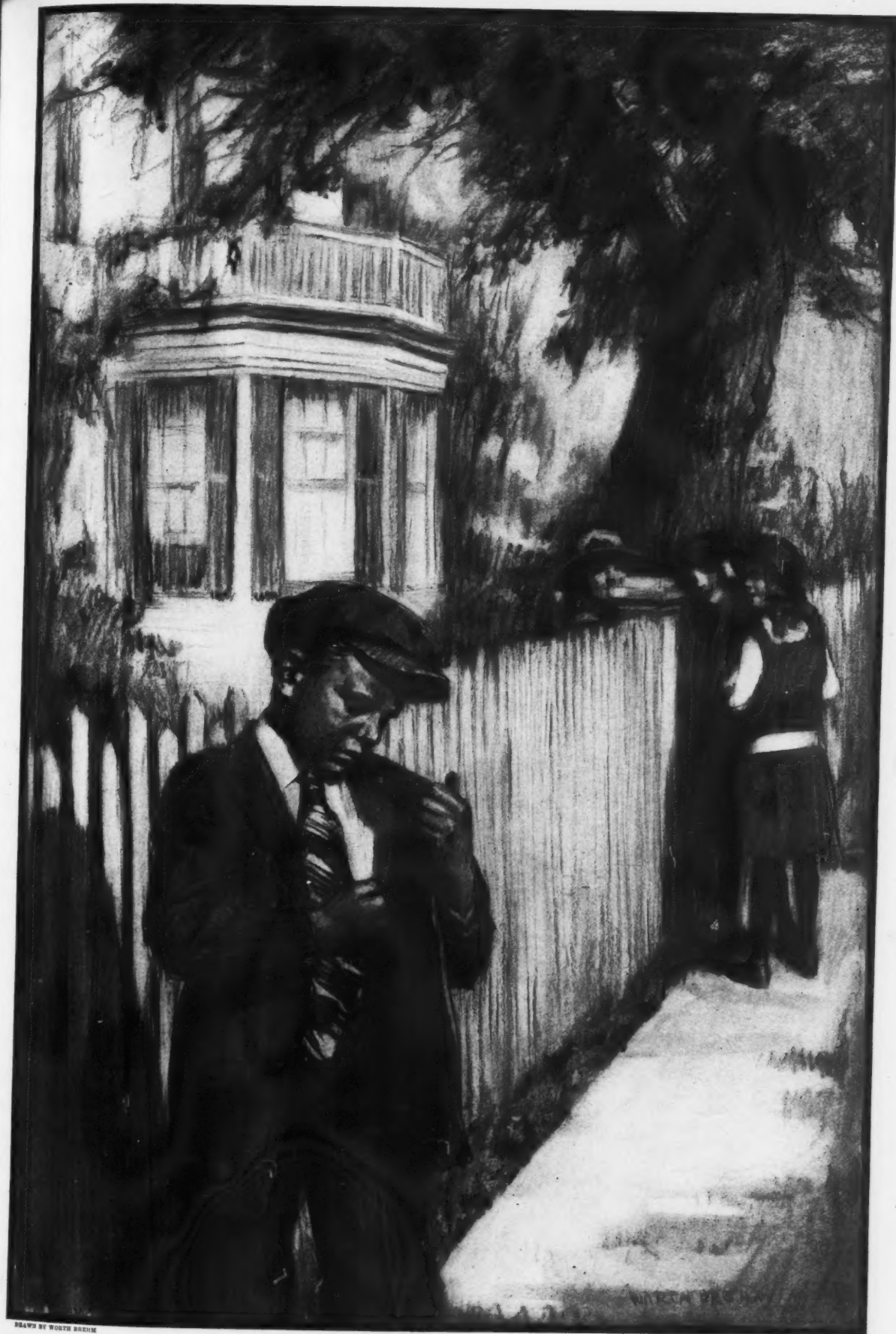
"Well, I just thought maybe I better," Sam said, in apology.

"Well, then," Mabel responded promptly, "you better think sumpting different. Anyway, I guess Carrie knows enough to come out herself, when she gets ready to, without being pulled out by her tail!"

"I wasn't goin' to pu——"

"I don't care what you were goin' to do!" interposed this cold demoiselle, of whom people often remarked that she was just like her mother though her father was a nice man.

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He halted, a few yards away, and consulted an imaginary document or note-book under shelter of his coat

"I'll thank you to please notice we don't require any assistance, Mister Sammy Williams, thank you!"

Sam began to feel that he would do well to go home. The bitterness which went so far as to employ such words as "require" and "assistance" failed to rouse any reciprocal bitterness in him, but he perceived that he was not wanted. He would cheerfully have stayed, in spite of that, if Mabel had been a shade less discouraging about it.

"Well, I guess there isn't so much use my waitin', then," he said feebly.

"I guess there isn't!"

"Well," he said, slowly, "if you *did* want me to get that cat out, I'd be willin' to do it, and I wouldn't hurt her. It doesn't do a cat a bit of harm, but I'd get hold of her without pullin' it. Honest, I wouldn't even touch it, Mabel!"

"Yes—and you better not!" For thus Mabel proved little amenable to his plaintive approach. "My father'll be home in about an hour, and if you went and hurt our cat some more, and I told *him* about it, I guess you'd see!"

Sam began to explain again that he had neither injured nor pained the cat. He wasted his breath, for Carrie was not the real issue between them. Mabel wore blue velvet and silver buttons to the dancing class, but she did not wish to be followed home on that account by any ole sneezing boy. She resented being teased; she thought being teased made a

person ridiculous; the other little girls had teased her—and Sam was the cause.

"I don't care if you prove it didn't hurt Carrie a million times!" she exclaimed, interrupting. "I just politely thank you to notice you needn't hang around our porch to get her out, either!"

"Well—" said Sam vaguely.

"Well," said Mabel, "I don't see what you always want to hang around here for, anyway."

Sam looked at her in natural surprise.

"Well," he said, beginning to think that to remain much longer might cause him to feel awkward. "Well, I guess you must be kind of hintin' for me to go home."

Mabel tossed her head.

"I didn't either hint. It's not polite."

"Well then," said the literal-minded Sam; "I don't *haf* to go home yet. I just as soon stay as go."

Mabel made no response, but, beginning to hum a tune, turned away; then, kneeling, peered through the lattice-work under the porch.

"Poo' 'ittle Tarrie's tick yet?" she said softly.

Sam moved a step toward the gate, but halted and began to use the toe of his right shoe as a gimlet, boring into the ground; whereupon Miss Rorebeck ceased to speak soothingly to Carrie. Instead, she called over her shoulder:

"Sam Williams, I'd like to know if you think that's *your* grass you're diggin' up that way! I thank you to kindly notice this grass belongs to my father, and if you want any grass to dig up, go and get some of your own father's grass."

Sam sighed. Undeniably, this was a discouraging wooing. Again he moved slowly toward the gate.

He had not reached it when a jibing cry shrilled up from behind a bush in the next yard.

"Sammy and May-bul! Oh, oh, oh!"

Mabel rose angrily to her feet.

"You hush up, Jennie Miles!" she cried. "I've told him to go home a hunderd times!"

"Yes, you have!" the shrill voice mocked; and Miss Miles stepped forth. She was one of those gossiping members of the dancing class who had walked home with Mabel on Friday afternoon. "Oh, yes, you have!" she cried, brightest malice in her eyes. "May-bul and Sam-my! Oh, oh, oh!" Sam was as pink as the inside of a watermelon.

"Well, I guess I'll haf to be gettin' on up the street," he muttered. But Jennie Miles inelegantly vaulted the fence and approached him.

"So you haf to go soon as I come around!" she said tauntingly. "You don't want to play unless you can play with Mabel, I guess!"

"We weren't playin'," Sam said uncomfortably.

"I should think not!" the indignant Mabel exclaimed. "You b'lieve I want to play with Mister Sammy Williams? Or any other ole sneezy boy, for the matter o' that?"

"Oh, no!" Jennie mocked her. "You don't!"

"You hush up!"

Miss Miles became more humanly genial.

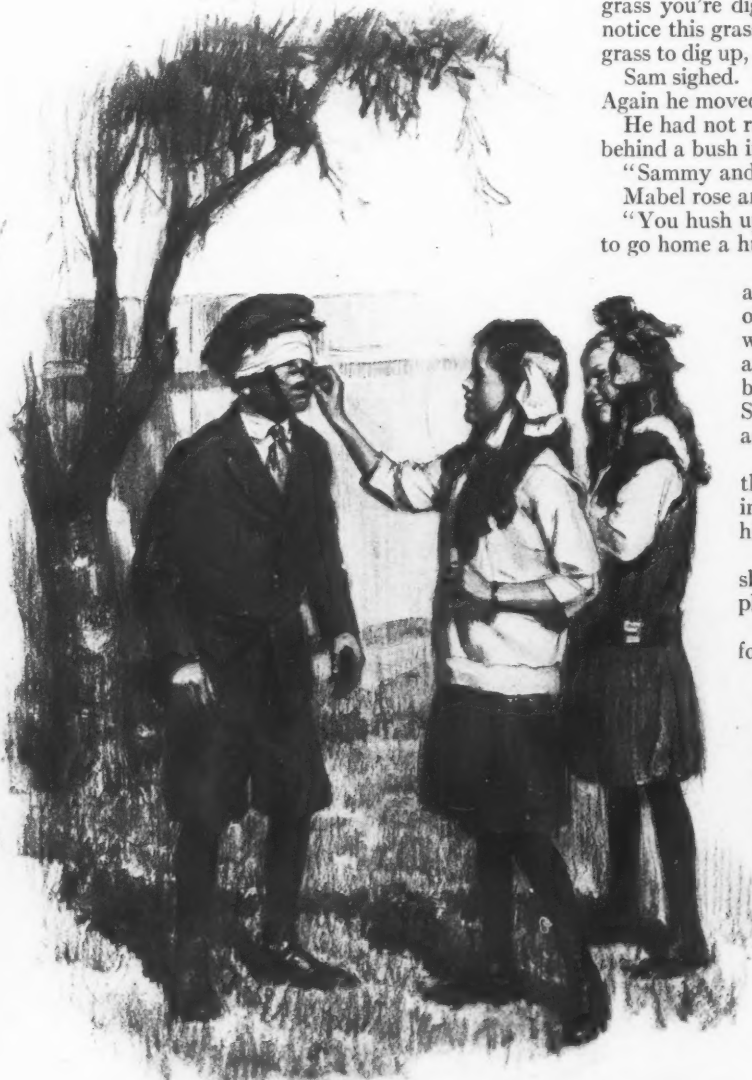
"Well, let's play somep'm," she suggested and, exhibiting a small, square sack which she held in her hand, "Let's play bean-bag," she said.

"I just as soon," said Sam quickly. "I don't know's I got much to do, anyhow, this afternoon."

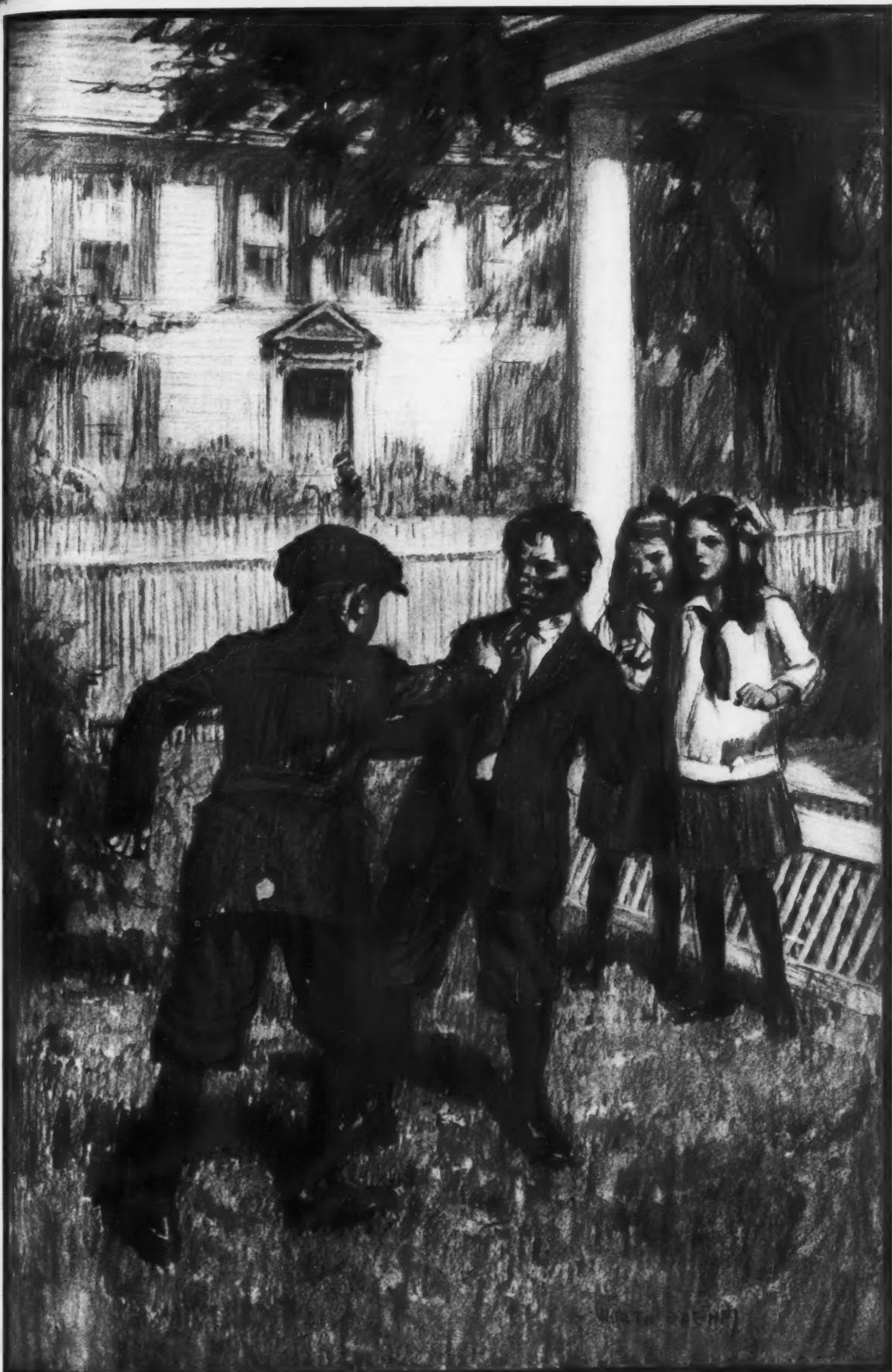
"You play, Mabel?"

"Well, I will if I got to."

"Come on, then!" And Jennie tossed



"Stand still!" Mabel commanded, as he moved nervously



DRAWN BY WORTH KEEN

Sam's fist dusted Penrod's jacket in front. The next instant, Penrod returned this favor

the bag in the air, and caught it. "I'll be teacher, and you and Sam pupils."

But Miss Roreback promptly objected.

"I don't want to be a pupil if he's got to be the other one. I lots rather die!"

Miss Miles made the same objection on her own part, and, after some discussion not at all complimentary to Sam, it was settled that he should be the "teacher," and he took his place, some distance away, facing the two ladies.

"All ready, Mabel?" he asked, preparing to toss the bag.

"Wait a minute!" she said. "I got to whisper to Jennie."

Then, while Sam stood waiting, she whispered at considerable length to her willing neighbor. The communication seemed to be important, for, as Jennie listened, she opened her mouth repeatedly, each time making a little sound expressive of a shock to her moral sense. Also, she frequently turned her head to stare at Sam with a good imitation of horror, so that it was not difficult for the patient "teacher" to perceive that he was the subject of Mabel's discourse.

"He *does*?" Jennie asked, with intentional hoarseness.

Mabel nodded in affirmation, biting her lip to express condemnation.

"Pulls 'em?" asked Jennie.

"Whenever he sees one," Mabel assured her solemnly.

Sam coughed placatively.

"Well, don't you want to begin?" he suggested.

He tossed the bag to Mabel; she returned it, and he was swinging his arm to throw it to Jennie when the latter begged a moment's grace.

"Wait!" she exclaimed. "I want to whisper to Mabel. I just thought o' somep'm'."

And again the two busy heads went together. This time, the communication evidently partook of comedy, for, while Jennie whispered, her comrade clapped her hands and gurgled with laughter.

"No! Wait!" Mabel cried. "I got a better name we can call him. Let's call him—" And the rest was inaudible to Sam.

Each demoiselle continued to whisper to the other in turn, and, at intervals, both expressed exquisite amusement over matters secret from Sam but seeming to concern him, though he endeavored to appear unembarrassed. This became difficult at times, especially when the young ladies shot their bright glances at him during fits of laughter.

"Wonder what *ole crow* would think o' that!" Jennie gurgled, and her mirth thereupon became so great that she was forced to lean upon her companion.

"Oh, I expect *ole crow* would like it!" returned Miss Rorebeck, sharing the convulsion. "*Ole crow*—"

"I bet *ole crow*'s got the stummick-ache!" shrieked Jennie, and at this climax the two embraced uproariously.

Sam stared at them uneasily—the repetition of the cryptic phrase "*ole crow*," always accompanied by glances in his direction, caused him to suspect that some hidden reference was intended, perhaps to himself. However, as he was unable to comprehend how "*ole crow*" might be considered descriptive of his person, he did not at once come to any conclusion in the matter.

He failed to understand that, in the derisive arts, girls are less conventional than boys. The latter are prone to employ stock epithets from the shelf, and, if possible, to select them with some thought to the case in hand; whereas little girls take a great range and are often delighted to call a derided person anything whatever, belike a coined word or a phrase invented on the spur of the moment, such as "*old crow*." And little girls are also superior to boys in creating and controlling such a situation as that wherein the perplexed Sam now found himself.

Sporadic instances have caused the delusion, petted by the centuries, that boys tease girls. Boys are the more intimate with outdoors, and, of course, not many have been able to resist proving to girls that grasshoppers and the like are dangerous to nobody; but this (with a little harmless chasing) is almost the end of their offending. On the other hand, it is almost impossible for a lone boy to find himself in the company of more than one of the gentler sex without the ladies forming an offensive alliance for his belittling and worse. And, having no chivalry to prevent them, little girls go to all lengths and are horridly inventive. Sam was in bad hands this day.

"Are you ready for the bean-bag, Jennie?" he asked.

Suddenly, Mabel stopped laughing and assumed an air of languor.

"I'm tired playin' bean-bag," she announced.

"So'm I," Miss Miles agreed promptly.

"I tell you what we'll do," said Mabel. "Sam, you sit down in the grass and shut your eyes and count five hundred, and don't open your eyes till you're through."

Sam obediently sat.

"What do we do then?" he inquired.

(Continued on page 108)



"Don't you dare!" cried a shrill young voice.

"Mister Sam Williams, don't you dare to touch those towels!"

Delightful Doris Kenyon



DORIS KENYON is one of the recent youthful additions to the brilliant company engaged in the International's photo-play productions. Her latest success has been achieved in "The Ocean Waif," in which she delightfully enacts a little tomboy without a care in the world until she awakes to the realization of the miracle of love.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS, 138 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS, 538 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



RUTH CHATTERTON is as ignorant of the culinary art as she is lacking in Hibernian ancestry. Nevertheless, when the plot of "Come Out of the Kitchen" demands that a high-bred Virginia girl pass herself off for an Irish c k, she does it so charmingly that she captivates her audiences and wins the heart of the comedy's hero.

*Blue-eyed
Marion*



MARION DAVIES has graced many of the lighter forms of musical entertainment in the short time she has been on the stage. It is not to be wondered at that whenever a photographer is lucky enough to get this blue-eyed and chestnut-haired beauty in front of his camera, he strives his hardest for a lovely picture such as we have here



A Valkyrie of the Film

MARIE WALCAMP, who acts the ranchman's daughter in the International's great photo-play, "Patria," is a twentieth-century valkyrie, for she rides through the air in an aeroplane and performs some remarkable feats on horseback. She is one of the most skilful equestriennes now in the field of motion pictures.

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The Dark Star

A Story of Destiny

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

A BELIEF in the influence of the heavenly bodies upon human destiny has played an important part in the affairs and actions of men. A dark star called by the ancients Erlik, after the Prince of Darkness, presided over the birth of the chief characters in this story—they are children of the Dark Star.

Ruhannah (Rue) Carew, the daughter of a missionary incapacitated through ill treatment by the Turks, has grown up in poverty at her father's old home, Brookhollow, near Gayfield, New York. Her dream is to be an artist, but her chief prospect for its fulfillment is a legacy of six thousand dollars left her by her grandmother. This is to be hers when she becomes twenty-five years old, or when she marries. An opportunity for marriage comes first. Ed Brandes, a racing-man and gambler from New York, who deceives the Carews as to his means of livelihood, is seized with a desire to make Rue his wife, and she accepts him. But he is already married, although his wife, Ilse Dumont, an actress known on the stage as Minna Minti, is suing for a divorce. Unwilling to wait, Brandes has what he believes is a mock marriage performed. They are to sail for Paris at once, and Rue takes half of her legacy with her. But, at a New York hotel, they encounter Ilse, who has trailed them, and in the violent scene that follows, Brandes denies having married Rue. Whereupon she seeks out James Neeland, a Gayfield man who is an illustrator in New York. As she refuses to return home, Neeland puts her in the care of a Russian friend, the Princess Mitchenka, who is sailing for Paris. Rue hears nothing more of Brandes.

In Paris, the girl lives with the princess, takes up her cherished project, makes good progress, and develops into a charming and cultivated woman. Both her parents die. Neeland hears from her and the princess occasionally, and, finally, one day, after several years have passed, he receives a letter from the princess begging him to go to the closed Carew house at Brookhollow, get an olive-wood box containing, among other things, some military maps, plans, and photographs, and bring it himself to Paris. The documents were the property of a German engineer named Wilner, who was killed at Gallipoli. He was a friend of Mr. Carew, who took charge of his effects and brought them to America. Their existence has been revealed by Rue to some Turkish diplomatists who frequent the princess's *salon*. There is also in the box a bronze Chinese figure of a Mongol demon—Erlik, the Prince of Darkness, which was in the box when Wilner found it in the Bosphorus, close to the body of a young girl who had been murdered.

The princess's letter is followed by a cable urging haste in the matter, as an attempt may be made to steal the box and its contents, and Neeland starts on his mission at once. He is pursued all the way from Brookhollow by three foreign spies who try desperately to steal the contents of the box. One of them—a woman—is none other than Ilse Dumont, the divorced wife of Brandes. Her confederates are named Breslau and Kestner. The men try to kill Neeland on several occasions, but Ilse saves his life. He facetiously calls her "Scheherazade." Finally, they disappear from the steamer before she reaches Liverpool, evidently escaping to a waiting vessel, and Neeland, with the box and its contents safe, starts for Paris. On the train from Cherbourg he finds himself in a compartment with Brandes and three companions, and learns from their talk that, ostensibly hired by a man named Quint to open a gambling-house in Paris, they are really to help Quint collect information for a foreign embassy. There is much talk of impending war. Brandes vows vengeance on Ilse (who he says, is employed by the Turkish government)



"But you will have to return alone"

for having been the cause of his losing Rue, and confesses that he has already betrayed Quint to the British secret service.

The princess and Rue meet Neeland at the railway station. An accident to the princess's motor is announced, so a taxi-cab is taken. Just as they alight at the princess's door, some street-cleaners turn a hose on the butler, who has come out of the house; two men trip Neeland up, bind a cloth around his head, seize the box, and make their escape in the taxi-cab.

XXV

RUE SOLEIL D'OR

MAROTTE, the butler, in dry clothes, had served luncheon—a silent, respectable, self-respecting man, calm in his fury at the incredible outrage perpetrated upon his person.

And now luncheon was over; the princess at the telephone in her boudoir; Rue in the music-room with Neeland. Astonishment, mortification, anger had left him silent, and the convention known as luncheon had not appealed to him. But very little was said during that formality;



*A Valkyrie
of the
Fifth*

MARIE WALCAMP, who acts the ranchman's daughter in the International's great photo-play, "Patria," is a twentieth-century valkyrie, for she rides through the air in an aeroplane and performs some remarkable feats on horseback. She is one of the most skilful equestriennes now in the field of motion pictures.

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The Dark Star

A Story of Destiny

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

A BELIEF in the influence of the heavenly bodies upon human destiny has played an important part in the affairs and actions of men. A dark star called by the ancients Erlik, after the Prince of Darkness, presided over the birth of the chief characters in this story—they are children of the Dark Star.

Ruhannah (Rue) Carew, the daughter of a missionary incapacitated through ill treatment by the Turks, has grown up in poverty at her father's old home, Brookhollow, near Gayfield, New York. Her dream is to be an artist, but her chief prospect for its fulfillment is a legacy of six thousand dollars left her by her grandmother. This is to be hers when she becomes twenty-five years old, or when she marries. An opportunity for marriage comes first. Ed Brandes, a racing-man and gambler from New York, who deceives the Carews as to his means of livelihood, is seized with a desire to make Rue his wife, and she accepts him. But he is already married, although his wife, Ilse Dumont, an actress known on the stage as Minna Minti, is suing for a divorce. Unwilling to wait, Brandes has what he believes is a mock marriage performed. They are to sail for Paris at once, and Rue takes half of her legacy with her. But, at a New York hotel, they encounter Ilse, who has trailed them, and in the violent scene that follows, Brandes denies having married Rue. Whereupon she seeks out James Neeland, a Gayfield man who is an illustrator in New York. As she refuses to return home, Neeland puts her in the care of a Russian friend, the Princess Mistchenka, who is sailing for Paris. Rue hears nothing more of Brandes.

In Paris, the girl lives with the princess, takes up her cherished project, makes good progress, and develops into a charming and cultivated woman. Both her parents die. Neeland hears from her and the princess occasionally, and, finally, one day, after several years have passed, he receives a letter from the princess begging him to go to the closed Carew house at Brookhollow, get an olive-wood box containing, among other things, some military maps, plans, and photographs, and bring it himself to Paris. The documents were the property of a German engineer named Wilner, who was killed at Gallipoli. He was a friend of Mr. Carew, who took charge of his effects and brought them to America. Their existence has been revealed by Rue to some Turkish diplomatists who frequent the princess's *salon*. There is also in the box a bronze Chinese figure of a Mongol demon—Erlik, the Prince of Darkness, which was in the box when Wilner found it in the Bosphorus, close to the body of a young girl who had been murdered.

The princess's letter is followed by a cable urging haste in the matter, as an attempt may be made to steal the box and its contents, and Neeland starts on his mission at once. He is pursued all the way from Brookhollow by three foreign spies who try desperately to steal the contents of the box. One of them—a woman—is none other than Ilse Dumont, the divorced wife of Brandes. Her confederates are named Breslau and Kestner. The men try to kill Neeland on several occasions, but Ilse saves his life. He facetiously calls her "Scheherazade." Finally, they disappear from the steamer before she reaches Liverpool, evidently escaping to a waiting vessel, and Neeland, with the box and its contents safe, starts for Paris. On the train from Cherbourg he finds himself in a compartment with Brandes and three companions, and learns from their talk that, ostensibly hired by a man named Quint to open a gambling-house in Paris, they are really to help Quint collect information for a foreign embassy. There is much talk of impending war. Brandes vows vengeance on Ilse (who he says, is employed by the Turkish government)



"But you will have
to return alone"

for having been the cause of his losing Rue, and confesses that he has already betrayed Quint to the British secret service.

The princess and Rue meet Neeland at the railway station. An accident to the princess's motor is announced, so a taxi-cab is taken. Just as they alight at the princess's door, some street-cleaners turn a hose on the butler, who has come out of the house; two men trip Neeland up, bind a cloth around his head, seize the box, and make their escape in the taxi-cab.

XXV

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and, in the silence, the serious nature of the episode which so suddenly had deprived the princess of the olive-wood box and the papers it contained impressed Neeland more and more deeply. And the more he reflected, the madder he grew when he realized that all he had gone through meant nothing now—that every effort had been sterile, every hour wasted, every step he had taken from Brook-hollow to Paris, to the very door-step where his duty ended, had been taken in vain.

And now, as he sat there behind lowered blinds in the cool half-light of the music-room, he could feel the hot blood of resentment and chagrin in his cheeks.

"Nobody could have foreseen it," repeated Rue Carew, in a pretty, bewildered voice. "And if the Princess Naïa had no suspicions, how could I harbor any—or how could you?"

"I've been sufficiently tricked—or I thought I had been—to be on my guard. But it seems not. I ought never to have been caught in such a disgusting trap—such a simple, silly, idiotic cage!"

The princess, entering, overheard; and she seated herself and looked tranquilly at Neeland.

"You were not to blame, Jim," she said. "It was my fault. I had warning enough at the railroad terminal when an accident to my car was reported." She added calmly, "There was no accident."

"No accident!" exclaimed Neeland, astonished.

"None at all. My new footman, who followed us to the waiting-room for incoming trains, returned to my chauffeur, Caron, saying that he was to go back to the garage and await orders. I have just called the garage and I had Caron on the wire. There was no accident; he has not been injured, and—the new footman has disappeared!"

"It was a clear case of treachery!" exclaimed Neeland.

"Absolutely a plot. The pretended official at the terminal control was an accomplice of my footman, of the taxicab driver, of the pretended street-cleaners—and of who else I can, perhaps, imagine."

"Did you call the terminal control?"

"I did. The official in charge and the starter had seen no such accident, had given no such information. Some masquerader in uniform must have intercepted you, Jim."

"I found him coming toward me on the sidewalk, not far from the kiosk. He was in uniform; I never dreamed—"

"There is no blame attaching to you."

"Naïa, it actually sickens me to discover how little sense I possess. I've been through enough to drive both suspicion and caution into this wooden head of mine."

"What have you been through, Jim?"

"I'll tell you. I didn't play a brilliant rôle, I'm sorry to admit. Not common sense but sheer luck pulled me through as far as your own door-step. And there," he added disgustedly, "the gods no doubt grew tired of such an idiot, and they handed me what was coming to me."

He was so thoroughly and so boyishly ashamed and angry that a faint smile flittered over the Princess Naïa's lips.

"Proceed, James," she said.

"All right. Only, first may I ask—who is Ilse Dumont?"

For a moment, the princess sat silent, expressionless. She answered finally with a question.

"Did she cause you any trouble, Jim?"

"Every bit I had was due to her. Also—and here's a paradox—I wouldn't be here now if Ilse Dumont had not played square with me. Who is she?"

The Princess Naïa did not reply immediately. Instead, she sat for a few moments gazing into space. Then:

"Ilse Dumont," she said, "is a talented and exceedingly pretty young woman. She played two seasons in Chicago in light opera under another name. She had much talent, an acceptable voice, and she became a local favorite. She



The Princess Mischchenka, her
looked back at her

sang at the Opéra Comique here in Paris the year before last and last year. Her rôles were minor ones. Early this spring, she abruptly broke her contract with the management and went to New York."

Neeland said bluntly,

"Ilse Dumont is a secret-service agent of—"

The princess nodded.

"Did you know it, Naïa?"

"I began to suspect it recently."

"May I ask how?"

The princess glanced at Rue and smiled.

"Ruhannah's friend, Colonel Izzet Bey, was very devoted to Minna Minti."

"To whom!" exclaimed Neeland, astounded.

"To Ilse Dumont. Minna Minti is her stage name."

Neeland turned and looked at Rue. The princess said quietly:

"Yes; tell her, Jim. It is better she should know. Until now, it has not been necessary to mention the matter, or I should have done so."

Rue, surprised, looked with curiosity from one to the other. Neeland said,

"Ilse Dumont, known on the stage as Minna Minti, is the divorced wife of Eddie Brandes."



hands on the girl's shoulders.
out of grave eyes

At the mention of a name so long hidden away, buried in her memory, and almost forgotten, the girl quivered and straightened up as though an electric shock had passed through her body. Then the burning color flooded her face as at the swift stroke of a lash, and her gray eyes glimmered with the starting tears.

"You'll have to know it, darling," said the princess, in a low voice. "There is no reason why you should not; it no longer can touch you. Don't you know that?"

"Y-yes." Ruhannah's slowly drooping head was lifted again, held high; and the wet brilliancy slowly dried in her steady eyes.

"Before I tell you," continued Neeland, "what happened to me through Ilse Dumont, I must tell you what occurred in the train. May I have a cigarette, Princess Naïa?"

"At your elbow in that silver box."

Rue Carew lighted it for him with a smile, but her hand still trembled.

"First," he said, "tell me what particular significance those papers in the olive-wood box have. Then I can tell you more intelligently what happened to me since I went to Brookhollow to find them."

"They are the plans for the fortification of the mainland commanding the Dardanelles."

"Yes; I know that. But of what interest to England or France or Russia—"

"If there is to be war, can't you understand the importance to us of those plans?" asked the princess.

"To—us?" he repeated.

"Yes, to us. I am Russian, am I not?"

"Yes. I now understand how very Russian you are, Princess. What idiotic impulse," he continued, "prompted me to put the papers back in the box I can't imagine. You saw me do it, there in the taxi-cab."

Ruhannah said:

"The chauffeur saw you, too. He was looking at you in his steering-mirror; I saw his face."

"Perhaps," said the princess to Neeland, "what you did with the papers saved your life. Had that chauffeur not seen you place them in the box, he might have shot you as you left the cab, merely on the chance of your having them on your person."

There was a silence; then Neeland said,

"This is a fine business."

"But you and Ruhannah will soon be out of this affair," said the princess serenely.

"I?" said the girl, surprised.

"I think so."

"Why, dear?"

"I think there is going to be war. And if there is, France will be concerned. And that means that you and Ruhannah, too, will have to leave France."

"But you?" asked the girl anxiously.

"I expect to remain. How long can you stay here, Jim?" Neeland cast an involuntary glance at Rue as he replied:

"I intended to take the next steamer. Why?"

The Princess Mistchenka let her dark eyes rest on him for a second, then on Rue Carew.

"I was thinking," she said, "that you might take Ruhannah back with you if war is declared."

"Back to America!" exclaimed the girl. "But where am I to go in America?"

The princess said:

"I wanted you to remain. And you must not worry, darling. Some day, I shall want you back. But if there is to be war in Europe, you cannot remain here."

"Why not?"

"In the first place, only useful people would be wanted in Paris."

"But, Naïa darling, couldn't I be useful to you?" The girl jumped up from the sofa and came and knelt down by the Princess Mistchenka, looking up into her face.

The princess put both hands on Rue's shoulders, looking her gravely, tenderly in the eyes.

"Dear," she said, "I want James Neeland to hear this, too. For it is partly a confession.

"When I first saw you, Rue, I was merely sorry for you, and willing to oblige Jim Neeland by keeping an eye on you until you were settled somewhere here in Paris.

"Before we landed, I liked you. And, because I saw very wonderful possibilities in the little country girl who shared my stateroom, I deliberately made up my mind to develop you, make use of your excellent mind, your quick intelligence, your amazing capacity for absorbing everything that is best, and your very unusual attractions for my own purposes. I meant—to train you—educate you—to aid me."

There was a silence; the girl looked up at her, flushed, intent, perplexed; the Princess Mistchenka, her hands on the girl's shoulders, looked back at her out of grave eyes.

"That is the truth," said the princess. "But I—I can't do it"—she shook her head slightly—"because I've lost my heart to you, and the business I follow is a—rotten game."

"I'll help you if you wish," said Rue Carew.

"Thank you, dear—no."

"Let me! I owe you everything since I have been here—"

"No, dear. What I said to you—and to James—is true. It's a merciless, stealthy, treacherous business; it's dangerous to a woman, body and soul. It is one long lifetime of experience with treachery, with greed, with baser passions, with all that is ignoble in mankind. There is no reason for you to enter such a circle, no excuse for it; no duty urges you; no patriotism incites you to such self-sacrifice; no memory of wrong done to your nearest and dearest inspires you to dedicate your life to aiding, if only a little, in the downfall and destruction of the nation and the people who encompassed it."

The Princess Mistchenka's dark eyes began to gleam, and her beautiful face lost its color. She took Rue's little hands in both of hers and held them tightly against her breast.

"Had I not lost my heart to you, perhaps I should not have hesitated to develop and make use of you. You are fitted for the rôle I might wish you to play. Men are fascinated by you; your intelligence charms; your youth and innocence, worn as a mask, might make you invaluable to the chancellery which is interested in the information I provide for it.

"But, Rue, I have come to understand that I cannot do this thing. No; go back to your painting and your clever drawing and your music; any one of these is certain to give you a living in time. And, in that direction alone, your happiness lies." She leaned forward and kissed the girl's hair where it was fine and blond, close to the snowy forehead. "If war comes," she said, "you and James will have to go home, like two good children when the curfew rings."

She laughed, pushed Rue away, and, casting a glance partly ironical, partly provocative at the very good looking young man on the sofa, said:

"As for you, James, I don't worry about you. Impudence will always carry you through where diplomacy fails you. Now, tell me all about these three unpleasant sporting characters who occupied the compartment with you."

Neeland laughed:

"It seems that a well-known gambler in New York, called 'Captain' Quint, is backing them; and somebody 'higher up' is backing Quint—"

"Now, who comes next in the scale?"

"This man—Brandes—and the little chalk-faced creature, Stull; and the other one, with the fox-face—'Doc' Curfoot."

"I see. And then?"

"Then, as I gathered, there are several gentlemen who are to go into partnership with them—one named Kestner, one called Theodore Weishelm, and an exceedingly oily Eurasian gentleman with whom I became acquainted on the Volhynia—one Karl Breslau—"

"Breslau!" exclaimed the princess. "Now I understand. Who is he, Princess?"

"He is the most notorious international spy in the world—a protean individual with aliases, professions, and experiences sufficient for an entire jailful of criminals. He is here, there, everywhere; he turns up in Brazil one day, and is next in evidence in Moscow. What he is so eternally about, God only knows; what chancellery he serves, which he betrays are questions that occupy many uneasy minds this very hour, I fancy.

"But of this I, personally, am now satisfied: Karl Breslau is responsible for the robbery of your papers to-day, and the entire affair was accomplished under his direction."

"And yet I know," said Neeland, "that after he and Kestner tried to blow up the captain's cabin and the bridge aboard the Volhynia, yesterday morning at a little after two o'clock, he and Kestner must have jumped overboard in the Mersey River off Liverpool."

"Without doubt a boat was watching your ship."

"Yes; Weishelm had a fishing-smack to pick them up. Ilse Dumont must have gone with them, too."

"All they had to do was to touch at some dock, go ashore, and telegraph to their men here," said the princess.

"That, evidently, is what they did," admitted Neeland. "Certainly. And, by this time, they may be here, too. They could do it."

"Then I'll wager I know where they are."

"Where?"

"In the Hôtel des Bulgars, Rue Vilna. That's where they are to operate a gaming-house. That is where they expect to pluck and fleece the callow and the aged who may have anything of political importance about them worth stealing. That is their plan. Agents, officials, employees of all consulates, legations, and embassies are what they're really after. I heard them discussing it in the train." The princess had fallen very silent, musing, watching Neeland's animated face as he detailed his knowledge of what had occurred. "Why not notify the police?" he added. "There might be a chance to recover the papers."

The princess shook her pretty head.

"We have to be very careful how we use the police, James. It seems simple, but it is not. I can't explain the reasons, but we usually pit spy against spy, and keep very clear of the police. Otherwise," she added, smiling, "there would be the deuce to pay among the embassies and legations." She added: "It's a most depressing situation; I don't exactly know what to do. I have letters to write, anyway." She rose, turned to Rue, and took both her hands: "No; you must go back to New York and to your painting and music if there is to be war in Europe. But you have had a taste of what goes on in certain circles here; you have seen what a chain of consequences ensue from a chance remark of a young girl at a dinner-table."

"Yes."

"It's amusing, isn't it? A careless and innocent word to that old busybody, Ahmed Mirka Pasha, at my table—that began it. Then another word to Izzet Bey. And I had scarcely time to realize what had happened—barely time to telegraph James in New York—before their entire underground machinery was set in motion to seize those wretched papers in Brookhollow."

Neeland said,

"You don't know even yet, Princess, how amazingly fast that machinery worked."

"Tell me now, James. I have time enough to write my warnings after it is too late." She seated herself on the sofa and drew Ruhannah down beside her.

And Neeland began with his first encounter with Ilse Dumont in Rue Carew's house at Brookhollow.

He made the whole melodrama a comedy, and the moments of deadly peril he treated lightly. And one thing he avoided altogether, and that was how he had kissed Ilse Dumont.

When he finished his account of his dreadful situation in

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His mobile and youthful features had become very grave: he stood a moment with lowered head, as though what he was thinking of depressed him

Ilse's stateroom, and how, at the last second, her unerring shots had shattered the bomb-clock, cut the guy-rope, and smashed the water-jug which deluged the burning fuses, he added, with a very genuine laugh,

"If only some photographer had taken a few hundred feet of film for me, I could retire on an income in a year and never do another stroke of honest work."

The princess smiled mechanically, but Rue Carew dropped her white face on the Princess Naïa's shoulder as though suddenly fatigued.

XXVI

FROM FOUR TO FIVE

THE Princess Mistchenka and Rue Carew had retired to their respective rooms for that hour between four and five in the afternoon which the average woman devotes to cat-naps or to that aimless feminine fussing about what must ever remain a mystery to man.

The afternoon had turned very warm; Neeland, in his room, lay on the lounge in his undershirt and trousers, having arrived that far toward bathing and changing his attire.

No breeze stirred the lattice-blinds hanging over both open windows; the semidusk of the room was pierced, here and there, by slender shafts of sunlight which lay almost white across the carpet and striped the opposite wall; the Rue Soleil d'Or was very silent in the July afternoon. And Neeland lay there, thinking about all that had happened to him and trying to bring it home to himself and make it seem plausible and real—and could not.

There was another matter with which his mind was struggling as he lay there, his head cradled on one elbow, watching the thin blue spirals from his cigarette mount straight to the ceiling, and that was the metamorphosis of Rue Carew.

Where was the thin girl he remembered—untidy chestnut hair and freckles and a rather sweet mouth, dressed in garments the only mission of which was to cover a flat chest and frail body and limbs, whose too rapid growth had outstripped maturity?

He thought of her at the noisy party in Gayfield on that white night in winter, visualized the tall, shy, overgrown girl who danced with him and made no complaint when her slim foot was trodden on. And again he remembered the sleigh, and the sleigh-bells clashing and tinkling under the moon, the light from her doorway, and how she stood looking back at him, and how, on the mischievous impulse of the moment, he had gone back and kissed her.

At the memory, an odd sensation came over him, scaring him a little. How on earth had he ever had the temerity to do such a thing to her?

And, as he thought of this exquisite, slender, clear-eyed young girl who had greeted him at the Paris terminal—this charming embodiment of all that is fresh and sweet and fearless—in her perfect hat and gown of *mondaine* youth and fashion, the memory of his careless impudence almost appalled him.

Imagine him taking an unencouraged liberty now!

Nor could he dare imagine encouragement from the Rue Carew so amazingly revealed to him.

And Neeland lay there thinking, his head on his elbow, the other arm extended, from the fingers of which the burnt-out cigarette presently fell to the floor. He thought to himself:

"She is absolutely beautiful—there's no denying that. It's not her clothes, or the way she does her hair, or her voice, or the way she moves, or how she looks at a man;

it's the whole business. And the whole bally business is a miracle—that's all. Good Lord—and to think I ever had the nerve—the nerve!"

He swung himself to a sitting posture, sat gazing into space for a few moments, then continued to undress by pulling off one shoe, lighting another cigarette, and regarding his other foot fixedly.

That is the manner in which the vast majority of young men do their deepest thinking.

However, before five o'clock he had scrubbed himself and arrayed his well-constructed person in fresh linen and outer clothing, and now he sauntered out through the hallway and down the stairs to the rear drawing-room, where a tea-table had been brought in and tea-paraphernalia arranged. Although the lamp under the kettle had been lighted, nobody was in the room except a West Highland terrier curled up on a lounge, and who, without lifting his



He was announced at that moment, and came marching

snow-white head, regarded Neeland out of the wisest and most penetrating eyes the young man had ever encountered.

Here was a personality! Here was a dog not to be approached lightly or with flippant familiarity! No! That small, long, short-legged body with its thatch of wiry white hair was fairly instinct with dignity, wisdom, and uncompromising self-respect.

"That dog," thought Neeland, venturing to seat himself on a chair opposite, "is a Presbyterian if ever there was one. And I, for one, haven't the courage to address him until he deigns to speak to me."

He looked respectfully at the dog, glanced at the kettle which had begun to sizzle a little, then looked out of the long windows into the little walled garden where a few slender fruit-trees grew along the walls in the rear of well-kept flower-beds, now gay with phlox, larkspur, poppies, and heliotrope, and edged with the biggest and bluest pansies he had ever beheld.

A step behind him, and Neeland turned. It was Marotte, the butler, who presented a thick, sealed envelop to him on his salver, bent to turn down the flame under the singing silver kettle, and withdrew without a sound.

Neeland glanced at the letter in perplexity, opened the envelop and the twice-folded sheets of letter-paper inside, and read this odd communication:

Have I been fair to you? Did I keep my word? Surely you must now, in your heart, acquit me of treachery—of any premeditated violence toward you.

know that I had any part in it, do not yet understand why the ship was not blown to splinters. They are satisfied that I made a mistake in the rendezvous. And, so far, no suspicion attaches to me; they believe the mechanism of the clock failed them. And perhaps it is well for me that they believe this.

It is, no doubt, a matter of indifference to you how the others and I reached safety. I have no delusions concerning any personal and kindly feeling on your part toward me. But one thing you cannot—dare not—believe, and that is that I proved treacherous to you and false to my own ideas of honor.

And now let me say one more thing to you—let me say it out of a friendship for which you care nothing, could not possibly care for. And that is this: Your task is accomplished. You could not possibly have succeeded. There is no chance for recovery of those papers. Your mission is definitely ended. I beg of you to return to America. I beg you to heed this warning. I know you to be personally courageous; I suppose that fear of consequences would not deter you from intrusion into any affair, however

dangerous; but I dare hope that perhaps in your heart there may have been born a little spark of friendliness—a faint warmth of recognition for a woman who took some slight chance with death to prove to you that her word of honor is not lightly given or lightly broken.

So, if you please, our ways part here with this letter sent to you by hand.

I shall not forget the rash but generous boy I knew who called me

SCHEHERAZADE.

XXVII

TOGETHER

THE young man sat there, with his letter in his hand and eyes lost in retrospection for a while. In his hand lay evidence that the gang which had followed him, and through which he no longer doubted that he had been robbed, was now in Paris.

And yet he could not give this information to the Princess Naia. Here was a letter which he could not show. Something within him forbade it, some occult instinct which he did not trouble to analyze.

And this instinct sent the letter into his breast-pocket as a light sound

came to his ears, and the next instant Rue Carew entered the further drawing-room.

The little West Highland terrier looked up, wagged that section of him which did duty as a tail, and watched her as Neeland rose to seat her at the tea-table.

"Sandy," she said to the little dog, "if you care to say, 'Down with the Sultan,' I shall bestow one lump of sugar upon you."

"Yap—yap!" said the little dog.

"Give it to him, please!" Rue handed the sugar to Neeland, who delivered it gravely. "That's because I want Sandy to like you," she added.



in—a dark, wiry, handsome young man with winning black eyes

I never dreamed that those men would come to my stateroom. That plan had been discussed, but was abandoned because it appeared impossible to get hold of you.

And also—may I admit it without being misunderstood?—I absolutely refused to permit any attempt involving your death. When the trap shut on you, there in my stateroom, it shut also on me. I was totally unprepared; I was averse to murder and also I had given you my word of honor.

Judge, then, of my shame and desperation—my anger at being entrapped in a false position involving the loss, in your eyes, of my personal honor!

It was unbearable; and I did what I could to make it clear to you that I had not betrayed you. But my comrades do not yet

Neeland regarded the little dog and addressed him politely.

"I shouldn't dare call you 'Sandy' on such brief acquaintance," he said, "but may I salute you as 'Alexander?' Thank you, Alexander."

He patted the dog, whose tail made a slight, sketchy motion of approval.

"Now," said Rue Carew, "you are friends, and we shall all be very happy together, I'm sure. Princess Naïa said we were not to wait. Tell me how to fix your tea?"

He explained. About to begin on a buttered *croissant*, he desisted abruptly and rose to receive the princess, who entered with the light, springy step characteristic of her, gowned in one of those Parisian afternoon creations which never are seen outside that capital, and never will be.

"Far too charming to be real," commented Neeland. "You are a pretty fairy-story, Princess Naïa, and your gown is a miracle-tale which never was true."

He had not dared any such gay flippancy with Rue Carew, and the girl, who knew she was exquisitely gowned, felt an odd little pang in her heart as this young man's praise of the Princess Mistchenka fell so easily and gaily from his lips. He might have noticed her gown, as it had been chosen with many doubts, hesitation, and anxious consideration for him. She flushed a little at the momentary trace of envy.

"You are too lovely for words!" she said, rising. But the princess gently forced her to resume her seat.

"If this young man has any discrimination," she said, "he won't hesitate with the golden apple, Ruhannah."

Rue laughed and flushed.

"He hasn't noticed my gown, and I wore it for him to notice," she said. "But he was too deeply interested in Sandy and in tea and *croissants*—"

"I *did* notice it!" said Neeland. And, to that young man's surprise and annoyance, his face grew hot with embarrassment. What on earth possessed him to blush like a plow-boy? He suddenly felt like one, too, and turned sharply to the little dog, perplexed, irritated with himself and his behavior.

Behind him, the princess was saying:

"The car is here. I shan't stop for tea, dear. In case anything happens, I am at the embassy. I may be a little late. We are to dine here *en famille* at eight. You will entertain James. James," she repeated, addressing him, "do you think Ruhannah sufficiently interesting to entertain you while I am absent?"

But all his aplomb, his lack of self-consciousness seemed to be gone, and Neeland made some reply which seemed to him both obvious and dull, and hated himself because

he found himself so unaccountably abashed, realizing that he was afraid of the opinions that this young girl might entertain concerning him.

"I'm going," said the princess. "*Au revoir*, dear; good-by, James!"

She looked at him keenly when he turned to face her, smiled, still considering him as though she had unexpectedly discovered a new feature in his expressive face.

Whatever it was she discovered seemed to make her smile a trifle more mechanical; she turned slowly to Rue Carew, hesitated, then, nodding a gay adieu, turned and left the room with Neeland at her elbow.

"I'll tuck you in—" he began, but she said,

"Thanks; Marotte will do that," and left him at the door.

When the car had driven away down the Rue Soleil d'Or, Neeland returned to the little drawing-room.

He took up cup and buttered *croissant*, and, for a little while, nothing was said, except to Sandy, who, upon invitation, repeated his opinion of the Sultan and snapped in the offered emolument with unsatiated satisfaction.

To Rue Carew, as well as to Neeland, there seemed to be a slight constraint between them—something not entirely new to her since they had met again after two years.

In the two years of her absence, she had been very faithful to the memory of his kindness. He had always held his unique place in her memory and in her innocent affections; she had written to him again and again, in spite of his evident lack of interest in the girl he



Two men, who had been sitting on a marble bench beside the sundial fountain, rose and strolled after them

had been kind to. Rare, brief letters from him were read and reread, and laid away with her best loved treasures. And when the prospect of actually seeing him again presented itself, she had been so frankly excited and happy that the Princess Mistchenka could find in the girl's unfeigned delight nothing except a young girl's touching and slightly amusing hero-worship.

But with her first exclamation when she caught sight of him at the terminal, something about her preconceived ideas of him and her memory of him was suddenly and subtly altered, even while his name fell from her excited lips.

Because she had suddenly realized that he was even more wonderful than she had expected or remembered and that she did not know him at all—that she had no knowledge of this tall, handsome, well-built young fellow with his sunburned features and his air of smiling aloofness and of graceful assurance, almost fascinating and a trifle disturbing.

Which had made the girl rather grave and timid, uncertain of the estimation in which he might hold her, no longer so sure of any encouragement from him in her perfectly obvious attitude of a friend of former days.

And so, shyly admiring, uncertain, inclined to warm response at any advance from this very wonderful young man, the girl had been trying to adjust herself to this new incarnation of a certain James Neeland who had won her gratitude and who had awed her, too, from the time when, as a little girl, she had first beheld him.

She lifted her golden-gray eyes to him; a little unexpected sensation not wholly unpleasant checked her speech for a moment. This was odd, even unaccountable. Such awkwardness, such disquieting and provincial timidity wouldn't do.

"Would you mind telling me a little about Brookhollow?" she ventured.

Certainly he would. He laid aside his plate and teacup, and told her of his visits there when he had walked over from Neeland's Mills in the pleasant summer weather.

Nothing had changed, he assured her; mill-dam and pond and bridge and the rushing creek below were exactly as she knew them; her house stood there at the crossroads, silent and closed in the sunshine and under the high moon.

"And my cat? You wrote that you would take care of Adoniram."

"Adoniram is a very aged patriarch and occupies the place of honor in my father's house," he said.

"He is well?"

"Oh, yes. He prefers his food cut finely, that is all."

"I don't suppose he will live very long."

"He's pretty old," admitted Neeland.

She sighed and looked out of the window. And, after an interval of silence,

"Our plot in the cemetery—is it—pretty?"

"It is beautiful," he said, "under the great trees. It is well cared for. I had them plant the shrubs and flowers you mentioned in the list you sent me."

"Thank you." She lifted her eyes again to him. "I wonder if you realize how—how splendid you have always been to me."

Surprised, he reddened, and said awkwardly that he had done nothing. Where was the easy, gay, and debonair assurance of this fluent young man? He was finding nothing to say to Rue Carew, or saying what he said as crudely and uncouthly as any haymaker in Gayfield. He looked up, exasperated, and met her eyes squarely. And Rue Carew blushed.

They both looked elsewhere at once, but in the girl's breast a new pulse beat; a new instinct stirred, blindly importuning her for recognition; a new confusion threatened the ordered serenity of her mind, vaguely menacing it with unaccustomed questions. Then the instinct of self-command returned; she found composure with an effort.

"You haven't asked me," she said, "about my work. Would you like to know?"

He said he would; and she told him—chary of self-praise, yet eager that he should know that her masters had spoken well of her.

"And you know," she said, "every week now, I contribute a drawing to the illustrated paper I wrote to you about. I sent one off yesterday. But"—and she laughed shyly—"my nostrils are no longer filled with pride, because I am not contented with myself any more. I wish to do—oh, so much better work!"

"Of course. Contentment in creative work means that we have nothing more to create."

She nodded and smiled.

"The youngest born is the most tenderly cherished—until a new one comes. It is that way with me; I am all love and devotion and tenderness and self-sacrifice while fussing over my youngest. Then a still younger comes, and I become like a heartless cat and drive away all progeny except the newly born."

She sighed and smiled and looked up at him.

"It can't be helped, I suppose—that is, if one's going to have more progeny."

"It's our penalty for producing. Only the newest counts. And those to come are to be miracles. But they never are."

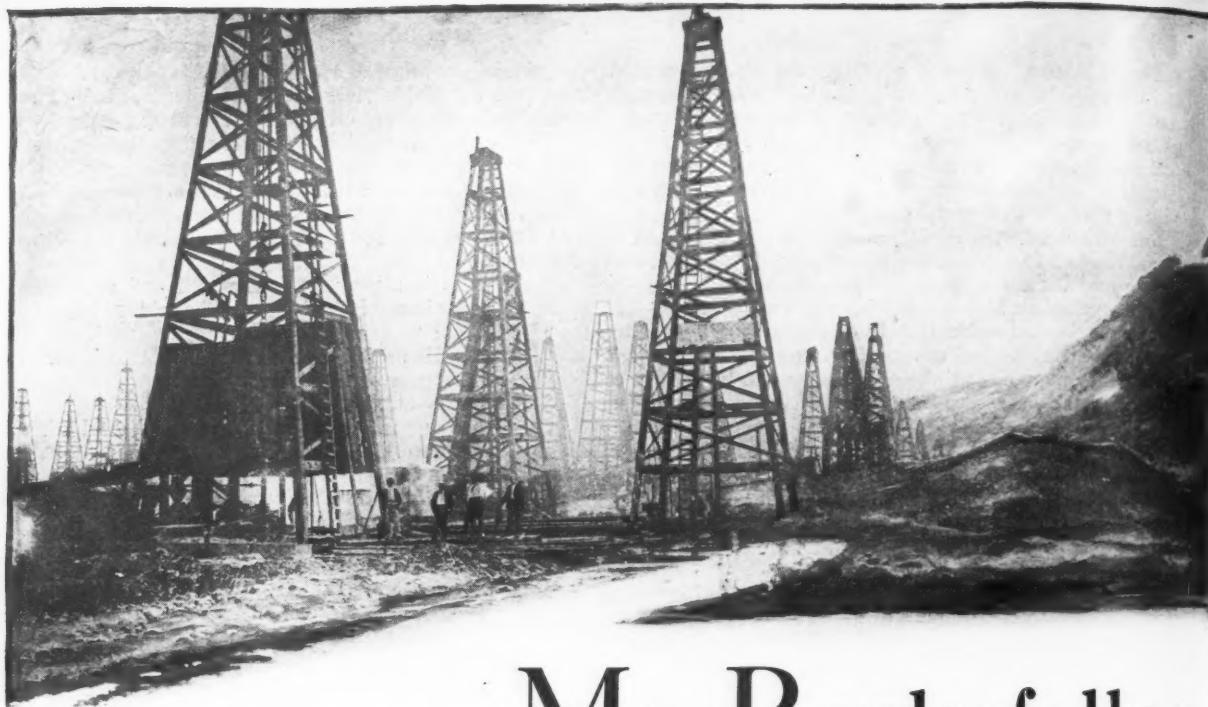
She nodded seriously.

"When there is a better light, I should like to show you some of my studies," she ventured. "No; not now. I am too vain to risk anything except the kindest of morning lights. Because I do hope for your approval."

"I know they're good," he said. And, half laughingly, "I'm beginning to find out that you're a rather wonderful and formidable and overpowering girl, Ruhannah."

"You don't think so!" she exclaimed, enchanted. "Do you? Oh, dear! Then I feel that I ought to show you my pictures and set you right immediately." She sprang to her feet. "I'll get them; I'll be only a moment." (Continued on page 136)





Mr. Rockefeller

MR. ROCKEFELLER is indefinite—a mist rather than a mystery—indistinct, omnipresent—just as a fog is dim and all pervading.

Richer than any past or present mortal, still we are more oppressed by his strange force than impressed with his astounding wealth.

Of his private life, we know practically nothing except that there is nothing to know.

Per se, Mr. Rockefeller is an extremely matter-of-fact person, with much the same matter-of-fact inclinations, middle-class tastes, and strict habits with which he started.

He is skilled in none of the small uses of money.

He indulges in none of the plutocratic excesses so often undertaken in the belief that they are aristocratic manifestations.

In brief, his achievements are spectacular; he is not.

When nature turns out a gigantic job, she works in monochrome.

Enormities are not attractive.

The Himalayas are oppressively grim; the Sahara is a bleak blotch; the Atlantic, a monotonous pool.

Gibraltar is a bare, gray monolith. So is Mr. Rockefeller. What competence oftenest amazed humanity was engineered by a drab, relentless type of genius.

Napoleon and Da Vinci are lonely figures among immortals. Draco, Caesar, Cromwell, and Marlborough are better exemplars of the colossus.

Alexander's road wended through ancient magnificences. The Macedonian's stage was gloriously set, but bronze-shod ambition, not the lure of loveliness, drew him from his stark, black hills to rape the splendors of Egypt and of Ind.

Mr. Rockefeller is not new—simply a reappearance in a new environment.

Destiny at irregular intervals has produced and will continue to call his species into being.

He acts in accordance with the traditions established by his sort.

He wears the stamp of reincarnation on his antique face.

If one were a theosophist, it would require but slight fancy to recognize a Pharaoh, a Roman triumvir, a medieval pope, or a Montezuma in the unracial features. They bear the cast-marks of worn molds.

He is a mood—a force—a phase of evolution—as Bonaparte was, and Cyrus and Ptolemy before.

Evolution and implacability are one. The strongest inevitably assert their wills and skills—sometimes unfairly.

While strength may be streaked with cunning and trickery—as cheap ores debase precious metals—cunning and trickery alone bring only casual and momentary results.

Nobody who is merely conscienceless endures.

And Mr. Rockefeller will survive the grave.

His methods have not always been nice. He is congenitally ruthless, but not meanly so.

Meanness is incapable of eminence, but the supremely great are almost invariably guilty of some mean and cruel decisions. They think in air-lines, and everything which blockades the goal or compounds the difficulty of its attainment is harshly thrust aside. Expediency, not ethics, is transcendent in their philosophy.

Mr. Rockefeller is undeniably hard. Gentleness and consideration seem to be omitted from his make-up.

Pity requires imagination; he has none—he isn't that complicated.

There are giant engines—huge, ugly, awesome affairs reserved for heavy engagements. They cannot have many parts; they must be simple—terribly so—conceived without one weak point, or they could not handle the incredible jobs for which they're set.

Mr. Rockefeller in many ways resembles and functions like a trip-hammer, a pile-driver, a steam-shovel. His procedure is a normal consequence of his design.

Nature proportioned him tremendously, but limited his scope.

Conquerors are not creative, but administrators with a pronounced appreciation for complementary qualities in others.

Because experience and common sense (which is experience) early teaches them that one head can hardly contain the dimensions of a single important objective, they reserve personal attention to basic propositions, delegate all possible responsibility to subordinate talent, sincerely esteem and are guided by the visions and conclusions of experts in matters for which they have neither leisure nor leaning.

Power expresses itself thusly—by machinery. Mr. Rockefeller is power—he performs by machinery.



By Herbert Kaufman

Photographic Decoration by Lejaren A. Hiller

The laws that rule the masterful do not vary; the mechanisms of their reasoning are identical.

They do not spare weakness, because audacious goals may not tolerate compromise.

Since laws are ballasting-devices (to make the least among us peers to the greatest), they cannot fill the measure of opportunity if they are deferred or deterred by essential considerations of justice and vested right.

Mind you—this is no brief for the High Hand; simply an endeavor to analyze a generally incomprehensible intelligence.

A contemporary portraiture may hardly paint likenesses of a superman. Prejudice, resentment, and hatred are certain to discolor the picture.

Mr. Rockefeller repels kindly estimate.

His characteristics are not sympathetic. He is monumental—stony—of monument-stone—imperishable.

To-morrow, viewing from a proper distance, will better judge his stature. For us, he can never be an idol, but the future will wash the stains from his crushing feet. History will remember what he has done; we cannot forget whom he has undone.

Memory will not surrender recollection of the multitude who fell that he might rise. So public opinion is reluctant to acknowledge the grandeur of his nobilities.

For Mr. Rockefeller has achieved nobility as well as a billion. He is already the supreme philanthropist of the universe—the ultimate benefactor of humanity.

He has given nothing himself—nothing of inspiration—but how can he, constituted as he is?

The very nature of his bequests, and the deliberate, organized manner in which they are executed show that they spring from his mind and not his heart. Which is quite consistent—his soul carries no bank-account.

Mr. Rockefeller's highest developed sense is a sense of values. He appreciates a dollar and its equivalent too sincerely to waste wealth—even in charity.

He is exact, impersonal, machinelike in philanthropy as in business. He cannot abide the thought of idle capital. He delights to see capital sweat for its interest—it must toil and accomplish.

The human race is to him a very valuable and badly conducted concern; he is reorganizing it as he

would reorganize a poorly conducted commercial enterprise. His instincts are all fundamental.

He has established institutions to teach self-preservation and self-conservation. He is strengthening us at the root.

Individual benevolence does not find him generous, but any cause which may be demonstrated vital to the progress of humanity invites his attention and obtains his aid.

He is neither a Midas nor a miser. He does not enjoy money—he employs it. He sets it to the task at which it can work to best advantage and has apparently discovered that to be the improvement of mankind.



Jerry

By Jack London

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

JERRY is a smooth-coated, full-blooded Irish terrier, son of Terrence and Biddy and brother of Michael, born on Meringe Plantation, Ysabel Island, one of the British Solomons. When he is six months old, Tom Haggin, his owner, gives him to Captain Van Horn, skipper of the sixty-foot ketch, Arangi, who uses his vessel chiefly for "blackbirding"—that is, carrying new-caught cannibal blacks to labor on the island plantations, and returning them to their homes when the term of their contract has expired. Van Horn is now on one of these return-voyages to the island of Malaita.

Jerry quickly adapts himself to his completely changed environment, in spite of a wild dog on the vessel and his hatred of the blacks, and is all devotion to the skipper, who becomes very fond of the puppy. But this new phase of Jerry's existence is very brief.

On the afternoon of the next day, Somo is reached, and there Van Horn, his entire crew, and human cargo are either killed or captured, to be eaten later, by the natives under the leadership of Bashti, the Somo chief. While the massacre is in progress, Jerry attacks one of the blacks and is kicked overboard, but is rescued by a boy named Lamai. But Bashti, wishing to use the dog for breeding-purposes, takes him away from Lamai, makes his person sacred, and gives him into the care of Agno, the high priest. But the latter, who dislikes the puppy, causes Jerry to break a higher tabu, and just as he is, in consequence, about to be killed and eaten, Bashti exchanges him with an aged blind man, Nalasu, for a pig.

Nalasu trains Jerry to assist in protecting himself from his enemies, and the dog becomes very skillful in conveying information to his sightless master. Six months pass, and then, one day, a British war-ship appears off Somo and begins to shell the village, a punitive measure for the killing of the people on the Arangi. The inhabitants flee inland; Nalasu is killed by a shell, and Jerry, now having no master, starts by himself northward across the boundary of Somo.

The wanderings of Jerry end with this instalment, and the adventures of Michael, Brother of Jerry, begin in May Cosmopolitan.

A WEEK Jerry spent in the bush, and it would have gone hard with him in the matter of food had he not, on the second day, encountered a lone small pig, evidently lost from its litter. It was his first hunting-adventure for a living, and it prevented him from traveling farther, for, true to his instinct, he remained by his kill until it was devoured.

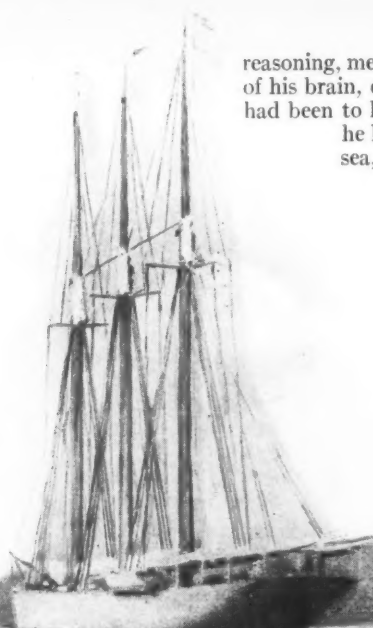
True, he ranged widely about the neighborhood, finding no other food he could capture. But always, until it was gone, he returned to the slain pig. Yet he was not happy in his freedom. He was lonely. He could not get along without man. Too long had he and the generations before him lived in intimate relationship with the two-legged gods. Too long had his kind loved man, served him for love, endured for love, died for love, and, in return, been partly appreciated, less understood, and roughly loved.

So great was Jerry's loneliness that even a two-legged black god was desirable, since white gods had long since faded into the limbo of the past. For all he might have known, had he been capable of conjecturing, the only white gods in existence had perished. Acting on the assumption that a black god was better than no god, when he had quite finished the little pig, he deflected his course to the left, down-hill, toward the sea. He did this again without

reasoning, merely because, in the subtle processes of his brain, experience worked. His experience had been to live always close by the sea; humans he had always encountered close by the sea, and down-hill had invariably led to the sea.

He came out upon the shore of the reef-sheltered lagoon, where ruined grass houses told him men had lived. The jungle ran riot through the place. Six-inch trees, throated with rotten remnants of thatched roofs through which they had aspired toward the sun, rose about him.

Quick-growing



trees had shadowed the king-posts so that the idols and totems, seated in carved sharks' jaws, grinned greenly and monstrously at the futility of man through a rime of moss and mottled fungus. A poor little sea-wall, never much at its best, sprawled in ruin from the coco-palm roots in the placid sea.

The salt tang of the sea gladdened his nostrils, and he snorted with the pleasure of the stench of the mangrove swamp. But, another Crusoe chancing upon the footprint of another man Friday, his nose, not his eyes, shocked him electrically alert as he smelled the fresh contact of a living man's foot with the ground. It was black's foot, but it was alive, it was immediate, and, as he traced it a score of yards, he came upon another foot-scent, indubitably a white man's.

Had there been an onlooker, he would have thought Jerry had gone suddenly mad. He rushed frantically about,

turning and twisting his course, now his nose to the ground, now up in the air, whining as frantically as he rushed, leaping abruptly at right angles as new scents reached him, scurrying here and there and everywhere, as if in a game of tag with some invisible playfellow.

But he was reading the full report which many men had written on the ground. A white man had been there, he learned, and a number of blacks. Here, a black had climbed a coconut tree and cast down the nuts. There, a banana tree had been despoiled of its clustered fruit, and, beyond, it was evident that a similar event had happened to a bread-fruit tree. One thing, however, puzzled him—a scent new to him that was neither black man's nor white man's. Had he had the necessary knowledge and the wit of eye-observance, he would have noted that the footprint was smaller than a man's and that the toe-prints were different from a woman's, in that they were close together and did not press deeply into the earth. What bothered him in his smelling was his ignorance of talcum powder. Pungent it was in his nostrils, but never, since first he had smelled out the footprints of man, had he encountered such a scent. And with this were combined other and fainter scents that were equally strange to him.

Not long did he interest himself in such mystery. A white man's footprints he had smelled, and, through the maze of all the other prints, he followed the one print down through a breach of sea-wall to the sea-pounded coral sand lapped by the sea. Here, the latest freshness of many feet drew together where the nose of a boat had rested on the beach and where men had disembarked and embarked again. He smelled up all the story, and, his fore legs in the water till

a size; but his observation was not trained to note the difference between them and the one long and the one short mast of the Arangi. The one floating world he had known was the white-painted Arangi. And, since, without a quiver of doubt, this was the Arangi, then on board would be his beloved Skipper. If Arangis could resurrect, then could Skippers resurrect, and in utter faith that the head of nothingness he had last seen on Bashti's knees he would find again rejoined to its body and its two legs on the deck of the white-painted floating world, he waded out to his depth and, swimming, dared the sea.

He greatly dared, for, in venturing the water, he broke one of the greatest and earliest tabus he had learned. In his vocabulary was no word for "crocodile;" yet in his thought, as potent as any utterable word, was an image of dreadful import—an image of a log awash that was not a log and that was alive, that could swim upon the surface, under the surface, and haul out across the dry land, that was huge-toothed, mighty-mawed, and certain death to a swimming dog.

But he continued the breaking of the tabu without fear. Unlike a man who can be simultaneously conscious of two states of mind, and who, swimming, would have known both the fear and the high courage with which he overrode the fear, Jerry, as he swam, knew only one state of mind, which was that he was swimming to the Arangi and to Skipper. At the moment preceding the first stroke of his paws in the water out of his depth, he had known all the terribleness of the tabu he deliberately broke. But, launched out, the decision made, the line of least resistance taken, he knew, single-thoughted, single-hearted, only that he was going to Skipper.

Little practised as he was in swimming, he swam with all his strength, whimpering in a sort of chant his eager love for Skipper, who indubitably must be aboard the white yacht half a mile away. His little song of love, fraught with keenness of anxiety, came to the ears of a man and woman lounging in deck-chairs under the awning, and it was the quick-eyed woman who first saw the golden head of Jerry and cried out what she saw.

"Lower a boat, Husband-Man!" she commanded. "It's a little dog. He mustn't drown."

"Dogs don't drown that easily," was "Husband-Man's" reply. "He'll make it, all right. But what under the sun is a dog doing out here"—he lifted his marine-glasses to his eyes and stared a moment—"and a white man's dog at that?"

Jerry beat the water with his paws and moved steadily along, straining his eyes at the growing yacht until suddenly warned by a sensing of immediate danger. The tabu smote him.

This that moved toward him was the log awash that was not a log but a live thing of peril. Part of it he saw above the surface moving sluggishly, and ere that projecting part sank, he had an awareness that,

somehow, it was different from a log awash.

Next, something brushed past him, and he encountered it with a snarl and a splashing of his fore paws. He was half whirled about in the vortex of the thing's passage caused by the alarmed flirt of its tail. Shark it was, and not crocodile, and not so timidly would it have sheered clear but for the fact that it was fairly full with a recent feed of a huge sea-turtle too feeble with age to escape.

Although he could not see it, Jerry sensed that the thing, the instrument of nothingness, lurked about him. Nor did he see the dorsal fin break surface and approach him from



He was half whirled about in the vortex of the thing's passage caused by the alarmed flirt of its tail

it touched his shoulders, he gazed out across the lagoon where the disappearing trail was lost to his nose.

Had he been half an hour sooner, he would have seen a boat, without oars, gasoline-propelled, shooting across the quiet water. What he did see was an Arangi. True, it was far larger than the Arangi he had known, but it was white, it was long, it had masts and it floated on the surface of the sea. It had three masts, sky-lofty and all of

AND WILLARD L. GRIFFIN, ILLUSTRATOR

the rear. From the yacht, he heard rifle-shots in quick succession; from the rear, a panic-splash came to his ears. That was all. The peril passed and was forgotten. Nor did he connect the rifle-shots with the passing of the peril. He did not know, and he was never to know, that one, known to men as Harley Kennan but known as "Husband-Man" by the woman he called "Wife-Woman," who owned the three-topmast schooner-yacht Ariel, had saved his life by sending a thirty-thirty Marlin bullet through the base of a shark's fin.

But Jerry was to know Harley Kennan, and quickly, for it was Harley Kennan, a bowline around his body under his armpits, lowered by a couple of seamen down the generous free-board of the Ariel, who gathered in by the nape of the neck the smooth-coated Irish terrier that, treading water perpendicularly, had no eyes for him, so eagerly did he gaze at the line of faces along the rail in quest of the one face.

No pause for thanks did he make when he was dropped down upon the deck. Instead, shaking the water from himself instinctively as he ran, he scurried along the deck for Skipper. The man and his wife laughed at the spectacle.

"He acts as if he were demented with delight at being rescued," Mrs. Kennan observed.

And Mr. Kennan:

"It's not that. He must have a screw loose somewhere. Perhaps he's one of those creatures who've slipped the ratchet off the motion-cog. Maybe he can't stop running till he runs down."

In the mean time, Jerry continued to run, up port side and down starboard side, from stern to bow and back again, wagging his stump tail, and laughing

friendliness to the many two-legged gods he encountered. Had he been able to think to such abstraction, he would have been astounded at the number of white gods. Thirty there were at least of them, not counting other gods that were neither black nor white, but that still, two-legged, upright, and garmented, were beyond all peradventure gods. Likewise, had he been capable of such generalization, he would have decided that the white gods had not yet all of them passed into the nothingness. As it was, he realized all this without being aware that he realized it.

But there was no Skipper. He sniffed down the fore-castle hatch, sniffed into the galley, where two Chinese cooks jabbered unintelligibly to him, sniffed down the cabin companionway, sniffed down the engine-room skylight, and for the first time knew gasoline and engine-oil; but sniff as he would, wherever he ran, no scent did he catch of Skipper.

Aft, at the wheel, he would have sat down and howled his heart-break of disappointment had not a white god, evidently of command, in gold-decorated white-duck cap and uniform, spoken to him. Instantly, always a gentleman, Jerry smiled with flattened ears of courtesy, wagged his tail, and approached. The hand of this high god had almost caressed his head when the woman's voice came down the deck in speech that Jerry did not understand. The words and terms of it were beyond him. But he sensed power of command in it, which was verified by the quick withdrawal of the hand of the god in white and gold who had almost caressed him. This god stiffened electrically and pointed Jerry along the deck, and, with mouth-encouragements and urgings, the import of which Jerry could only guess, directed him toward the one who so commanded by saying,

"Send him, please, along to me, Captain Winters."

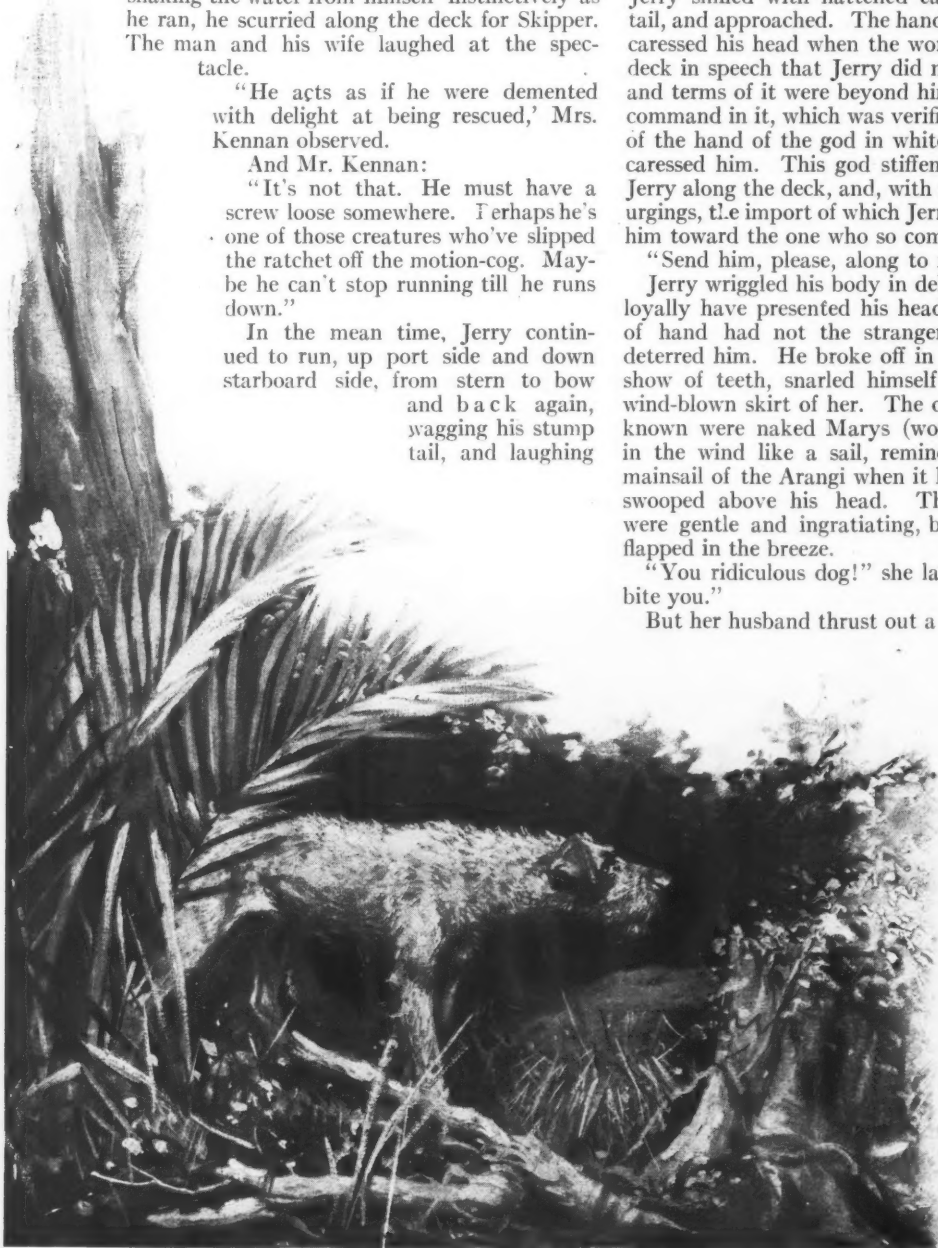
Jerry wriggled his body in delight of obeying, and would loyally have presented his head to her outreaching caress of hand had not the strangeness and difference of her deterred him. He broke off in mid-approach, and, with a show of teeth, snarled himself back and away from the wind-blown skirt of her. The only human females he had known were naked Marys (women). This skirt, flapping in the wind like a sail, reminded him of the menacing mainsail of the Arangi when it had jarred and crashed and swooped above his head. The noises her mouth made were gentle and ingratiating, but the fearsome skirt still flapped in the breeze.

"You ridiculous dog!" she laughed. "I'm not going to bite you."

But her husband thrust out a rough, sure hand and drew

Jerry in to him. And Jerry wriggled in ecstasy under the god's caress, kissing the hand with a red flicker of tongue. Next, Harley Kennan directed him toward the woman sitting up in the deck-chair and bending forward with hovering hands of greeting. Jerry obeyed. He advanced with flattened ears and laughing mouth; but, just ere she could touch him, the wind fluttered the skirt again, and he backed away with a snarl.

"It's not you that he's afraid of, Villa," he said, "but of your skirt. Perhaps he's never seen a skirt before."



Jerry intended to attack as soon as he had crept sufficiently near

"You mean," Villa Kennan challenged, "that these head-hunting cannibals ashore here keep records of pedigrees and maintain kennels; for surely this absurd adventurer of a dog is as proper an Irish terrier as the Ariel is an Oregon-pine-planked schooner."

Harley Kennan laughed in acknowledgment. Villa Kennan laughed, too; and Jerry knew that these were a pair of happy gods, and himself laughed with them.

Of his own initiative, he approached the lady god again, attracted by the talcum powder and other minor fragrances he had already identified as the strange scents encountered on the beach. But the unfortunate trade-wind again fluttered her skirt, and again he backed away—not so far, this time, with much less of a bristle of his neck- and shoulder-hair, and with no more of a snarl than a mere half-baring of his fangs.

"He's afraid of your skirt," Harley insisted. "Look at him! He wants to come to you, but the skirt keeps him away. Tuck it under you so that it won't flutter, and see what happens."

Villa Kennan carried out the suggestion, and Jerry came circumspectly, bent his head to her hand, and writhed his back under it, the while he sniffed her feet, stocking-clad and shoe-covered, and knew them as the feet which had trod uncovered the ruined ways of the village ashore.

"No doubt of it," Harley agreed: "He's white-man selected, white-man bred and born. He has a history. He knows adventure from the ground-roots up. If he could tell his story, we'd sit listening, entranced for days. Depend on it, he's not known blacks all his life. Let's try him on Johnny."

Johnny, whom Kennan beckoned up to him, was a loan from the resident commissioner of the British Solomons at Tulagi, who had come along as pilot and guide to Kennan rather than as philosopher and friend. Johnny approached, grinning, and Jerry's demeanor immediately changed. His body stiffened under Villa Kennan's hand as he drew away from her and stalked stiff-legged to the black. Jerry's ears did not flatten, nor did he laugh fellowship with his mouth as he inspected Johnny and smelled his calves for future reference. Cavalier he was to the extreme, and, after the briefest of inspection, he turned back to Villa Kennan.

"What did I say?" her husband exulted. "He knows the color-line. He's a white man's dog that has been trained to it."

"My word," spoke up Johnny, "me know 'm that fella dog! Me know 'm papa and mamma belong along him. Big fella white marster Mister Haggin stop along Meringe; mamma and papa stop along him that fella place."

Harley Kennan uttered a sharp exclamation.

"Of course!" he cried. "The commissioner told me all about it. The Arangi, that the Somo people captured, sailed last from Meringe Plantation. Johnny recognizes the dog as the same breed as the pair Haggin, of Meringe, must possess. But that was a long time ago. He must have been a little puppy. Of course he's a white man's dog!"

"And yet you've overlooked the crowning proof of it," Villa Kennan teased. "The dog carries the evidence around with him."

Harley looked Jerry over carefully.

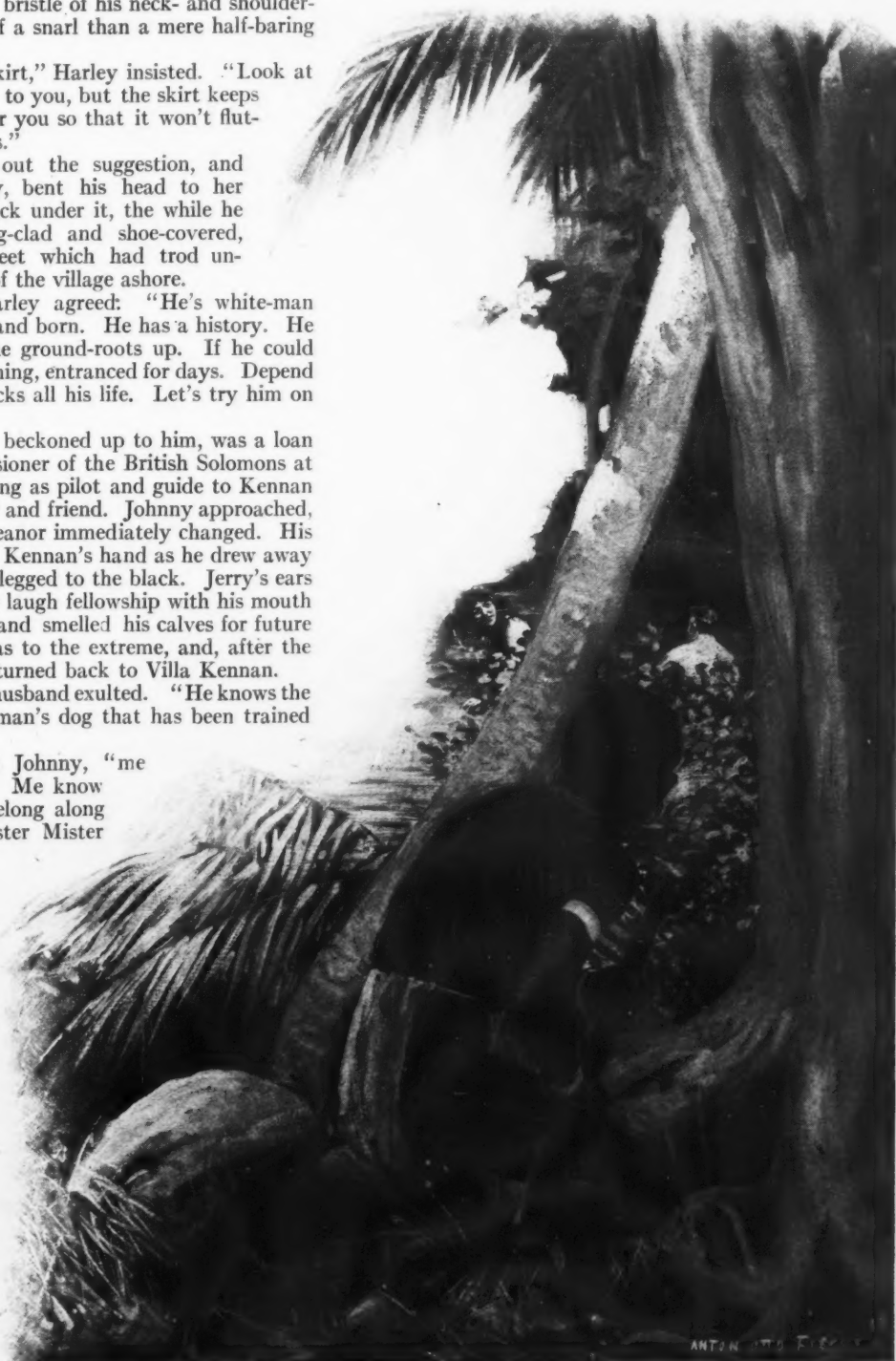
"Indisputable evidence," she insisted.

After another prolonged scrutiny, Kennan shook his head.

"Blamed if I can see anything so indisputable as to leave conjecture out."

"The tail," his wife gurgled. "Surely the natives do not bob the tails of their dogs—do they, Johnny? Do black man stop along Malaita chop 'm off tail along dog."

"No chop 'm off," Johnny agreed. "Mister Haggin



When again the black squatted for his shot, Jerry deemed he was near enough to rush

along Meringe, he chop 'm off. My word, he chop 'm that fella tail, you bet!"

"Then he's the sole survivor of the Arangi," Villa Kennan concluded. "Don't you agree, Mr. Sherlock Holmes Kennan?"

"I salute you, Mrs. S. Holmes," her husband acknowledged gallantly. "And all that remains is for you to lead me directly to the head of La Pérouse himself. The sailing-directions record that he left it somewhere in these islands."

Little did they guess that Jerry had lived on intimate terms with one Bashti, not many miles away along the shore, who, in Somo, at that very moment, sat in his grass house pondering over a head on his withered knees that had once been the head of the great navigator, the history of which had been forgotten by the sons of the chief who had taken it.

XX

THE fine three-topmast schooner *Ariel*, on a cruise around the world, had already been out a year from San Francisco when Jerry boarded her. As a world, and as a white-god world, she was to him beyond compare. She was not small, like the *Arangi*, nor was she cluttered fore and aft, on deck and below, with a spawn of blacks. The only black Jerry found on her was Johnny; while her spaciousness was filled principally with two-legged white gods.

He met them everywhere, at the wheel, on lookout, washing decks, polishing brasswork, running aloft, or tailing onto sheets and tackles half a dozen at a time. But there was a difference. There were gods and gods, and Jerry was not long in learning that, in the hierarchy of the heaven of these white gods on the *Ariel*, the sailorizing, ship-working ones were far beneath the captain and his two white-and-gold-clad officers. These, in turn, were less than Harley Kennan and Villa Kennan; for them, it came quickly to him, Harley Kennan commanded. Nevertheless, there was

one thing he did not learn and was destined never to learn: namely, the supreme god over all on the *Ariel*. Although he never tried to know, being unable to think to such a distance, he never came to know whether it was Harley Kennan who commanded Villa or Villa Kennan who commanded Harley. In a way, without vexing himself with the problem, he accepted their overlordship of the world as dual. Neither outranked the other. They seemed to rule as toequals, while all others bowed before them.

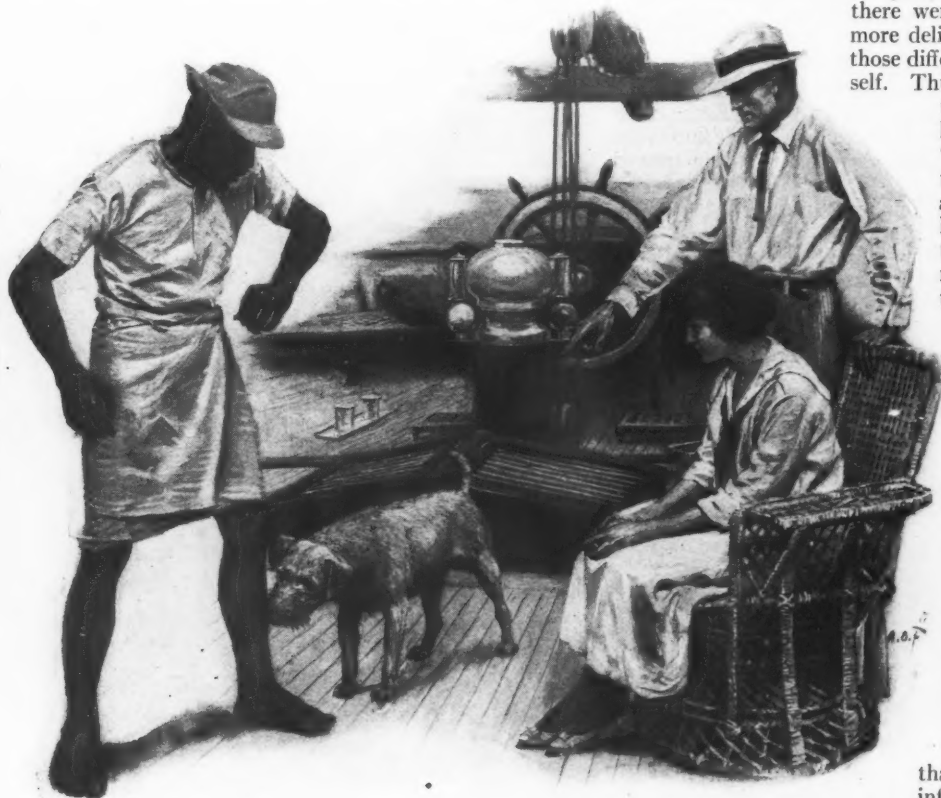
It is not true that to feed a dog is to win a dog's heart. Never did Harley or Villa feed Jerry; yet it was to them he elected to belong, them he elected to love and serve rather than the Japanese steward who regularly fed him. For that matter, Jerry, like any dog, was able to differentiate between the mere direct food-giver and the food-source. That is, subconsciously he was aware that not alone his own food but the food of all on board found its source in the man and woman. They it was who fed all and ruled all. Captain Winters might give orders to the sailors, but Captain Winters took orders from Harley Kennan. Jerry knew this as indubitably as he acted upon it, although all the while it never entered his head as an item of conscious knowledge.

And, as he had been accustomed all his life, as with *Mister Haggin*, Skipper, and even with Bashti and the chief devil-devil doctor of Somo, he attached himself to the high gods themselves, and from the gods under them received deference accordingly. As Skipper, on the *Arangi*, and Bashti, in Somo, had promulgated tabus, so the man and the woman on the *Ariel* protected Jerry with tabus. From Sano, the Japanese steward, and from him alone, did Jerry receive food. Not from any sailor in whale-boat or launch could he accept, or would he be offered, a bit of biscuit or an invitation to go ashore for a run. Nor did they offer it. Nor were they permitted to become intimate, to the extent of romping and playing with him, or even of whistling to him along the deck.

By nature a "one-man" dog, all this was very acceptable to Jerry. Differences of degree there were, of course; but no one more delicately and definitely knew those differences than did Jerry himself. Thus, it was permissible for

the two officers to greet him with a "Hello!" or a "Good-morning!" and even to touch a hand in a brief and friendly pat to his head. With Captain Winters, however, greater familiarity obtained. Captain Winters could rub his ears, shake hands with him, scratch his back, and even roughly catch him by the jowls. But Captain Winters invariably surrendered him up when the one man and the one woman appeared on deck.

When it came to liberties — delicious, wanton liberties — Jerry alone of all on board could take them with the man and woman, and, on the other hand, they were the only two to whom he permitted liberties. Any indignity that Villa Kennan chose to inflict upon him he was throbbingly glad to receive, such as doubling his ears

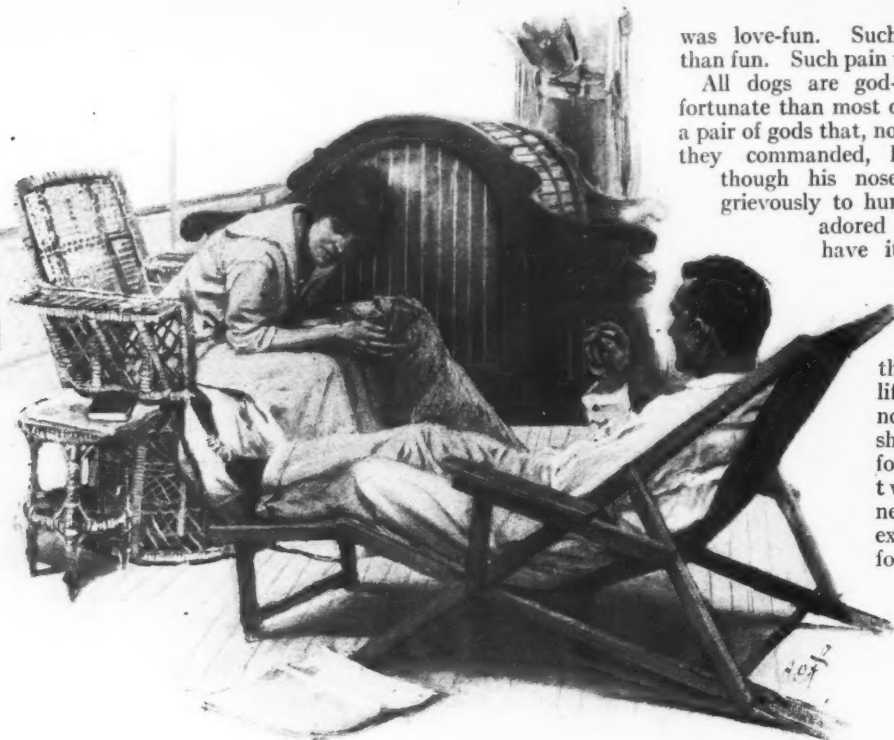


He inspected Johnny and smelled his calves for future reference



DRAWN BY ANDERS OTTO FISCHER

"Do you know the beggar intended to bushwhack us," Harley told Villa, who had joined him.
"It wasn't fifty feet, and he couldn't have missed"



"Bless me, Husband-Man, the dog is talking! I know he is talking.
He is telling me all about himself"

inside out till they stuck, at the same time making him sit upright, with helpless forefeet paddling the air for equilibrium, while she blew roguishly in his face and nostrils. As bad was Harley Kennan's trick of catching him gloriously asleep on an edge of Villa's skirt and of tickling the hair between his toes and making him kick involuntarily in his sleep, until he kicked himself awake to hearing of gurgles and snickers of laughter at his expense.

In turn, at night on deck, wriggling her toes at him under a rug to simulate some strange and crawling creature of an invader, he would dare to simulate his own befoolment and quite disrupt Villa's bed with his frantic, ferocious attack on the thing that he knew was only her toes. In gales of laughter, intermingled with half-genuine cries of alarm as almost his teeth caught her toes, she always concluded by gathering him into her arms and laughing the last of her laughter away into his flattened ears of joy and love. Who else, of all on board the *Ariel*, would have dared such devilishness with the lady god's bed? This question, it never entered his mind to ask himself; yet he was fully aware of how exclusively favored he was.

Another of his deliberate tricks was one discovered by accident. Thrusting his muzzle to meet her in love, he chanced to encounter her face with his soft-hard little nose with such force as to make her recoil and cry out. When, another time, in all innocence, this happened again, he became conscious of it and of its effect upon her; and thereafter, when she grew too wildly wild, too wantonly facetious in her teasing, playful love of him, he would thrust his muzzle at her face and make her throw her head back to escape him. After a time, learning that, if he persisted, she would settle the situation by gathering him into her arms and gurgling into his ears, he made it a point to act his part until such delectable surrender and joyful culmination were achieved.

Never, by accident, in this deliberate game, did he hurt her chin or cheek so severely as he hurt his own tender nose, but in the hurt itself he found more of delight than pain. All of fun it was, all through, and, in addition, it

was love-fun. Such hurt was more than fun. Such pain was heart-pleasure.

All dogs are god-worshippers. More fortunate than most dogs, Jerry won to a pair of gods that, no matter how much they commanded, loved more. Although his nose might threaten grievously to hurt the cheek of his adored god, rather than have it really hurt, he would have spilled out all the love-tide of his heart that constituted the life of him. He did not live for food, for shelter, for a comfortable place between the dark-nesses that rounded existence. He lived for love. And as surely as he gladly lived for love, would he have died gladly for love.

Not quickly, in Somo, had Jerry's memory of Skipper and *Mister Haggin* faded. Life in the cannibal village had been too unsatisfying. There had been too little love. Only love can erase the memory of love, or rather, the hurt of lost love. And on board the *Ariel*, such erasement occurred quickly. Jerry did not forget Skipper and *Mister Haggin*. But, at the moments he remembered them, the yearning that accompanied the memory grew less pronounced and painful. The intervals between the moments widened, nor did Skipper and *Mister Haggin* take form and reality so frequently in his dreams; for, after the manner of dogs, he dreamed much and vividly.

XXI

NORTHWARD, along the leeward coast of Malaita, the *Ariel* worked her leisurely way, threading the color-riotous lagoon that lay between the shore-reefs and outer reefs, daring passages so narrow and coral-patched that Captain Winters averred each day added a thousand gray hairs to his head, and dropping anchor off every walled islet of the outer reef and every mangrove swamp of the mainland that looked promising of cannibal life. For Harley and Villa Kennan were in no hurry. So long as the way was interesting, they cared not how long it proved from anywhere to anywhere.

During this time, Jerry learned a new name for himself—or, rather, an entire series of names for himself. This was because of an aversion on Harley Kennan's part against renaming a named thing.

"A name he must have had," he argued to Villa. "*Haggin* must have named him before he sailed on the *Arangi*. Therefore, nameless he must be until we get back to Tulagi and find out his real name."

"What's in a name?" Villa had begun to tease.

"Everything," her husband retorted. "Think of yourself, shipwrecked, called by your rescuers 'Mrs. Riggs,' or 'Mademoiselle de Maupin,' or just plain 'Topsy.' And think of me being called 'Benedict Arnold,' or 'Judas,' or—or—'Haman.' No; keep him nameless until we find out his original name"

"Must call him something," she objected. "Can't think of him without thinking something."

"Then call him many names, but never the same name twice. Call him 'Dog' to-day, and 'Mister Dog' to-morrow, and the next day something else."

So it was, more by tone and emphasis and context of situation than by anything else, that Jerry came hazily to identify himself with names such as: Dog, Mister Dog, Adventurer, Strong, Useful One, Sing-Song Silly, No-Name, and Quivering Love-Heart. These were a few of the many names lavished on him by Villa. Harley, in turn, addressed him as: Man-Dog, Incorruptible One, Brass Tacks, Then Some, Sin of Gold, South-Sea Satrap, Nimrod, Young Nick, and Lion-Slayer. In brief, the man and woman competed with each other to name him most without naming him ever the same. And Jerry, less by sound and syllable than by what of their hearts vibrated in their throats, soon learned to know himself by any name they chose to address to him. He no longer thought of himself as "Jerry," but, instead, as any sound that sounded nice or was love-sounded.

His great disappointment (if "disappointment" may be considered to describe an unconsciousness of failure to realize the expected) was in the matter of language. No one on board, not even Harley and Villa, talked Nalasu's talk. All Jerry's large vocabulary, all his proficiency in the use of it, which would have set him apart as a marvel beyond all other dogs in the mastery of speech, was wasted on those of the Ariel. They did not speak, much less guess, the existence of the whiff-whuff, shorthand language which Nalasu had taught him, and which, Nalasu dead, Jerry alone knew of all living creatures in the world.

In vain Jerry tried it on the lady god. Sitting squatted on his haunches, his head bowed forward and held between her hands, he would talk and talk and elicit never a responsive word from her. With tiny whines and thin whimperings, with whiffs and whuffs and growly sorts of noises down in his throat, he would try to tell her somewhat of his tale. She was all meltingness of sympathy; she would hold her ear so near to the articulate mouth of him as almost to drown him in the flowing fragrance of her hair; and yet her brain told her nothing of what he uttered, although her heart surely sensed his intent.

"Bless me, Husband-Man," she would cry out, "the dog is talking! I know he is talking. He is telling me all about himself. The story of his life is mine, could I but understand. It's right here, pouring into my miserable, inadequate ears; only, I can't catch it."

Harley was skeptical, but her woman's intuition guessed right.

"I know it!" she would assure her husband. "I tell you he could tell the tale of all his adventures if only we had understanding. No other dog has ever talked this way to me. There's a tale there. I feel its touches. Sometimes, almost do I know he is telling of joy, of love, of high elation, and combat. Again, it is indignation, hurt of outrage, despair, and sadness."

"Naturally," Harley agreed quietly. "A white man's dog, adrift among the anthropophagi of Malaita, would experience all such sensations, and, just as naturally, a white man's woman, a wife-woman, a dear delightful Villa Kennan woman, can of herself imagine such a dog's experiences and deem his silly noises a recital of them, failing to recognize them as projections of her own delicious, sensitive, sympathetic self. The song of the sea from the lips of the shell—pshaw! The song oneself makes of the sea and puts into the shell."

"Just the same—"

"Always the same," he gallantly cut her off. "Always right, especially when most wrong. Not in navigation, of course, or in affairs such as the multiplication table, where (Continued on page 122)



But they were fooling all the while, and were more than a trifle embarrassed. For in each of their brains were bright identification-pictures of the plantation-house and compound and beach of Meringe

The Life of CHARLES FROHMAN

by Daniel Frohman

and Isaac F. Marcossan

EDITOR'S NOTE—With this instalment, the curtain is rung down upon the account of the life and achievements of one of the most interesting and forceful personalities of this country's world of affairs within recent times. The reader will obtain through its fund of anecdote an excellent idea of the particular impulses that actuated Charles Frohman in his intercourse with his fellow beings, the exercise of which constitutes what we call "character."

Traits and Temperament

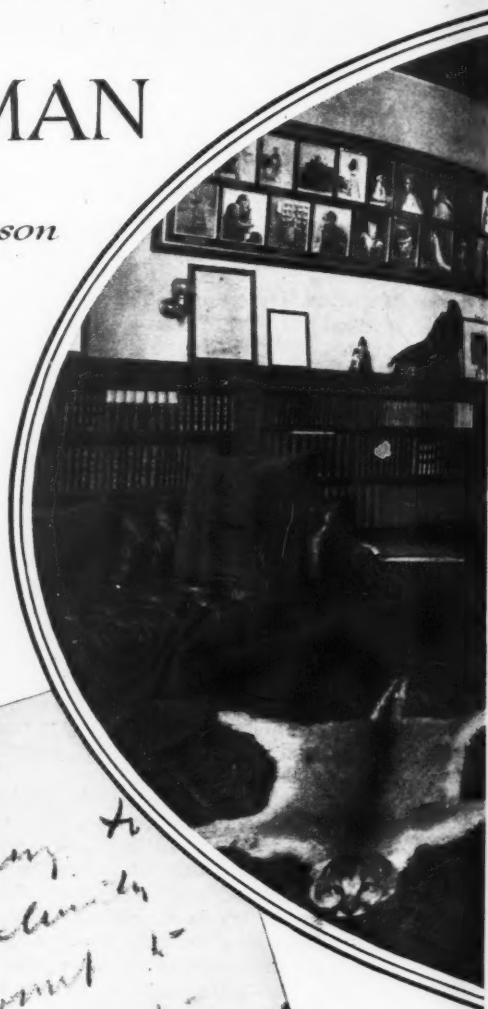
YOU have now followed the career of Charles Frohman through the crowded years of managerial achievement. They reveal him as a Warwick of the theater, who packed a half-dozen life-times of action into his own. But what of the man himself?

Great as was he as producer, star-maker, and conqueror of two stage worlds, he was still greater as human being. His quiet courage, his unaffected simplicity, his rare understanding, his ripe philosophy, his uncanny penetration, above all, his abundant and abiding humor made him a figure of fascinating and incessant interest. To know him and to work for him was indeed a liberal education.

Since Frohman was king of star-makers, it is interesting to examine some of the mental processes that lay behind his extraordinary achievements in this direction. His attitude was never better expressed than in one of his many playful moods. Like Caruso, he was a caricaturist. Few things gave him more delight than to make a hasty sketch of one of his friends on any scrap of paper that lay near at hand. He usually made these sketches, just as he wrote most of his personal letters, with a thick blue pencil.

On one occasion, he was talking with Pauline Chase about making stars. A smile suddenly burst over his face, he seized pencil and paper and made a sketch of himself walking along at night with the full moon overhead. Under the picture, he wrote:

C. F. to the moon. "I will make a star of you yet."



Charles Frohman's private office. Empire Theatre Building, New York

Once he said to Billie Burke, in discussing this familiar subject:

"A star has a unique value in a play.

He concentrates interest. In some respects, a play is like a dinner. To be a success, no matter how splendidly served, the menu should always have one unique and striking dish that, despite its elaborate gastronomic surroundings, must long be remembered. This is one reason why you need a star in a play."

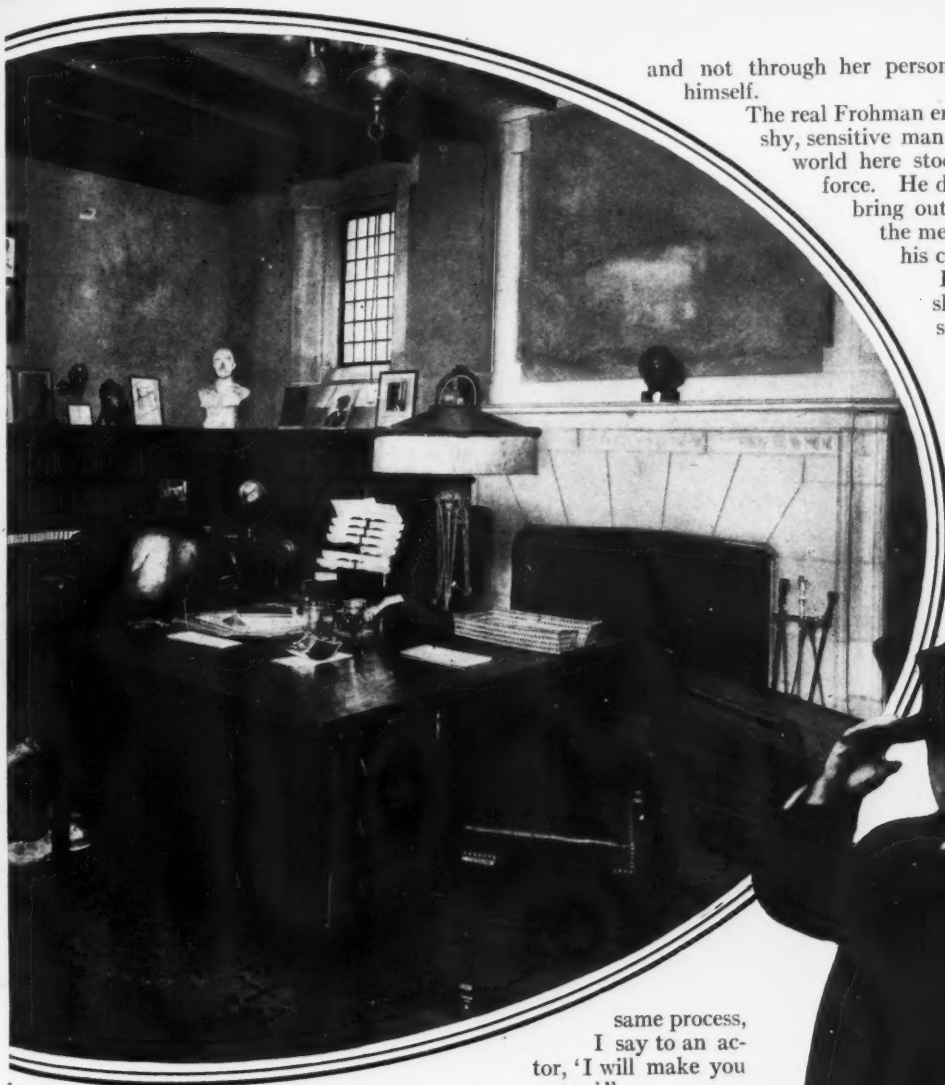
Despite the fact that Charles Frohman could literally lift an actor from obscurity to stellar eminence almost overnight, he generally regarded the approach to stardom as a difficult and hard-won path.

"Each of my stars," he said, "has earned his or her position through honest advancement. If the President of the United States wants to reward a soldier, he says to him, 'I will make you a general.' By the

and not through her personal self. It was so with himself.

The real Frohman emerged at rehearsals. The shy, sensitive man who shunned the outside world here stood revealed as a dynamic force. He did every possible thing to bring out the personal element in the men and women who were in his companies.

Here, as elsewhere, he showed one of the most striking of his traits. It was a method of speech that was little short of extraordinary. It grew out of the fact that his vocabulary could not serve his enormous imagination. Like a great painter, who describes the essence of an idea with a few swift strokes, Frohman revealed both the letter and the spirit in an



same process, I say to an actor, 'I will make you a star.'"

There is no better definition of the Frohman star-creed than this statement, which he once made to an English friend:

"All the stars under my management owe their eminence to their own ability and industry, and also to the fact that the American is an individual-loving public. In America, we regard the workman first and the work second. Our imaginations are fired not nearly so much by great deeds as by great doers."

One reason that lay behind Frohman's success as star-maker was the fact that he wove a great deal of himself into the fabric of the stars. In other words, the personal element counted a great deal. When somebody once remonstrated with him about giving up so much of his valuable time to what seemed to be inconsequential talks with his stars, he said:

"It is not a waste of time. I have often helped these girls to take a brighter view of things, and it makes me feel that I am not just their manager but their friend."

Indeed, as Barrie so well put it, he regarded his women stars as his children. If they were playing in New York, they were expected to call on him and talk personalities three or four times a week. On the road, they sent him daily telegrams, and these were placed on his desk every morning and were dealt with in person.

One phase of Charles Frohman's great success in life was revealed in his attitude toward his women stars. He succeeded because he mixed sentiment with business. He was not all sentiment and he was not all business, but he was an extraordinarily happy blend of both of these things, which endeared him to the people who worked for him.

He never wanted them, men or women, to make themselves conspicuous or to do commonplace things. For example, he did not like to see John Drew walk up and down Broadway. He spent a fortune sheltering Maude Adams from all kinds of intrusion. With her especially, he exhausted every resource to keep her aloof and secluded. He preferred that she be known through her work



Charles Frohman,
on Broadway,
New York

almost incredible epitome. Instead of words, he made motions. Those who worked with him understood these gestures.

Frohman seldom finished a sentence. Those who knew him always understood the unuttered part. Even when he would give a star the first intimation of his part, he made it a piece of pantomime, interspersed with short, jerky sentences. Here is an example:

William Faversham had complained about having two very bad parts. When he went to see Frohman to hear about the third, this is the way the manager expressed it to him:

"New play—see? Fine part. First act—you know—romantic—light through the window—nice, deep tones of your

inflections out of a speech of four or five lines. With his disjointed, pantomimic method of instruction, he was able to transfer to his actors by a process of mental telepathy just what he wanted.

In one detail, he differed from all the other great producers of his time. Most managers liked to nurse a play after its production and build it up with new scenes or varied changes. With Frohman it was different. "I am interested in a production until it has been produced, and then I don't care for it any more," he said.

On the first nights of his productions, Charles Frohman almost invariably sat in the last row of the gallery. He had a perfectly definite reason for this, which he once stated.

"The best index to the probable career of any play is the back of the head of an auditor who does not know that he is being watched. The playgoer in an orchestra-stall is always half-conscious that what he does or says may be observed. But the gallery gods and goddesses never think of anything except what is happening on the stage. They may yield the time before the rise of the curtain to watching the audience



A snap-shot of Charles Frohman. He sat only once to a photographer in the last twenty-five years of his life.



voice, you see? Then audience says, 'Ah!'—then the girl—see? In the room—you—one of those big scenes—then, all subdued—light coming through window—see? And then—curtain—audience says, 'Great!' Now second act—all that tremolo business—you know? Then you get down to work—a tremendous scene. Let your voice go. Great climax. Oh, a great play this—a great part! Now last act—simple, nice, lovable, refined—sad tones in your voice—and, well, you know—and then you make a big hit. Well, now we will rehearse this in about a week—and you will be tickled to death. This is a great play—fine part. Now, you see Humphreys—he will arrange everything."

Most directors repress originality in actors. Frohman always encouraged it. He always listened to suggestions. It was part of his policy to develop the personal element.

At rehearsals, he usually sat alone, back in about the tenth row of the darkened theater. He rarely rose from his seat, but, by voice and gesture, indicated the moves on his dramatic chess-board. When it became necessary for him to go up on the stage, he did so, before his lameness, with alacrity, and suggested, by marvelously simple indication and quick characterizations, the significance of the scene.

Frohman had a tremendous sense of sound, an amazing ear for the tones of comedy. He could get ten or twelve

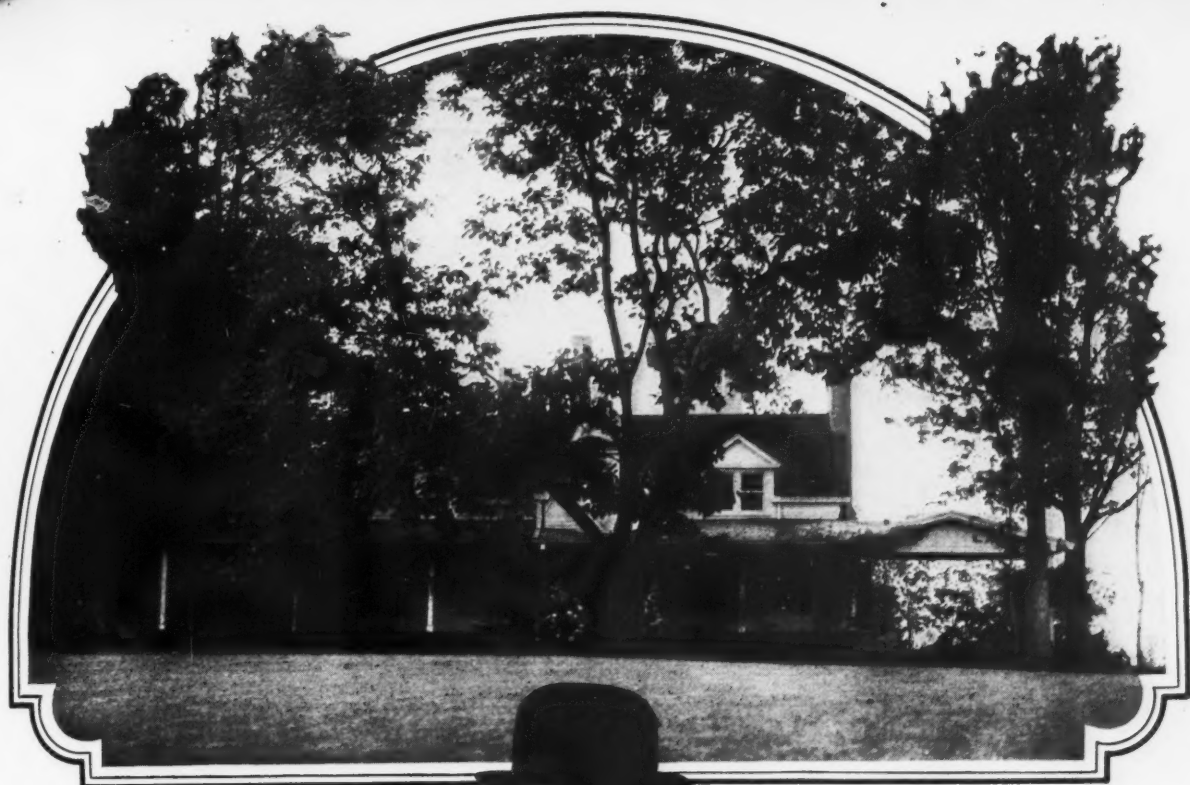


C. F. to the moon
"I will make a
star of your eyes"



A caricature of John Drew and drawings by Charles Frohman.

Frohman took great delight in making these hasty sketches, which he did with a thick blue pencil on any piece of paper that lay near at hand.



© BROWN & BOES.

The house near White Plains, New York, the ownership of which Charles Frohman shared with his friend Charles Dillingham

entering the theater, but once the lights are up and the stage is revealed, they have no eyes or thoughts for anything except the picture of life unfolded by the actors. These people in the upper part of the theater represent the masses. They are worth watching, for they are the people who make stage successes."

In his attitude toward plays, Frohman had a profound contempt for the academic. He always refused to be drawn into discussion of what he called the "highbrow drama." When some one asked him to name the greatest of English dramatists, he swiftly replied,

"The one who writes the last great play."

"Whom do you consider the greatest American dramatist?" was once asked him.

His smiling reply was,

"The one whose play the greatest number of good Americans go to see."

"What seat in the theater do you consider the best to view a drama or musical comedy from?" he was asked, on one occasion.

"The paid one," he retorted.

No trait of Charles Frohman was more highly developed than his shyness.

Though his name was known to millions and his productions were presented every night before thousands of people, the man himself shrank from personal publicity and from the public gaze.

He was known as "The Great Unphotographed."

The only time during the last twenty-five years of his life that he sat for a photograph was when he had to get a picture for his passport. Behind his prejudice against being photographed was a perfectly definite reason, which he once explained.

"I once knew a theatrical manager whose prospects were



Charles Dillingham

very bright. He became a victim of the camera. Fine pictures of him were made and stuck up on the walls everywhere. He used to spend more time looking at these pictures of himself than he did attending to his business. He made a miserable failure of himself. I was quite a young man when I heard of this, but it made a great impression on me. I resolved then never to have my photograph taken if I could possibly help it."

Frohman's shyness led to what is, in many respects, the most remarkable of the countless anecdotes about him. It grew out of his illness. In 1913, he had a severe attack of neuritis in London. Although his friends urged him to go and see a doctor,

he steadfastly refused. He dreaded physicians just as he dreaded photographers. One

day, Barrie came to see him at his hotel.

"Frohman," he said, "it is absurd for you not to see a doctor. You simply must have

medical attention. As a matter of fact, I have already made an engagement for you to see a nerve-specialist at four o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

Frohman, who accepted whatever Barrie said, acquiesced. When half-past three o'clock came the (Continued on page 150)

The Love-Philter

Craig Kennedy and his friend Jameson are making a little tour of the Caribbean. Lovely Trinidad, with its fine capital, Port of Spain, attracts them. Craig has come for much needed rest and recreation, but he has brought along some of the invaluable material that never fails him in his struggles with the mysteries of crime. And, as luck will have it, Port of Spain is all ready with a case that is quite beyond the skill and science of the local authorities.

By Arthur B. Reeve

*Author of "The Sunken Treasure,"
and other Craig Kennedy stories*

Illustrated by Will Foster

"IT'S most fortunate you are here, sir. The town is wildly excited, naturally. A beautiful woman—dead in a hotel—no clue whether it is suicide or murder—that's the situation. But I am confident, sir, that you can help us, if you will."

Our ship had scarcely dropped anchor off Port of Spain when we were boarded by the usual miscellaneous folk who seem to emerge from the very waters in every tropical harbor. Among them was a very heated little man in a white-linen jacket, bustling about and making inquiries.

To my surprise, it was Kennedy he sought. A moment only was necessary for Watts to introduce himself as the head of the police of the colony of Trinidad.

"We heard by wireless that you were on the ship, and I thought I might interest you," he explained. "The woman's name, at least the name by which she was known here," was Señora Lucia Del Rey—an Argentinian and a widow.

As Watts spoke, I could not help noticing that a man had just come over the side of the ship and had greeted a woman whom we had met on the voyage, Ruth Brereton, the heiress of several millions which her father, Campbell Cooper, had made in the leather industry in New England.

"You see," raced on Watts, "there were a number of tourists at the King George—not a party exactly, but several who had happened to meet here, waiting for the next steamer. Well, day before yesterday they decided to make a visit to the famous asphalt lake at La Brea, and hired a launch so that they would be more comfortable."

Kennedy was interested immediately.

"It happened," he queried, "during the trip or—"

"No; after," supplied Watts. "They returned last night. It was at the hotel. Señora del Rey had gone to her room to dress. About an hour later, there was a scream from a lady, a Madame Martinez, who had the next suite. Attendants of the hotel rushed to the room. There the señora was—on the floor—in a convulsion. She never came out of it."

"No one had been with her at the time?"

"No; not even her maid. She had hired a native woman named Zelda as maid, but Zelda had not expected her back until the next day and was not there."



Just then, the couple I had been watching caught sight of Watts and moved over eagerly toward us.

"Let me introduce you to Mrs. Brereton," began the man, speaking to Watts, then turning to us. "Professor Kennedy? Mrs. Brereton has just told me she met you on the voyage."

"I'm so interested," chirped Mrs. Brereton. "I've never seen a real mystery before. Lambert has just told me."

"Indeed it is strange," monopolized Brereton, to the evident nervousness of Watts. "Why, my dear, I was invited on that trip in the launch. Wonderful sight—that lake! Only, the trip took longer than they thought. I was afraid your boat might come in yesterday, so I returned alone by steamer, and train in the morning. The rest got back to the city last night—in fact, had hardly been back an hour when we heard Madame Martinez scream. It was all so sudden—even Doctor Gray couldn't do anything."

"Who were in the party?" asked Kennedy briskly.

"Why, let me see," Brereton took upon himself to answer, as though to impress Mrs. Brereton with his

To my surprise, as I entered the inner there, pouring into Kennedy's



office. I saw that Mrs. Brereton was already attentive ears some story

importance; "there were Señora del Rey, of course, and Professor Perry, a naturalist who had just returned from a six months' trip up the Orinoco. Then there was Madame Martinez, a Venezuelan, I think, and Monsieur Condé, a native of Martinique, a dealer in logwood and vegetable dyes. I think that was all besides myself."

Mrs. Brereton seemed keenly interested. "Isn't it exciting?" she murmured. "Just think of it—a real murder mystery! Oh, I should so like to be a man and be able to help you!"

"Perhaps you can," muttered Watts dryly.

"Oh, do you really think so?"

"Well, you know you American women have a reputation for cleverness," parried Watts, with, I thought, thinly veiled sarcasm, as he edged us over toward the ship's side.

It was of no use. In the general mix-up, we found ourselves going ashore in the same small boat as the Breretons.

The transfer gave me an opportunity to take a good look at the island of a thousand hills before us. In a wide, open area between the hills lay the city of Port of Spain.

Watts managed, however, to get us placed so that he could talk to us alone.

"We've considered about every possibility," he whispered aside, at intervals. "There is this Professor Perry—he has been away from civilization for a long time. I don't know whether he was more friendly with the del Rey woman or with Madame Martinez, but I guess he was glad of the society of any woman after his trip. And Condé—he was one of the syndicate who made an unfortunate venture trying to corner the logwood of the West Indies. It lost a good deal of money, I fancy. However, I don't think that worried him. He was here seeking some other chance to make a fortune. He is one of those ardent Frenchmen. Well, for that matter, all the men were quite smitten with the *señora*—but—" Watts hesitated and paused.

"You must have some other suspicions," suggested Craig keenly.

The police officer lowered his voice even further.

"Suspensions—yes; facts—no."

"What do you mean?" pursued Kennedy.

"Well," he answered slowly, "there's an East Indian clerk at the hotel—Kali Dingh. You know, I suppose that, pretty nearly a third of our population is East Indian. Why, we

thought he acted a bit strangely the night we found the *señora*—a bit officious, you know, more interested than a mere clerk ought to be." Watts paused again, as though not quite satisfied with his own reasons, then added hastily: "You know the French rule: Seek the woman. Well, it's slightly modified in this case. It seems that this Kali has been living with Zelda, the maid. We're watching both of them closely."

"But what motive could he have had?" I asked.

Watts leaned over closer.

"Kali was infatuated with the *señora*," he whispered.

"An East Indian—in love with her?" I ventured incredulously.

"Kali Dingh was ambitious, something much above the coolies," defended Watts. "He considered himself far above them. Besides, he has made money here. You never can tell. Some of these people may be on the road to wealth and you'd not know it. At any rate, he knew he was as good as anybody. You shall see."

Ashore, instead of going with the Breretons, who overwhelmed us with their invitations to accompany them to the



"Really, Professor Kennedy," remarked Mrs. Brereton, who had been watching us. "I am almost tempted to take up Mr. Watts' suggestion and try to become an amateur detective"

King George immediately, Watts succeeded in having us driven to Government House.

"The Red House," as they called Government House, was a truly amazing seat of officialdom, and the Savannah, a beautiful park, through which we passed, was unrivaled. The sights, however, we felt must be reserved, for, at present, Watts seemed bent only on acquainting us with the matter in hand, and we found that we were hourly expected at the headquarters.

"This is Doctor Gray, of whom you have heard," began Watts as we entered, introducing us to a middle-aged physician. "He was summoned almost immediately after Señora del Rey was discovered. Perhaps he can enlighten you more than I can on the purely medical side, though I have heard him express no theory."

"Theory?" shrugged the doctor, shaking hands. "I have no theory. If I had merely seen her, I should probably have said that it was a case of poisoning by strychnine."

"But wouldn't she have tasted it in anything that contained it?" asked Watts quickly.

"The bitterness of strychnine," measured the doctor, "does not affect the taste of some people, I have found. That is well authenticated in many cases. Besides, it could be masked by something else. When I saw her, she had the same tetanic convulsions that we associate with strychnine poisoning. I noticed that her senses were abnormally acute—once, the slamming of a door brought on a convulsion. Of course, it was pretty late when I was called in. Those were the indications, and I had to act quickly. I would not have thought it strange that I failed, but here's the strangest thing to me: When I made the tests of the contents of the

stomach, there was no strychnine.

Evidently, Doctor Gray was quite as much at sea as Watts. Ordinarily, neither of them would have been willing to admit that an American detective could be of any assistance. But, in the face of the mystery and the veritable furor of popular excitement, they had felt forced to do something.

"I hardly think I can do anything until I have seen the body and looked over the rooms," remarked Kennedy finally, desperately seeking to cut the red tape of official procedure.

"Quite so, quite so," agreed Watts. "We have no time to waste."

He and Doctor Gray drove us now to the King George. We were approaching the hotel, perhaps a square or two off, when, suddenly, a woman darted out from some shrubbery.

"Zelda!" exclaimed Watts, as he caught sight of the wildly excited face of the woman. She was not unattractive to look at, physically well shaped, with regular features, black hair, and, aside from her dark skin, not unlike a European. Just now, in her excitement, it was evident that the fires of her feelings

burned fiercely.

"You—are watching—my man—I know it!" she panted breathlessly. "I tell you—watch that other woman—and her friends!" She grew incoherent in her excitement, though it was plain that it was Madame Martinez whom she meant. Kennedy leaned over and caught the wrist she had extended toward us.

"What do you mean?" he demanded bluntly.

"That professor—and that-other man!" she blurted out. "Watch them—there is a quarrel!"

With a wild effort, she tore herself loose and was gone as quickly as she had come. Kennedy glanced at Watts.

"Let her go," he decided. "Either she is concealing something or her knowledge is a slim suspicion. Perhaps it was to throw us off the right track. At any rate, you may depend that, if there is anything in it, we haven't seen the last of her."

We drove on slowly, and as we pulled up at the King George, we could see several groups of people on the porch.

"There's Perry now," pointed out Watts, "over there, talking with Madame Martinez."

A moment later, Watts approached them, introducing us. I must admit that, even at a glance, one could see that Madame Martinez was a remarkable woman, at once beautiful and baffling.

Perry was of a peculiar type. He was not precisely a student. There seemed to be in him a spirit of adventure, a sort of *Wanderlust*. I could well believe, as I heard afterward, that his connection with the American college was peculiar. The institution had been glad enough to father his expedition in name, in view of the fact that some one else had financed it. Yet one could not help but be impressed by the man. Even his speech had a dash and energy which sounded strangely in the general languor of the tropics.

We had scarcely time for the interchange of a few commonplace remarks when I saw the Breretons approaching. As they did so, I observed that each woman gave the other a quick, instinctive look of appraisal. Though they had already met, one could see that the two women did not mix. Ruth Brereton was of an entirely different type. Did she intuitively suspect the other woman of something?

Nor did it seem that either Madame Martinez or Perry were very eager to meet us. In fact, as soon as she politely could after an interchange of inconsequential inquiries on the subject uppermost in everybody's mind, Madame Martinez excused herself.

"It is dreadful!" she shuddered. "I have had them give me another suite in another part of the house. I am not settled yet; but I shall rejoin you as soon as I see what they are doing with my things."

Perry leveled a quick, nervous glance at Brereton but said nothing. I turned in the direction in which they were looking, and, as I did so, Watts whispered to Kennedy,

"Condé."

He was a tall, spare man with a dark, pointed mustache and a carefully groomed dab of black whisker on his lower lip—a distinguished-looking fellow, but, somehow, not one to inspire much confidence. He passed within twenty feet of us, leaving the hotel, and I could not help feeling that it was more than a fancy that I observed an air almost of hostility between Perry and Condé. The look that Perry gave to Brereton was clearly an appeal.

"Really, Professor Kennedy," remarked Mrs. Brereton, who had been watching us "I am almost tempted to take up Mr. Watts' suggestion and try to become an amateur detective. We've just been talking to Monsieur Condé. Mr. Brereton tells me that there was some gossip about him and Señora del Rey. It's quite exciting—all these stories. I mean to find out about them—what they are, and who started them. And if I do, I'll let you know."

"Yes, by all means do," encouraged Kennedy, as Watts took him by the arm, anxious to carry out the purpose of our visit to the hotel.

"Humph!" commented Watts. "Gossip about Condé—why, they were all friendly with her—Brereton, too! She may find out more than she bargained for."

"It can't do any harm," returned Kennedy. "The more we can get people to talk, the more we may learn from them." I thought immediately of what Zelda had said about "that professor and that other man." Even if it were only pure gossip, it might have a bearing on the case.

Watts and Doctor Gray led the way across the veranda through the hotel, then across a court, or patio, in the center of the oblong building, and up a flight of stairs to the second floor. In a corner was the suite occupied by Señora del

Rey, a beautifully situated suite with a balcony overlooking the wide public square.

There was a hush as Watts drew aside a curtain. There she lay, not, of course, as she had been found, for the body had had to be prepared for burial, which was to take place after Kennedy had seen it.

The *señora* had indeed been a beautiful woman—one who might very easily have stirred all the forbidden passions. I could readily imagine her in life—lithe, graceful, verging on the voluptuous, always gowned in the latest Paris *modes*, as South American ladies of wealth are.

"We knew you were coming," explained Watts, "and have tried to leave everything as nearly as it was."

A thorough search of the rooms, particularly the wide sitting-room, followed. In a corner stood a wicker writing-table.

Kennedy came to it finally, opened a drawer, and a portfolio was disclosed. The letters and papers inside were in great disorder. Kennedy turned them over.

"Here's something interesting—" he remarked, pausing, "a letter from Buenos Aires about her estate in the Gran Chaco. They must ship tan-wood. H'm—something must be missing here. Here are her bills—all receipted. I don't see any from the King George." Hastily he scrawled a message on a piece of paper and handed it to Watts. "Send that to Buenos Aires immediately," he directed. "We may get some clue through her business connections."

Craig continued looking about. Among other things, he happened to open a little cabinet in the wall beside a dressing-table. In it, was a bottle of Angostura bitters.

"To stimulate an appetite and aid digestion," read Kennedy from the label. "Was it before dinner that this happened?"

"Yes," remarked Doctor Gray. "You know we are famous here for those bitters. We make them out of Angostura bark, the aromatic bark of the bitter Galipea cusporia, which we get from Venezuela. Yes; it's possible she may have taken some of that."

Kennedy considered a moment.

"Bring me a fresh bottle just like this from the café," he ordered, at length.

Meanwhile, he continued looking over the room, but found nothing that interested him so much as the portfolio and the bitters. A few moments later, there was a knock on the door, and I opened it, for I happened to be nearest. It was an attendant with the fresh bottle of bitters.

He must have thought that I was crazy, for at the moment he was about to hand me the bottle, I saw, or fancied I saw, some one down the corridor watching. I did



Madame Martinez was a remarkable woman, at once beautiful and baffling

not wait to take the bottle, but darted down. But, by the time I reached the turn, no one was to be seen.

"Kali Dingh, I'll wager," commented Watts, as I returned, baffled, and explained. "You may depend that he knows now that we ordered that bottle sent up."

Kennedy said nothing, but, the moment the servant had withdrawn, drew from a small traveling-case in his pocket a peculiar-shaped little syringe, with a rubber bulb and, it seemed, an outer glass tube, covering one inside, on which were the markings of a scale.

He dipped the nose of the syringe into the bottle which he had found, and sucked up a quantity of the bitters until he seemed to have enough. As he removed it, it seemed as if a small float inside came to rest. Carefully he studied the scale.

Next, he emptied the liquid into a basin, and again slipped the nose of the syringe into the fresh bottle of bitters, which I had opened. Again he read the scale.

"My hydrometer gives a greater specific gravity for her bitters than for this fresh bottle, according to the Beaumé scale," he remarked thoughtfully. "Of course,

this doesn't prove anything, but I thought it would quickly tell whether there was any use going further. You may take charge of those two bottles, Walter. I shall have to study them more carefully later. So far, at least, there's nothing to indicate suicide."

"What motive could there have been, then?" I queried, taking the bottles. "Could it have been robbery?"

Watts shook his head emphatically.

"There is nothing gone—neither jewels nor money—so far as we can see," he answered, then lowered his voice with a glance at the door, as if afraid that there might be an ear to it. "No; I am sure that it is purely a crime of passion. Kali Dingh was hopelessly infatuated with her. That I am sure about, at least."

"But why should he kill her?" I questioned.

Watts shook his head. Evidently he had reached the end of his power of analysis, and only new facts could help him out.

A few moments later, we left the room and went downstairs. Perry was gone, and Madame Martinez was still in her room, while the Breretons were not about, either.

At the request of Kennedy, we stopped in the office so that we might have a chance to look at Kali Dingh. He was a rather good-looking fellow, with glossy dark hair and piercing black eyes. By his manner, back of the desk, one could readily see that he was proud of his position as contrasted with the more humble occupations of many of his countrymen. I was not so incredulous of his aspirations regarding the *señora* after seeing and talking with him.

Following a request from Kennedy, Watts sent him on an errand that took him out of the office. Dingh seemed to resent it, but evidently considered it bad policy to refuse.

The moment he was gone, Craig plunged into the hotel-accounts, rapidly running over the bills of the various guests. From what I overheard, it was apparent that some one had been paying the *señora's* bills and that the same was probably true of Madame Martinez. Every now and then, Craig and Watts would run across items that indicated payments by Perry, Brereton, or Condé. It seemed as though Dingh had been keeping a record, perhaps for his own information. Taken alone, it indicated little, but in connection with other things, it might mean much. It was the discovery of those other things that must engage our attention.

Craig and Watts had completed their cursory examination and making of notes of what they had found before Kali returned, and, as he did so, we could see that he was preoccupied. I thought perhaps it had to do with us, but it did not. A moment afterward, Condé entered the hotel. I could not

help wondering whether he had been away all the time since we had seen him go out. At any rate, it seemed as if Kali were watching Condé, too. I asked myself why. Every

action of Dingh showed that he knew he was under suspicion. Had Zelda and he agreed to try to cast suspicion on some one else? I felt sure that if either were in a position to tell us anything, we should not have been long in the dark.

So much having been accomplished, Kennedy lost no time in having his huge iron-bound case brought ashore from the ship and establishing himself (Continued on page 98)



We stopped in the office so that we might have a chance to look at Kali Dingh

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The Love-Philter

(Continued from page 96)

with his traveling laboratory temporarily in an inner room of Watts' office at Government House rather than at the hotel, where he felt that whatever he did might be the object of scrutiny by too many interested eyes. These preparations greatly impressed Watts, who, like myself, soon discovered that when Craig had plunged into one of his scientific analyses, he was of no assistance, but actually in the way.

"Meanwhile," remarked Watts finally, "I think I might as well be working on that quiet little theory of my own. I am going over to Coolietown, as we call that quarter where the East Indians live, and hunt up Zelda. Would you like to accompany me, Mr. Jameson?"

I was about to reply that I would be delighted, when Kennedy interrupted.

"I would much rather have you stay around the hotel," he ventured to me. "You're a pretty good mixer, Walter. While Watts is working that end, I think you can spend your time to advantage watching what is going on there."

Our program arranged, we left him deep again in his study of the bitters.

"A most extraordinary chap," commented Watts, as we passed out of the building.

It did not take me long to discover that I was a marked man in the little community. It seemed to have gone forth who I was and that I was associated with Kennedy. Those whom I wanted to see were not about, and others were too much in evidence. As I sauntered past the office, I caught sight of Mrs. Brereton industriously quizzing Kali, but her husband was not to be seen, or Perry and Condé, and Madame Martinez must have been satisfied with her new quarters, for she stuck closely to them.

Accordingly, I had nothing to report to Kennedy when he came in for a late luncheon, although he seemed much interested in the mere fact that they were all avoiding us. No word had come from Watts, either, but, from Craig's manner, I could see that he was making progress in his own investigations.

"Let me know whatever happens," he directed, as he returned to Government House, leaving me at the hotel.

Brereton came in shortly afterward and seemed, I thought, preoccupied, for he scarcely ate any lunch, and directly afterward excused himself from Mrs. Brereton to look after transferring her luggage from the ship. I had hoped to get a chance to speak at least to them, but before I knew it, she, too, was gone.

It was shortly afterward that I saw Perry approaching the hotel from the direction of the shops in the town. As he entered, he looked about anxiously, seeking some one. I strode over toward him, and, as I did so, I noticed that he had a package in his hand which he was carrying very carefully.

"Have you seen Mr. Brereton?" he asked, apparently suppressing great agitation.

"Yes," I replied; "he just left, and I thought I overheard him say something to Mrs. Brereton about looking after her luggage."

Perry scowled, then suddenly turned on his heel and retraced his steps in the direc-

tion of the town. For a moment, I was tempted to trail him, but reconsidered. There was not a chance of his not discovering me, and such an action might do more harm than good at this juncture.

It was not five minutes later that I was glad of my decision, for I saw Condé, who must have been in his room all the time, leave rather hurriedly, accompanied by a man whom I had seen before and who had been associated with him in the log-wood speculation. He also was carrying a small package.

The secrecy of their actions had, by this time, got on my nerves. I was burning to know what was underneath it all. Surely, if they were thus avoiding us, there must be some reason, and we might, with the aid of Watts, put some one to work whom they would not recognize or suspect. For all I knew, they might be disposing of some evidence in their mysterious packages. I could stand it no longer. I almost ran over to Government House to inform Kennedy before it was too late.

To my surprise, as I entered the inner office, I saw that Mrs. Brereton was already there, pouring into Kennedy's attentive ears some story. I paused at the door.

"It's all right," reassured Kennedy, glancing from me to her. "Anything you may wish to say to me you can safely tell Mr. Jameson also. Mrs. Brereton has been playing detective, Walter," he added. "She, too, has been investigating in the office. I think Kali Dingh must have been more willing to talk to her than to us."

"You know," she explained to me, "I saw her, the *señora*, lying up in the room and—well, Madame Martinez, too. I don't like to be suspicious or to misjudge people, but—you will pardon me—I think she was somewhat of an adventuress." As she said it, I wondered whether there might be something of the puritanical about the remark, but she hastened to add, "I don't mean that I thought I might find something that would excuse the murder—but perhaps explain it."

I noticed that Kennedy had a paper in his hand.

"There, for instance," she went on, indicating it, "is the copy of a bill for a rather gay dinner the other night. I understand they were all there—Señora del Rey, Madame Martinez, Professor Perry, Monsieur Condé, and Mr. Brereton."

It seemed as if the last name stuck in her throat. Evidently she did not relish the idea. I did not blame her, but there was nothing I could say. Defense of Brereton was impossible, criticism gratuitous. At least, all were involved, and I could imagine that Kali was taking a rather pleasant revenge for his rejected suit in airing even this basis for a scandal.

"They tell me that the men split the check—it was rather high, as you will see—and that everything was proper and all that. But then, of course, they would tell a wife that."

It was easy to see that Ruth Brereton was properly jealous of her husband. Yet I could not see how the escapades of her husband, even if there had been any, helped us in clearing up the mystery.

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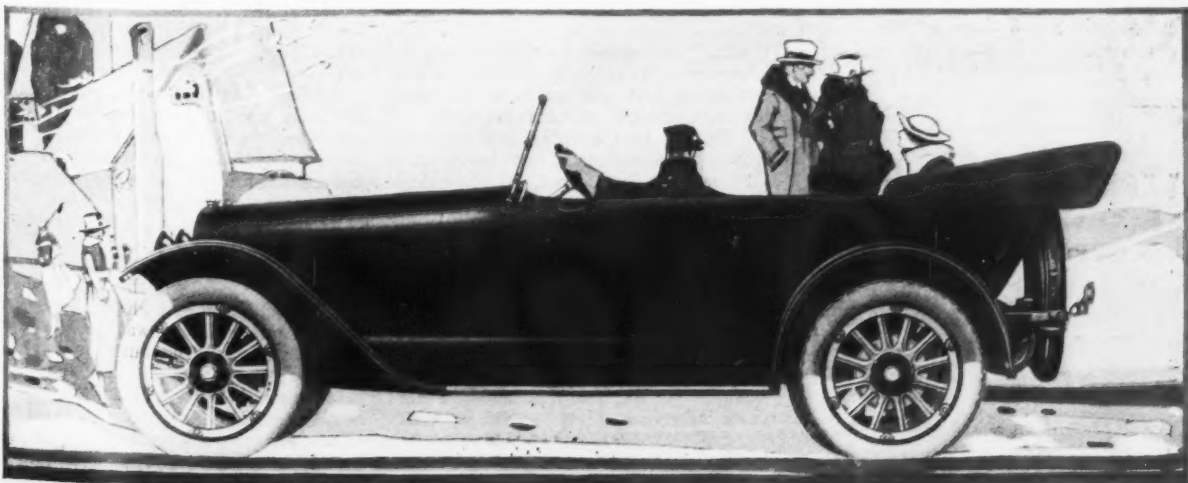
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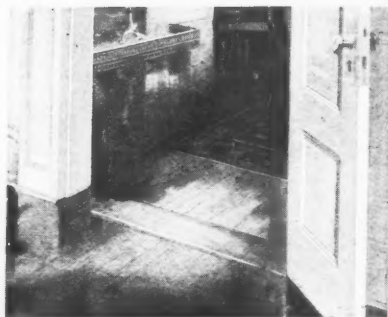
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"Then you think these rumors about Professor Perry and Monsieur Condé may—may have originated in the—er—excitement of the dinner?" asked Kennedy. "You remember you said you were going to find out about the gossip—who started it, and all that."

"Yes, I know," she answered slowly. "Well, I haven't found out—yet. Only, I can see that there is something wrong. I've asked my husband, but all I can get out of him is a hint that Monsieur Condé thinks Professor Perry has said something

staging for some one's benefit. I do know this: They resent my intrusion."

The door opened.

"Come, now—a little lively!" ordered a familiar voice. We turned. It was Watts.

To my utter surprise, beside him cowered the once dapper Kali Dingh, and behind, with a constable watchfully near, stood Zelda, sullen, defiant. She shot a quick look of venom at Mrs. Brereton, then changed it, evidently not seeing the woman she had expected.

"I think I've solved it!" cried Watts.

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In May Cosmopolitan

that reflects on him. Oh, I don't expect men to tell anything on each other. They may talk about the Freemasonry of women, but it's nothing to the way men hang together. Why, I wouldn't even expect to worm anything out of you, Professor Kennedy, on a subject like this."

Kennedy only smiled at this.

"I think Mrs. Brereton is right," I ventured. "There is something under the surface. That is why I left the hotel. Both Professor Perry and Monsieur Condé have been there since Mr. Brereton and she left. Both seemed anxious, though they did not see each other, and each was carrying a package—Perry to the hotel, and Condé away from it. I think they ought to be watched."

Kennedy pondered for a moment, then turned to the table he had drawn up next to his traveling laboratory, as though loath to cut short an investigation dear to his heart. He had been working fast, and his very manner told that he had found something which he would announce at the proper time.

"I think you are right, Walter," he agreed, at length. "However, just now I feel that I must complete my work here. I shan't be long. You don't bother me, either. Won't you talk with Mrs. Brereton a few moments?"

Mrs. Brereton and I moved over to the far corner of the room, by a window looking out on the park, and talked in low tones. Kennedy plunged back into his work.

I thought that Brereton had contrived to be a good deal away from her, even in the brief time since her arrival, but did not like to say anything about it. In fact, I hardly knew just what to talk about, for, except for this case, we had very little in common.

"So you never got at the source of the rumors," I managed to say finally.

"No," she replied quickly. "You have seen Monsieur Condé. If Professor Perry had said something, he is not the sort that would let it pass; and if he hadn't, I don't think Monsieur Condé would be easily satisfied with explanations. Then there's Madame Martinez. How do we know? It all may be an elaborate play that they are

Kennedy laid down a test-tube containing something he had been studying.

"Yes?" he queried, with interest.

Watts turned and beckoned to Zelda to come forward. She did so reluctantly, half forced by the constable.

"She attacked me again while I was watching in Coolietown," he began, "and I was forced to arrest her. But I think I've made her tell the truth now." Dramatically, he placed a little bottle on the table. "It is a love-potion—a philter," he announced.

"A love-potion?" I exclaimed.

"Yes—you know, an expedient much practised in the East for inspiring or securing love. For the preparation of love-philters, certain animals and plants have always been supposed to be especially adapted. I don't know what is in the stuff. Perhaps," he added, with a glance at Kennedy's paraphernalia strewn over the table, "the professor can tell us. All I know is this—and it is enough: Kali Dingh hid it in your house, didn't he—swore you to secrecy?"

Zelda, her eyes fixed on Watts, nodded sullenly.

"I found it after I had made a systematic search," added Watts.

"It was all that other woman—my mistress!" burst forth Zelda furiously. "I told him she was Mr. Brereton's friend—but—"

"What! My husband!" broke in Mrs. Brereton, as indignant now at the suggestion as she had been ready to hint at it herself ten minutes previously. "You do not know what you are talking about!"

The two women faced each other.

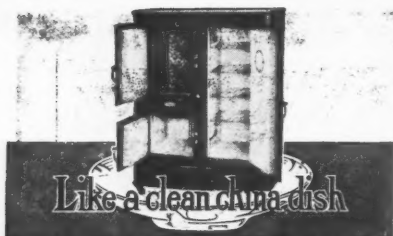
"I only know what I know," persisted Zelda.

"You will pardon me, Mrs. Brereton," interposed Watts. "I think I hinted to you strongly once that you might be easier in your mind if you would let the police alone in this. Please—just a moment! Zelda, Kali was infatuated with the señora, your mistress, wasn't he? You found him in her apartment while she was on the trip to the pitch lake, didn't you? You saw him do nothing—but after she died, he hid this bottle?"



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There was something of the fury of the woman scorned in the manner in which Zelda made the admissions Watts extracted. As for Kali, he stood there, mute. I think it was that that exasperated Watts more than anything else.

For a moment, Kennedy looked perplexed. Then his face brightened. Quickly he poured some of the pure bitters into a jar and added an amount from the contents of the bottle which Watts had brought. A moment he studied the mixture and, alternately, a paper on which he had been making some notes of his work.

"Still not the same specific gravity as the bitters in the bottle found in her room," he remarked quietly.

Watts's face was a study. He had produced evidences of criminality—and Kennedy calmly brushed them aside with a simple little hydrometer.

Before anyone could say a word, Kali, still mute, stepped forward. With a subtle smile, he quickly poured the whole of the remainder of the contents of Watts's bottle into the tube with the bitters, then raised it to his lips—and drank.

For a moment we looked at each other tensely. Nothing happened.

"Absolutely harmless," commented Craig, keenly watching Kali, as if for symptoms. "The fact of the matter is," he went on, "I have actually found something in those bitters in her room that I couldn't account for. This explains it."

"Then you found something else you could explain?" Watts jumped at the conclusion. "Strychnine?"

Kennedy shook his head.

"My analysis both of the contents of the stomach which Doctor Gray very kindly sent me and of the liquid in the bottle shows no strychnine," he replied.

We all drew forward eagerly. What strange poison, then, might it be? Whence had it come?

A tap at the door was followed by the entrance of a messenger with a yellow envelop bearing the word, "Cablegram." Craig read it, folded it up, and went on:

"You are familiar, I suppose, with the Argentine quebracho bark—the tan-wood? White quebracho—the 'ax-breaker,' it means—yields the powerful drug, quebrachamin. It has an effect like strychnine—yet the tests for it are different."

I thought involuntarily of Condé and his venture in dyewood.

There was the sound of hurried footsteps outside, and again the door flew open. It was Madame Martinez, in wild excitement.

"You—you must stop them—before it is too late! You must!" she cried vehemently. "Oh, *Madre de Dios*, they are fighting a duel! Hurry—you must hurry! He will be killed—killed!"

"A duel?" demanded Kennedy. "Who—where?"

"Professor Perry—Monsieur Condé—on the other side of the Savannah. Oh, don't stand here talking! Come—hurry!"

She needed to urge us no further. Kennedy had darted out of the door, waiting only for

Madame Martinez to point the way. The constable forgot Zelda, but Watts, still unwilling to admit defeat, forced Kali along with him. I took Mrs. Brereton's arm to help her, although excitement almost made me forget that gallantry. Across the Savannah we ran—a strange party.

Sure enough, there on the other side, in a place that might have been the very outskirts of the jungle, so thickly was it screened off, we came upon a group even stranger than our own.

"Oh," wailed Madame Martinez, "can't some one stop them? He must not die—he must not! I—I love him!"

At a carefully marked distance that might have been twenty paces stood Perry and Condé, apart, each in his shirt-sleeves and each with a revolver in his

hand. At one side stood Brereton, holding up a white handkerchief, ready to drop it to the ground.

Perry's discomfiture was evident and frank as Madame Martinez ran to him. As for Condé, he seemed nonchalantly to be in his element, having just finished chatting with his friend of the logwood syndicate.

"Gentlemen—gentlemen," interrupted Kennedy, "just a moment!"

"You have not said anything about him and the *señora*—say it—you have not!" cried Madame Martinez.

For a moment, it seemed as if the sight of her had roused Condé even more, and I think he would have fired anyhow if she had not herself been in the line of sight.

"Is this some of your work, too, Kali?" demanded Watts, roughly shoving the Indian forward.

"No—no!" he cringed back, catching sight of the cold steel. "On my honor—no—no!"

"It's true," shot out Kennedy, "the credulous Kali Dingh gave the *señora* the love-potion. That has complicated the case—that is all. But," he added slowly, as if to secure the greatest effect, "in the bottle of bitters I discovered in her room, some one else had already or perhaps later placed quebrachamin—the poison of the tan-bark. Perhaps the real murderer seized on that chance to throw suspicion on some one else. He has been doing so all along."

Everyone seemed to be talking at once as we crowded about Kennedy.

"Really, sir, I should be fighting you—not him," I heard a voice behind me say. "I think it was you who started the story—that you left us so that you could—"

I turned, but before I could see anyone, a scream interrupted me.

"It was not I you were in love with—it was my money!"

Ruth Brereton had picked up the cablegram which Kennedy had inadvertently dropped.

Samples of quebracho extract furnished Brereton pending proposed tan-wood contract.

Brereton had fallen, already rigid, with the same poison he had given the *señora* in the dilemma of his infidelity.

Fannie Hurst's
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Solitary Reaper,
will appear in
May Cosmopolitan.

The next **Craig Kennedy** story will be **The Panama Plot.**

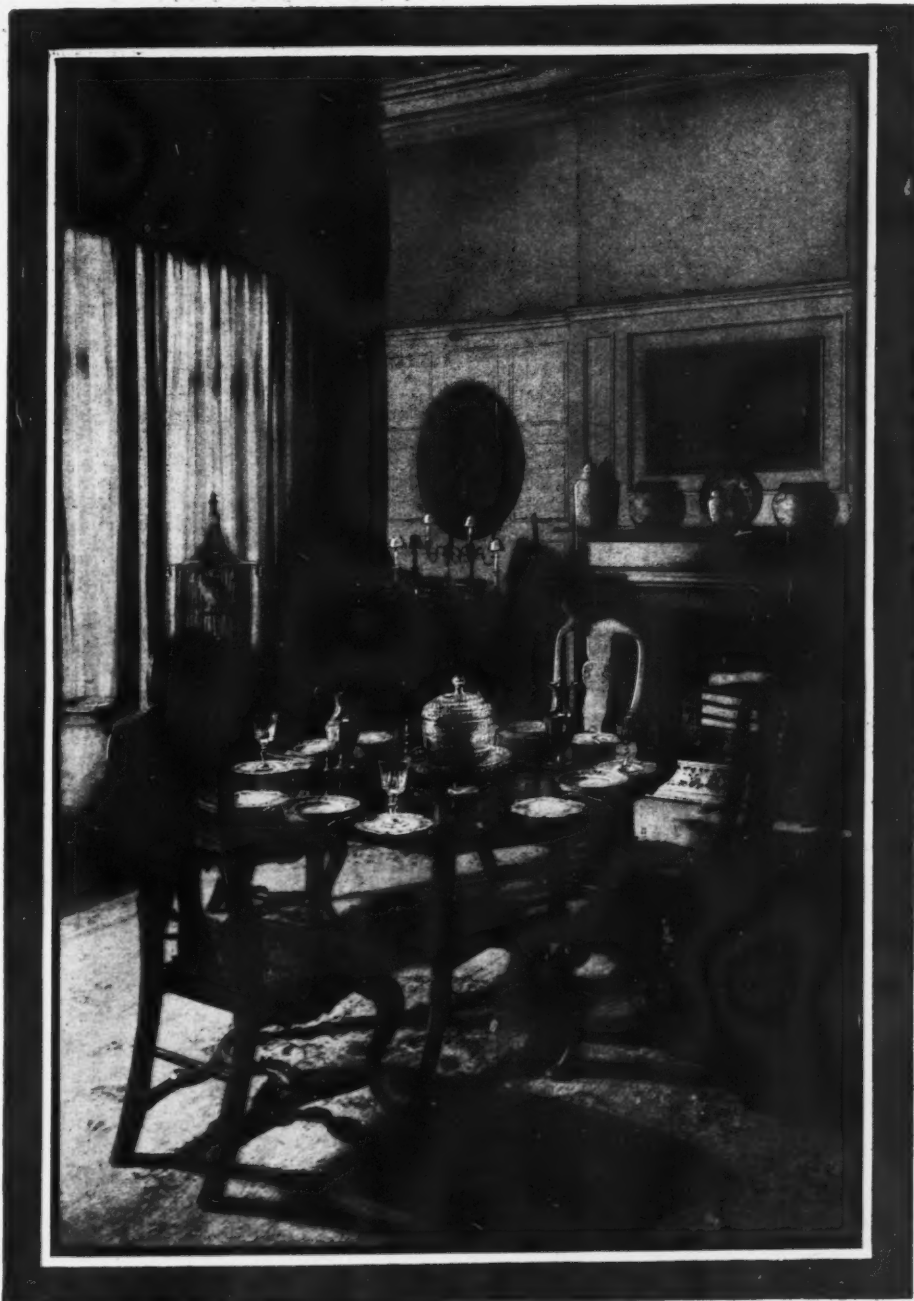
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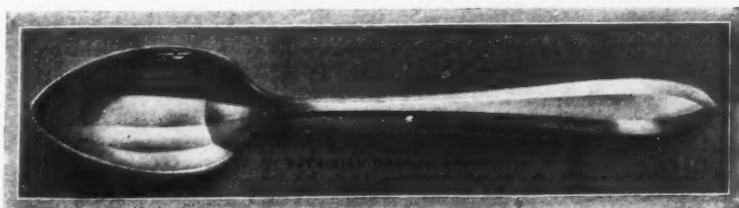
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The Devil Is Sick

(Continued from page 50)

would mean real money. And you'd have to find him. There isn't much time."

"The fact is"—this from Mrs. Henderson—"that boy is a genius."

"Oh, he is, eh?" mused Mr. Snow, and returned to his own house, where he found young Widdicombe pacing the floor.

"Well," observed Mr. Snow, with some emphasis, "it seems we need him pretty bad."

A moment later, John W. MacLouden was shown in, stooping a little, his small eyes atwinkle, addressing them in his whispery voice.

"Well, well—here's a state of things! Young Calverly—you've heard—I said to myself I'll just step around and talk this over with Snow. The boy was so kind as to suggest that I—"

"Looks like him now," said Mr. Snow dryly. The three stared out through the lace curtains.

Henry was coming up the front walk, a solemn but determined youth. Ban's keen eyes were touched with despair as he turned from the window. That Henry should have the courage to come to this house at all was more significant than these older men could know. For Henry and the young Clemency Snow had, earlier in this very summer, passed through an attachment that had been terminated only on the arrival of Ernestine Lambert to visit at the Ames'. Hen was a queer one—took things hard—hadn't handled Clem smoothly at all. But he was terribly in earnest now. Henry came quickly in, stood, rather red, looking from Mr. Snow to Mr. MacLouden, then to Ban.

"Oh!" he murmured. "Oh!"

"Yes, Henry," said Mr. Snow; "we're all here pretty much. Been talking you over. Sit down. You really feel that you've got to drop things right here, do you?" Henry nodded; lips compressed, hands gripping the sides of his chair.

"I've got to!" he broke out. "I've got to! Nobody understands—even mother! It isn't as if I was really needed—even if I was—my life is all changed—everything!"

"I'm sure we all respect your point of view, Henry."

"Indeed we do!" murmured MacLouden. "And verra honest and fine it is of you!"

"But people seem to feel," Mr. Snow went on, "that it is pretty late to change directors. If we can carry it through with the enthusiasm you've been putting into it, there seems to be a good chance of making quite a lot of money for the hospital—it ought to touch four thousand dollars for the four nights—"

"You don't understand!" cried Henry, his face working. "Even if I was needed, it wouldn't make any difference. I've given it all up—everything. Of course, there's money I'll have to give back. It might take me a little time, but—"

"What money?" This from Mr. Snow.

"What I've been paid."

"How much is it?"

"It's been fifteen dollars a week."

"Is that what we're paying you, Henry—fifteen a week?"

"Well, yes—so long as it doesn't go over five weeks altogether. It's a good deal of

money, forty-five dollars to now, but I think I can pay him off if he'll—"

"Who are you thinking of paying it back to?"

"Why, to Ban! You see, he—"

Mr. Snow had been chewing his cigar. And his eyelids had twitched repeatedly. Now he interrupted again.

"You're not going to pay anything back. I'll say for Widdicombe that he couldn't accept it. Not for a minute."

"Oh, of course not!" murmured the young financier huskily.

"You don't understand," Henry was saying, in a rising voice. "It's got to be what I feel. I couldn't keep that money."

"Well"—Mr. Snow removed his cigar—"I suggest that we drop it now. Let's all sleep over it. We'll let everything stand as it is. I'll see Spalding and Ames and the others of the committee. But we'll sleep over it."

"I won't change!" said Henry fiercely, from the doorway.

Mary Ames tapped at Ernestine's door. It was still Sunday evening, but much later.

"I saw your ligh. was still on, dear. What on earth—this time of night—oh, I didn't mean to look!"

Ernestine, her pale-gold hair rippling down over her kimono of yellow silk, was curled up in the Morris chair before a grate, where a dying fire still glowed comfortably red. Across her knees, on a sewing-board, was a large sheet of paper brushed lightly over with color; in her hands were brushes and a cloth; beside her, on the flat arm of the chair, a glass of muddy water and a box of water-colors and mixing-trays.

"You may look—I don't care," replied Ernestine, in a listless voice.

"Child, it's Henry! Looks like him, too!" Mary held it to the light and considered it through narrowed eyes. There before her, indicated by flat masses of color, were the rather long face, the sensitive mouth, the snub nose with freckles across the bridge, the pleasant eyes behind spectacles, the straight brown hair, parted in the middle but straggling down across the broad forehead.

"There's no doubt you've got a gift, Ernestine," she remarked dryly. "I'd have to draw it in black and white first, and then put in the color."

"Oh, I don't do that! I just paint."

"Yes, I know." Mary handed it back, and leaned against the mantel. "I've got something to tell you. Mr. Snow was in, you know, talking to father. Well, father has just told me. It's pretty exciting." Ernestine's wistful, rather far-away eyes rested on her. "Why don't you ask me what it is, child? Well, I'll tell you. Henry went to a revival meeting this afternoon and got converted. And now he's resigned from the opera. He thinks it's wicked—won't go to a single rehearsal."

"Not—not even to-morrow night, Mary?"

"Not even to-morrow night. Oh, you don't know! They've all argued and argued with him—Mr. Spalding and Ban Widdicombe, and even Mr. Snow himself. They're all frightfully afraid that Mr. MacLouden— It's making Mr. Snow so much trouble—you've no idea!"

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Dept. 75, Detroit, Mich.

Slowly, Ernestine's tense little body relaxed. Her head drooped until it found a resting-place on a small hand. A flush spread over the delicate, oval face. And tears crowded slowly out of the lowered eyes. Mary found herself puzzled and uncomfortable.

"I told you Henry was perfectly crazy—and conceited. He never thinks of anybody but himself." Mary's excitement had run higher than she had realized. She was not given to unkind speech. After a moment, she added, "Now don't you go and blame yourself, Ernestine!"

The golden head moved slowly from side to side. The tears were dropping.

"I've hurt him," she said softly.

"You'd better go to bed and get some sleep, child." And aware that she was fumbling at the situation, with another casual remark or two, Mary said good-night and went to her own room and to bed. Sleep was never a problem to Mary.

She was awakened, hours later, it seemed, by mysterious sounds in a dark, still house. She lay motionless, holding her breath. There it was—a creaking, a faint step, then the soft closing of a door—the front door!

Sunbury, as a wealthy suburb of a great chaotic, money-making city, was no stranger to burglars.

Mary thought of screaming. Then she thought of slipping swiftly to her father's room, and got up, of this mind. She even got across the room, without a light, and softly—oh, so softly—opened her door an inch. She would have to cross the hall right at the head of the stairs.

There was another creaking—much nearer. There was a light, slow step on the stair. Before her mind responded to the suggestion, something dimly familiar in the touch and rhythm of that light step caused her nerves to relax and her breathing to start slowly up again.

She opened her door and stepped out to the head of the stairs. A little light came in from an old moon through the large east window at the end of the hall. Before her, on the top step, hatless, her hair in a braid, but fully dressed in her street suit, stood Ernestine.

"Child—you frightened me—this is dreadful! I think you'd better tell me where you have been."

"Only to the post-office."

"But—but—it's all hours!"

"It's half-past one. I had to catch the first delivery in the morning."

Their whispering sounded eerily in the still house. Mary caught Ernestine's shoulders.

"Do you realize, Ernestine? Even if you were in love with him, if you were older—"

"Mary, don't! I'm not—not in love with him—"

"But I don't understand you. There's that man in New York—those brown envelops—"

"But that's different. He's older. He isn't a boy—like Henry. You—you don't understand!"

She looked very little and tired and helpless. Mary, in a quandary, let her go, and stood there, helpless herself, while the girl moved on down the hall and disappeared, leaving a faint echo in Mary's ears of that half-despairing, whispered phrase that had, somehow, seemed like a loud cry—"You don't understand!"

At a quarter past eight on Monday morning, a buggy drawn by a chestnut horse with silver-mounted harness turned into Douglass Street and pulled up before Mrs. Wilcox's boarding-house. The driver, a stiff-sitting Irishman in livery, smartly correct in every detail except the bushy, tobacco-tinged mustache, was Mr. Snow's Patrick. The strongly built man who alighted, a man with quietly keen eyes and a firm mouth with a cigar clamped in the corner of it, was Mr. Snow himself. He waited on the porch while Mrs. Wilcox, in something of a flutter, called up the two flights of stairs:

"Hen-ry! Henry Calver-ly! Come down, please!"

Down the two flights ran a slimly attractive youth, coatless, in soft shirt, flannel trousers, and tennis-shoes.

Mr. Snow studied impassively the boyish face, but read no encouragement there.

"Well, Henry, how are you feeling about it this morning? See things any differently?"

Henry slowly shook his head.

"I'm awfully sorry to make all this trouble—"

Mr. Snow shifted his cigar to the other corner of his mouth.

"All right," he observed briefly. "A fellow has to act the way he sees things." With which, he turned, descended the steps, and walked deliberately back to the waiting buggy. The postman, a Swede, passed him at the foot of the steps.

"Got a letter here for you, Henry," that person remarked, and grinned.

Henry took the letter—it was a large envelop—and held it out before his eyes in a hand that suddenly shook. In the upper left-hand corner was a gay little butterfly in water-colors. At the moment, all at once, the sight of it had brought to light feelings, confused yearnings, misty dreams of a vaguely perfect happiness that he had supposed shut away forever. The letter was like a key that suddenly opened a door. He had to turn away to hide his working face.

The most difficult thing about this extremely complicated moment was that, in his swift, quite overwhelming uprush of purely human emotion, he found himself, for the first time since the Willoughby Fay meeting, perceiving other points of view than his own. He looked up the street, where Mr. Snow's buggy was already rolling away, all in an instant considering the serious trouble he was putting that man to, along with all the others of the committee. After all, his own mother had thought him extreme. "I'm very proud and glad," she had said, smiling through tears, when he told her of his conversion, "but don't you think you ought to consider your obligations to those people, Henry?" His reply had been that he had a fight to make and he couldn't compromise.

It occurred to him now that it would be dreadful to backslide within twenty-four hours. It would make him ridiculous. Nobody would respect him.

He tore open the envelop. Within was a picture of himself—a wonderful portrait, he thought. Then there was a note, folded into a bow knot. With trembling fingers he untied it. It read:

I treated you dreadfully last night. Probably you won't want to see me now, but I'm going to walk along the lake shore to-morrow morning about ten.

The signature was another butterfly. All Henry's emotion—a world of it—seemed to be in his throat. He tried to swallow it down.

He looked off along down the street. The buggy was just turning the corner into Simpson Street, nearly two blocks down, on its way, Henry knew, to the eight-twenty-nine train.

Suddenly, acting on an impulse of which his conscious—his self-conscious—mind hardly had time to be aware, he vaulted the porch railing and ran after the buggy. Henry could do a hundred yards in eleven seconds flat on a track. Hatless and coatless as he was, in tennis-shoes, with a clear dirt road underfoot, he hit up a pace very little slower. When he made the turn into Simpson Street, the buggy was only a block ahead. He caught up with it just in front of Donovan's drug store. Of the scores of curious eyes that followed his progress, he was unaware. An instinct stronger than any conscious thought his mind was equipped to compass, stronger, even, than the emotional play behind his thoughts that confused him and sometimes, as of late, tortured him, was guiding him now.

Patrick, with an exclamation, pulled up short. Henry, clasping some papers in his dripping hand, leaned on the wheel and waited for breath. Mr. Snow's cigar moved to the other corner of his mouth; his eyelids moved once, down and up.

"Sorry—I—" Henry was panting like a spent dog—"I've been thinking—it over—I believe—I was wrong. I—I'll—" "You'll see it through?" Mr. Snow finished it for him.

Henry nodded. "All right. Glad you see it that way. We must get along now."

Henry trotted slowly back. In his present state, it was easier to keep on running than to walk. In his heart there was now a warmly radiant if something shamefaced glow.

Patrick, a privileged person, remarked to his employer,

"That's a queer kid, sir."

"He'll succeed," replied Mr. Snow crisply, "but not in business."

Henry climbed heavily to his room under the eaves and locked himself in. He spread picture and note on his bureau and stood for a long time studying them. That shamefaced little glow in his heart spread and spread until it warmed his whole being.

He drew his watch from its pocket under his belt. There was Ernestine's fairy face away down over the VI. Slowly, thoughtfully, he turned the crystal. The picture came around and up—up—up, almost over the XII. One ear and a bit of fluffy hair were actually over it.

He held the watch out, considering it. His face grew thoughtful. Finally, he moved the face back a little way, just over the XI, and left it there.

He stayed there, locked in his room, until nearly nine o'clock. The thought of seeing people, of trying to talk, was repellent.

Then, at nine, he put on his red-and-black blazer and the little skull-cap that matched it, and set forth for the lake shore.

It was just as well to be early.

The Counter-irritant, the next episode of *The Loves of Henry the Ninth*, will appear in *May Cosmopolitan*.

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Sam's Beau

(Continued from page 64)

"We'll show you when the time comes."

Sam closed his eyes honorably, and, as he began to count, was aware of a giggle and a flurry of skirts—then silence. When he had counted five hundred, he opened his eyes and beheld his hostess and her maiden guest at an open window up-stairs. They were seated, regaling themselves with cake and milk; they were rosy with merriment.

"Oh, no"—Mabel addressed herself to Jennie—"I'd never think o' givin' any refreshments to some ole crow!"

"Ole crows wouldn't eat nice fresh cake and milk, anyhow!" added Miss Miles.

Sam rubbed his head and called to them: "Well, what's the rest of the game?"

You said—"Wait," said Jennie. "We'll show you when we come down."

After finishing the light collation—they were deliberate about it—they disappeared from the window, but delayed so long before coming out to the yard that Sam began to fear something prevented them and that he might not see Mabel again until the next day at the dancing class. But finally they came, each wearing a grave expression and each keeping her hands behind her.

"Now," said Jennie, "we'll go on with the game. You haf to be blindfolded now, Sam."

"What for?"
"Cause it's part of the game," said Jennie. "It's a game Mabel made up, and she wants you to be blindfolded. Don't you, Mabel?"

"Yes."
"Well, all right," said Sam. "I don't care."

Jennie forthwith displayed what she had been carrying behind her—nothing more disquieting than a large white handkerchief—but Mabel did not exhibit her own burden.

"Now we'll show you what's goin' to happen next," said Jennie, as she bound the handkerchief tightly about Sam's head.

Something was rubbed lightly down his cheek, and a faint odor came to his nose—an odor that was familiar and not unpleasant; but he could not identify it.

"What is that?" he asked uneasily.

"It's only part o' the game," Jennie answered, in a strangled voice. "Go on, Mabel!"

"We call this game, 'Strokin' the good ole pony,'" said Mabel softly. "You're the pony, and I'm strokin' you."

And the light substance which had passed down one of his cheeks now passed down the other. It was then applied to his chin, and subsequently to every part of his face except his eyes.

"Stand still!" Mabel commanded, as he moved nervously. "I'm just finishin' your ears."

"Oh, qh, oh!" Jennie Miles shrieked suddenly. Her voice grew fainter, so that Sam was able to make out that she had rushed away from his vicinity. Then he could hear her sputtering and gurgling in the distance.

And then, as a masculine acquaintance of Sam's happened to pass that way, other sputterings and gurglings joined Jennie's. The light substance ceased to rub Sam's ears; he heard footfalls hastily departing,

and felt that he stood alone. Afar, he heard uproarious rejoicings.

"Oh, look at the big nigger!" bellowed a boy's voice.

Sam tugged at the handkerchief, jerked it from his eyes—and beheld, across the yard, his hostess and Miss Miles and the new arrival contorting themselves grotesquely in extremities of joy. The new arrival was Penrod Schofield.

Sam gazed at them blankly, comprehending nothing. Then he rubbed his face with his fingers—and looked at his fingers.

Burnt cork!
"Oh, look at the big nigger!" shouted Penrod.

"Well—" said Sam vaguely.
"Nigger!" squealed Miss Miles tauntingly.

"Nigger!" echoed the heartless Mabel. (Her mother was not at home that afternoon, and, for the time, both Jennie and her hostess were in a high stage of emancipation.)

"Well," honest Sam began, "what do I do now? I mean, if the game—"

"Game's over!" Mabel shouted. "Nigger! Ole crow!"

"Pulls cats' tails!" cried Jennie.

"He pulled Carrie's!" added Mabel.

"Ole nigger sneezy crow!"

Epithet is sometimes strangely infectious. Penrod was without any feeling whatever against Sam, but he could not resist the mob spirit that now ruled the afternoon. He caught it.

"Nigger!" he yelled; and he began to caper derisively in a circle round Sam.

"Hi, Mister Big Nigger!" he shouted.

"Ole sneezy crow nigger! Ole Sammy Williams isn't anything but a big ole sneezy crow nigger!"

Sam began to feel offended. Penrod was outrageous—and had never worn a blue-velvet dress with silver buttons.

"You shut up, you ole Penrod Schofield you!" said Sam crossly.

"Nigger!" shouted Penrod, insanely circling. "Nigger! Sneaked off to play with girls! Caught ole Sammy playin' with girls! Nigger!"

"I am not!" Sam insisted hotly. "If I'm a nigger, you're one, too, because I'm the same color you are!"

"Nigger! Got caught playin' with girls!"

Sam doubled his fist.

"You better quit!" he said.

"Nigger! Got caught pl—"

"Oof!"

Sam's fist dusted Penrod's jacket in front. The next instant, Penrod returned this favor; the two boys embraced, plunged to earth full-length, rose, and flailed.

Fragments of language came from them.

"Got 'ny sense?" "Playin' with gir—"

"Ole durn fool!" "Big Mister Nig—"

"I'll show you!"

They clenched again, went down again, rose again, flailed again; then they went to earth for the third time, and now Penrod managed to secure himself firmly on top.

The emancipated ones jumped up and down, uttering valkyrie cries.

"That's right, Penrod!" Mabel shouted loudly. "Pound him, Penrod! Pound him!" But Penrod rose, and began to dust his clothes.

"We weren't fightin'," he explained, with condescension.

Sam got up ruefully.

"I guess I better go round to the pump and get washed up," he said.

"I should think you better!" was the spiteful comment of the strange lady of his heart.

Sam trudged off to the back yard without more ado. There, at a cistern-pump, he washed himself copiously and with energy, though not very effectively. Then he looked about for something to dry him, and his eye fell upon bath-towels on a clothes-line. He approached them.

"Don't you dare!" cried a shrill young voice. "Mister Sam Williams, don't you dare to touch those towels!" Sam halted, and Mabel came forth from behind an angle of the kitchen wall. "I just thought you'd be up to something like that!" she said. "I was watchin' you. You let those towels alone! You want to ruin 'em?"

"Well, what am I goin' to dry on?" he asked plaintively.

"How should I know? You can go wet—all I care!"

Sam looked puzzled, for a moment; then he pulled several handfuls of dried leaves from a bush and rubbed his dampness therewith.

"There!" he said presently. "I guess I'm all right now. I look all right now, don't I, Mabel?"

She regarded him with incredulity. "Well!" she said, marveling. "Well! If you cert'nly aren't the awfulest-lookin' thing I ever saw!"

Sam stared at her, and she stared at Sam. The warmth rose in his upper chest. He adored her.

"Mabel," he said, "you're my beau."

Mabel cast her eyes upon the ground, and, as she did so, a sudden shyness possessed Sam. He turned, and walked rapidly away. An instant later, he broke into a run, for Mabel had found what she was looking for upon the ground, and a hotly hurled clothes-pin came in sharp contact with the back of his neck.

Another fluttered rapidly by his head. Another touched his ear.

Others followed.

A shower of clothes-pins whizzed about him.

Penrod was waiting for him in the front yard; Miss Miles had disappeared.

"What you runnin' for?" Penrod inquired.

"Oh, nothin'," Sam panted. He was a little embarrassed, but recovered his equanimity as they walked up the street together. He became thoughtful.

Penrod likewise was thoughtful.

"My!" he said presently. "My, but Mabel's got a red place on the end of her nose!"

"She has not!" Sam exclaimed instantly. Penrod was surprised.

"Why'n't you think so?" he asked.

"Cause she's my beau!" Sam answered.

"I bet she isn't!"

"She is, too!"

"Since when?"

"I told her to-day," Sam said decisively.

"Oh!" said Penrod.

And both of them appeared to consider the affair absolutely and finally settled.

The next Penrod story will be Penrod Jashber.



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Egeria Unveiled

(Continued from page 28)

"Ah, my dear man," replied Mrs. Day, with another sigh and smile, "there it is—your 'splendidly' is quite *déplacé*! Jacqueline is not in the slightest degree 'frank.'"

"Not—" His stare at least was frank, and had in it consternation.

"Don't let me alarm you," she soothed. "She is not frank, but she isn't at all underhanded. She is, though—how shall I express it?—the most crafty creature when it comes to hiding her own deepest feelings and motives."

"Do you mean—" Cleyden had turned pale. He couldn't bring out the full question, but Mrs. Day quite understood.

"Of course I don't!" she said, with indignation. "Do you think I should be sitting here talking to you if I thought she didn't care for you? Rather"—she had a high irony, now a little biting—"do you think you would be sitting here? Why," she ended, with a softer tone, "the child has adored you since she used to sleep with your poems under her pillow! She was only twelve then."

"Ah—my poems, the darling!" murmured Cleyden, rather confused. The poems in question had all been written to "Egeria."

"You see," Mrs. Day pursued, "there's so much of the Greek in Jacqueline. Not the marble Greek, but the *real*, living Greek. You didn't know, perhaps, that there was Greek blood in her ancestry?"

"I ought to have guessed it certainly," said Cleyden. "She might be 'Theocritus's maiden with the married brows.' But I thought that was just her wonderful Americanism, which produces every type under the sun."

"No; she is Greek—a pure reversion. My great-grandmother—"

"Yours!" Cleyden exclaimed tactlessly.

"Yes; I'm not very Greek, am I?" Mrs. Day returned, with an amused glint in the eyes that Cleyden had thought dull.

"You see, I passed it all on to Jacqueline. This grandmother was named Aglaia Crysoloras—"

"What a beautiful name!" he interrupted again. "It would suit Jacqueline perfectly. How could you help naming her Aglaia?"

"Wouldn't that have been a little obvious—a little like labeling her?" smiled the lady he had thought unperceptive. "She had those eyebrows, you know, when she was born."

"I see," he smiled, in return. "Quite right. But I beg your pardon for interrupting. You were saying—"

"Oh, nothing much—only that I've a miniature of her, and Jacqueline is her image. The Greeks, you know, are not famed for frankness."

"But what, my dearest lady," he asked with a comical air of willing helplessness, "can I do about it?"

Mrs. Day leaned forward, and pressed down a cool, firm little hand on his with each of her words.

"You can never take her for granted," is what she said.

thing which, according to his mother-in-law's inference, he might "take for granted," was just the one thing that he could not. That she was fond of him to a certain extent—and in certain moods—he was reasonably sure, but whether this fondness was sufficient to account for her having married him, he could not by any means make out. On that point, however, he recalled that she had certainly been frank with him. She had stated in clear, round words that she was not in love with him, but with what she was pleased to call his "genius." Still, Cleyden had to admit to himself, also with rueful frankness, that he had been fatuous enough to think he ran no great risk of failing to win also her affection for himself as a mere man.

He had been startled—it may be imagined how agreeably startled—to find her a rarely brilliant, gifted creature. That these gifts had a way of scattering in wild sparkles, now here, now there, first one, then another, like a bunch of Roman candles erratically set off, did not take from the fact of their genuineness.

Her gift for music was remarkable, and here she had even condescended to concentrate, for he found that her knowledge of its technicalities was considerable, and once or twice she had played him curious, wild "bits" that fascinated him, and that he had coaxed her into confessing were her own compositions. Then, one day, he had found, in her handwriting, a poem that quite took his breath away. He went to her with it, and her answer was to take it from him, not ungrudgingly but with a cold look, and tear it slowly into bits.

"My dear girl," he expostulated, "why on earth are you tearing that lovely thing?"

"Because I was thinking aloud when I wrote it," she said quietly, "and I don't like my thoughts overheard."

Cleyden had winced, but he had too much pride to say anything further.

She was far from being always like this, however. Some of the most charming hours he had ever spent were those where she was off her guard, as it were, and gave him lavishly, rather pell-mell, it is true, the thoughts that rose in her mind. He found that her critical faculty was of the finest and truest. It was a delight to read his unfinished work to her and listen to her running commentary, so just, so spontaneous.

But, for each occasion that she gave herself a little more freely, she drew, afterward, a little further back. There was something very Diana-like about her, as if she must instinctively chastise the unfortunate who had won too much her favor. She had become for him an obsessing riddle through her lack of love, just as another woman had once been, because of her love's withheld abundance.

Mrs. Warren's name had not been mentioned again between them, neither during their engagement nor since their marriage, and after his break with his Egeria, he had allowed six months to elapse before undertaking his strange wooing of the girl, if, indeed, it could, by any stretch of fancy, be called a "wooing."

He had reminded her of the proposition which she had said so quaintly would "stand," and explained that it was not for revenge he was asking her to ratify

IV

WHEN he had been married to Jacqueline a year, however, he found that the one

it, but because, though he felt himself a selfish beast, being nearly twice her age, he was exceedingly fond of her, and thought—if she didn't care more for some one else—that he could make her happy, and would assuredly be very happy himself in that occupation.

"You see, it's like this," Jacqueline had replied, with the somewhat boyish air that didn't go at all badly with her look of a girl Artemis: "I'm not a bit romantic or sentimental. I admire you more than anyone I know. Yes, really—and I'm quite sure it isn't in me to be more in love with anyone than I am with you; for I'm very fond of you, too, you know."

Their wedding had taken place in May, and the following autumn they had gone for some months to India. Now they had settled down for the winter, if Jacqueline could ever be described as "settling down," in Cleyden's delightful studio-apartment overlooking Park Avenue.

Jacqueline would not hear of his taking a house. She would feel, she declared, like a terrapin, with its domicile attached to its back, in a New York house which she, perforce, would have to "manage." Besides, society, except in impromptu glimpses now and then, rather bored her, and to "entertain" she felt would drive them both to distraction. She was always busy, she declared, in one way or another, and to live in a flat gave her a delightful sense of detachment.

It was really remarkable, what a full, charming companionship there sprang up between the man of nearly forty and the girl not quite twenty-three. As they had found that they enjoyed immensely traveling together, now it was pleasantly revealed to them that they enjoyed equally a number of other things. Both were fond of the theater, and it was one night, at a new play, that the crucial moment occurred.

Cleyden, having taken Jacqueline's opera-bag and fan in order to allow her to squeeze more easily past the array of cloth and silken knees with which their orchestra row almost painfully bristled, found, on wedging his own way after her, that she was seated next to a lady in mauve *crêpe*, a lady with delicate, misty hair and a wan but lovely profile—in a word, a lady who was no other than Egeria.

Cleyden had one horrid moment of suspense, and then he saw that both Mrs. Warren and Jacqueline were doing the incredibly perfect thing. With pleasant smiles, they had each taken the other's hand, and Mrs. Warren was pressing aside her chinchilla furs to make more room for Jacqueline's humbler moleskins.

"My dear child," she was saying as she did so, "how radiant you look! No need for me to even wish you happiness. It's so evidently yours already. But I am glad to be able to do so *viva voce* at last. We've been in England for nearly a year, you know. Our steamer got in only last night—" Here she broke off, to extend a slim hand in its pearl glove to Cleyden.

"Ah," she murmured, with her slight, elusive smile, looking quietly at him, "you've really succeeded in 'painting the lily' to her advantage. I never thought Jacqueline could look like this, lovely as she was before." Her eyes sank again to the girl's face. "*Mais c'est merveilleux*," she murmured, lapsing into French in the way he remembered, and which was not



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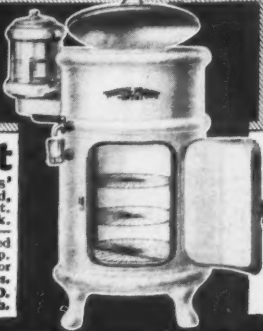
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an affectation, for she had been born in France and lived there till she was twenty. "On dirait Diane dans l'aube de Latmos."

A queer mixture of thoughts were struggling in Cleiden's mind as he listened—surprise at something that struck him as verging on coarseness in these soft words, as if the subtle texture of her mind, like a silken scarf blowing suddenly too free, had become tangled with burrs—and ironic reminiscence of the legend of Egeria, brought by her allusion to Diana. The legend said that Egeria had disturbed the worship of Diana, but was it not, in this instance, Diana who had disturbed the worship of Egeria?

He murmured some evasive banality in return, and made a few conventional inquiries, then subsided into silence with a program, leaving the two women to keep up their unique conversation alone. But he listened—how he listened! It was the oddest emotion, this sense of responsibility that he felt for both.

"I wrote to thank you for your beautiful present," Jacqueline was saying, "but I'm rather stupid at letter-writing—and I'm sure I didn't half express how exquisite I thought it."

"What a dear you are to tell me again!" returned Mrs. Warren. "And it's particularly delightful for me, because, you see, I designed it myself."

"I thought you must have designed it," said Jacqueline. "It was so original and so well, so what only a woman could have thought of—if you know what I mean."

Cleiden saw, without looking, the exact shade of the smile with which Mrs. Warren answered:

"Yes; I quite know what you mean. I felt that only a woman could appreciate what I tried to convey by it."

His distress had acutely increased, for the present of which they were speaking had been Egeria's wedding-gift to Jacqueline, and was a cup of crystal, exquisitely mounted in chased gold, and which Mrs. Warren's accompanying note had stated to be meant for a table-ornament, "pour les repas à deux."

It was the one sign she had given him of her silent bitterness—this actual image of "the crystal cup so wonderfully full to the very brim" that, in the past, they had "gone wonderfully" for fear of breaking it or spilling one drop of its mystic contents.

I have said that he and Jacqueline had never again mentioned Mrs. Warren's name, but on the day that this gift had been received, the girl had exclaimed, with some feeling:

"It's really beautiful! I must say I think it's awfully decent of her."

He had drawn a long breath then—quite the longest of his whole existence. That volume of poems, which, Jacqueline's mother had told him she used to place under her pillow, had contained this poem of "The Crystal Cup," bore, in fact, that title. So that when Jacqueline so clearly overlooked the significance of its appearance in concrete form as a wedding-present to her, his relief was enormous.

He wondered now, with resentful surprise, how Mrs. Warren could so dangerously, even wantonly, play with its hidden meaning before the girl, whose serene voice showed, more than ever, her entire unconsciousness of there being a hidden meaning.

His astonishment at her next words,

however, quite drowned any other sensation, for she had been so pleased with the crystal cup that it was usually placed on her writing-table, full of violets, and the mishap, which she now recounted, she had not mentioned to him. Indeed, he had a distinct recollection of having seen the cup intact only that morning.

"It's all the more tragic," came her voice, with a pretty note of melancholy, "what I've got to confess to you, because of course you'd find out for yourself when you come to see me, as I do hope you will, even if I didn't tell you—" She paused while Mrs. Warren interpolated warmly: "You dear child! Of course I'll come to see you. It's what I've been looking forward to"—then continued, with still more sadness: "You know how such things happen—all at once, without any warning. I took it in my hands; it was so wonderful I wanted to see it closer, and"—her voice was remorsefully dejected—"I broke it—in putting it back in its right place—I broke it."

"Ah," Mrs. Warren sighed, "that's a pity, because the man who made it for me is dead, and I don't know another who could reproduce it."

"Oh, please don't say such things!" cried Jacqueline, in mortified distress. "You'll make me feel as if you thought I'd been hinting, when I only wanted to be quite honest with you!"

"My dear girl, such an idea never entered my head!" protested the other. "But are you sure it's broken? Mayn't it be only cracked? In that case, you know, a golden band would mend it beautifully."

"No; it's broken—quite in two," sighed Jacqueline. "It can never hold anything again. I thought," she added, in a more cheerful tone, "that I'd have it replaced by a gold cup—something that couldn't break, you know?" Her inflection asked for the giver's opinion as to this.

"But," demurred Mrs. Warren, "wouldn't that look rather like a trophy—a cup won in a race—that sort of thing?"

"Yes; perhaps it would," Jacqueline admitted. "After all, it's lovely just as it is—the gold mounting, I mean. It's, in a way, complete in itself."

"You liked my idea of the dove resting on the serpent's head?"

"Oh, yes!" Her voice had a girlish enthusiasm. "Harmlessness and wisdom together. I took that in at once. It was a wonderful message to send a beginner."

"A beginner?"

"A beginner in love," explained Jacqueline rather shyly. "A 'bride'—to use the sugary, newspaper term. Every time I look at it, it seems telling me that I must be—what it's so hard to be—wise as a serpent and yet harmless as a dove."

"Ah," cried Mrs. Warren softly, "I knew that you'd understand! You don't know," she added, with feeling, "how much real pleasure you've given me."

The curtain rose on the first act just here, and Cleiden, his eyes on the players, who might have been enacting a pantomime for all that he heard of what they were saying, mused with a sort of stupefaction on a side of Jacqueline's character that had never before even hinted itself to him. She had not only "gushed" for the first time in his experience, but, of all people, to the woman she had once declared that she loathed.

He worked it out finally, however, just as the curtain, a "slow" one, descended

on the heroine clasped shuddering in the arms of the "wrong man," who had returned (Cleyden vaguely gathered) from the dead, and his conclusion was that Jacqueline's pride had led her into displaying such exaggerated cordiality. She wished in one fell swoop, as it were, to bear off any doubts that either he or his former Egeria might have concerning her perfect fearlessness as to their renewed acquaintance. But he wished with intensity that she had not asked Mrs. Warren to call on her.

V

HOWEVER, as he told himself later, he might have trusted to the elder woman's exquisite discretion, even while doubting Jacqueline's inexperience. The chance meeting at the play, which had developed such warm interchange of mutual appreciation between the two, did not grow into anything more striking than an intermittent exchange of visits.

But, though Cleyden chanced to be present on only two of these occasions, he couldn't rid himself for days after of the odd mental uneasiness roused in him by seeing in the rooms, so eloquent now of Jacqueline, the mauve draperies of Egeria. And strive as he might against it, there rose in him at the sight of the pale, lustrous face, a feeling of nostalgia as for a lovely land that one has only seen from a passing ship, yet where, in dreams, one has builded the home of one's heart. It was in no wise the feeling that he had once had, but it served to make what he felt for Jacqueline almost as unreal—like a mirage in the desert of Might-have-been. He had not been able to rest content with a purely spiritual intercourse; now, in the more terrestrial communion that he had devised for himself, there was the same sense of frustration, of unfulfilment. Jacqueline was his and was not his, loved him and did not love him. He had an uneasy foreboding that Mrs. Warren might absorb this impression from the very atmosphere in which he and Jacqueline lived, as if the very objects surrounding them must be impregnated with it and give forth their secret to her subtle sense.

It was at this time that his new volume of poems was published. He had dedicated it to Jacqueline, and its contents were full of that elation known only to the being who has been long in bondage and is but just escaped. A vigorous man, well balanced in his triune nature—mental, spiritual, and physical—whom some strange obsession has kept for years wandering among shades on one of the queer planes called "astral," might, after a sudden plunge backward into the joyous glare of common day, write as Cleyden wrote in this volume, which he called "Rhea Victrix."

It was instantly acclaimed by the critics who "mattered," and the often carping yet weighty authority, Grenling Wixton, declared, with the pompous solemnity born of his high estate, that "in this small volume Mr. Stuart Cleyden has done a great thing. He has bridged, in one stride, the abyss dividing the nebulous and somewhat jaded romanticism of his two previous books, from the clear effulgence of a poet's high delight in the actual world, as it lies in 'widest commonality spread' about him. He has,

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in plain words, 'come down from the clouds' of that no man's heaven—the forced sentimentality of a man nearing middle age—and in these lyrics has recorded, with a noble sincerity of exultation, the ecstasy of his return to earth—an ecstasy such as stirred Emily Brontë when she dreamed the angels had cast her back again upon her beloved moor."

I record Mr. Wraxton's review at some length, for that austere critic was to play an unconscious but weighty part in the destiny of the man whose latest poems he so unstintingly approved.

April had come, and with it an immense relief to Cleyden, for the Warrens left for their country place on the Hudson with its first mildness. Then one afternoon, just as he was realizing the full measure of his deliverance from what was surely an impossible and false position, Jacqueline approached him with an open letter in her hand. She handed it to him, saying:

"I think we'll have to go. It will seem so odd if we don't—as if we were afraid, you know. She's spoken so often to me about having this organ put in, and my trying it for her."

Cleyden was looking down at the sheet of mauve note-paper, and trying to keep his face expressionless. Strangely enough, this bit of paper shook him as even her presence hadn't done. He had never till then read words traced upon such paper that were not for him and only for him.

The conclusion of *Egeria Unveiled* will appear in *May Cosmopolitan*.

The Raging Canal

(Continued from page 42)

whose sewing-machines sit in the doorways of their houses; and shops where are sold goods from India, Japan, and China, but not from Panama, which appears to make only canals. Indeed, Colon is a fascinating place.

One is very proud of the United States government in Panama. I do not always accord my government my approval, so it will doubtless be pleased that the Canal Zone satisfied me.

There is an atmosphere of efficiency, of order and discipline and alertness that impresses the visitor to this strange bit of territory we have acquired. Everything seems done on time and in time. The handling of masses of men, the very step of our soldiers as they march along, the clean white uniforms of the officers and their brisk step—I was very proud of them all.

They carry it a trifle far, however, this military exactness. I was on a train that ran over a government mule, and, happening to be on the back platform, I could see how exactly he had been trimmed—head and tail off neatly, so that he precisely fitted between the rails. It was the neatest piece of killing in my experience.

Colon is the Atlantic end of the Canal and the birthplace of Lorita. No; Lorita is not a girl. "Lorita" is the generic name for parrots in Spanish, and has a feminine sound. But our Lorita is not feminine in any noticeably soft and gentle fashion. The fact is that until a parrot has laid an egg, the only safe course is to refer to the bird as "it." Pending that interesting event, parrots must remain as ambiguous as a Scotch-kilted regiment to the peasants of France.

He said at last, rather coldly, returning the note to Jacqueline,

"How do you mean—'afraid'?"

"Why," she replied, with a smile that had a kind of indulgence, "afraid that she might see—at such close quarters, you know—that our marriage wasn't exactly a frenzied love-affair."

"Tu mets les pointes sur les 'i' ma chère, avec une nonchalance!" he exclaimed, answering her smile, which still continued to play gently over him, by the shortest of laughs. Jacqueline laughed, too.

"But isn't that what you don't want to run the risk of her finding out?"

Cleyden, who was pale now, said slowly, "There are other reasons which might have occurred to you, I think."

"Oh, lots of reasons have occurred to me!" she admitted gaily. "Only, this seemed the most important, somehow. I should hate her to think," she added, with more seriousness, "that we were afraid of her in any way. It isn't to be a party, you know—just us. And I've an idea that she'll ask us again if we refuse this time. Don't you think we'd better get it over?"

"I leave it to you," said Cleyden, without realizing how much his tone implied; "the consequences be on your own head."

The immediate consequence of his resigning the tiller wholly to her was that she wrote and accepted Mrs. Warren's invitation that evening.

We have solved our difficulty without the egg, however. When absent from Lorita, and feeling the fondness engendered by absence, we say "she." When near the bird, and recognizing its iron jaw, cold and calculating eye, and invincible determination to have its own way, we say "he" or, occasionally, "Captain Flint." When we find the flowers torn from their stems in the sun-parlor, and Lorita shamefully attacking the gardener from the rear, we say "it" with a prefix. It was here, then, that Lorita of the yellow head and the loud negro laugh attached herself to me—by the beak—and has remained frequently attached since.

Up to this time, the voyage had been uneventful. Now it took on a new note. It became an adventure. I am not, despite persistent rumors to the contrary, an elderly spinster, and parrots do not come natural to me. They are an acquired taste, like certain sorts of cheese. And Lorita was not a gentle soul. She had—has still, indeed—a way of using her beak like a pair of wire-cutters and escaping from her cage—she is in cage number four now—and crawling pleadingly up to my shoulder, making small and friendly noises until she could perch on my shoulder, and, just as I called the attention of those about to her evident affection for me, removing neatly the lobe of my ear.

She was given to me in Colon. Also a spotted ocelot, a small leopard, which they tried to tell me belonged merely to the wildcat family. I did not accept it. It was a very handsome animal, and the gentleman who offered it assured me it

was quite tame. We went to the doorway of a saloon to look at it, and the gentleman in question said it would make a fine appearance on the seat of my automobile. But, at that moment, it bolted out through the swinging doors on the end of a chain, threw a somersault, showed its teeth, and evinced every symptom of not belonging on the seat of an automobile. So I left it there and went away, hoping the chain was strong.

However, I had Lorita. She was even then sitting on the seat of the carriage, tied by a hemp string and blackguarding the coachman in Spanish. And, because the wildcat had excited me, I went next into a shop on the water-front and asked rather breathlessly if they had a cage for a parrot.

By the end of two days of Lorita, I was wearing gloves. And even the heavy ones she could go through with the ease and somewhat the sound of a conductor punching a ticket. She is at home now, and I have developed an attachment for her. I love her for her uncertainty. As I write, she is in exile in a dark room for beating up the Airedale. As there is a cloth over the cage, she is squatted on the bottom, peering out of an uncovered place and begging recognition. When no one listens, she weeps. She cries like a negro child. I have seen her take a piece the size of a chestnut out of the butler, and then sob with sorrow in a corner while I hunted a folded newspaper to spank her with.

However, we were in Colon.

The harbor was not very busy when we were there. The canal was closed because of the great slide. There were some German vessels interned, dark-hulled and dreary-looking ships, lifeless and rusting, their brasswork dull, their paint worn, their decks deserted. They were almost literally under the guns of Toro Point.

I wonder when we will hear the truth about the defenses of Panama. They are so excellent—what we have there—the best of their kind. The men in charge are so capable. The devices for harbor-protection, the modern American ingenuity in the machinery, the system and grim order of the batteries at Toro Point, which are the only ones I have seen, reflect credit on us in every way.

A London barrister, a K. C., once said to me, "What your government does, it does better than any other government in the world." He went on, of course, to say some things about the things we do not do. But they are not pertinent.

So what we have done in the way of fortifying the canal is excellent.

But Panama's isolation from its base of supplies, its unquestioned strategic value, its location in an alien country—all these mean that it requires not ordinary but extraordinary defense. And if we have learned anything from the European war, we have learned that the utmost is hardly enough. The Panama Canal, guarded at each end by battle-ships and a flotilla of submarines and other small craft, with a naval air-station capable of augmentation on short notice, with an adequate secret-service system, with an abundance of trained men to man the guns and protect the gates of the great locks, with coal and shells and supplies to stand a lengthy siege—even then, the Panama Canal would not be invulnerable. By its very mechanical perfection, it may lose out—so small



A man that loves
kiddies an' dogs an'
good tobacco may
not be a saint, but—
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him.

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an effort may bring such colossal calamity. But it has none of these things.

A book on the fortifications of Panama at my elbow says that the sixteen-inch guns will have seventy rounds of ammunition, and observes that this is enough for seventy rounds, or one shot every two minutes for two hours. But I am most awfully interested to know what these guns will do at the end of two hours. Because, so far as I can see, they will have to wait until more shells are shipped from the United States, and as we are presuming a siege by enemy ships, how is this ammunition to get in? I am sure I am all wrong about this and that the naval experts will laugh at my ingenuousness. But it does sound odd to me. The trouble is that the European war has set us all wrong. We have got to thinking of guns that fire a thousand rounds until they are almost buried in shell-cases, and that are then captured because they have run out of ammunition.

Of course, most of our defenses of the canal are arranged on the hypothesis that an enemy will wish to preserve the integrity of the canal for its own use in case of its capture. I dare say that the canal, even now, would not be easily captured by an enemy. But it can be destroyed.

There is a very vulnerable part of the Panama Canal. That is the great dam. Once destroy the dam by a few well-placed shots, and Gatun Lake will empty in a great rush through the Chagres to the sea. Yet the mouth of the Chagres, only something like five miles, air-line, from the dam, is not fortified, save by the ruins, buried in rank vegetation, of the pirate Morgan's old fort on the bluff above the river. There is no harbor beyond the mouth of the Chagres—nothing but the open Atlantic.

Do we or do we not own the mouth of the Chagres? A Canal Zone correspondent who should know informs me that we do. The reference department of my library says most emphatically that we do not. It seems hard to determine these small matters. If there is anyone who knows, I wish he would come forward to set my mind at rest. Because there is a clear waterway up the Chagres to the spillway, once past the entrance.

Of course, the guns at Toro Point control the mouth of the Chagres, as do the batteries on Margarita Island, I am told. But we have seen how the German fleet, presumably bottled up, got out of its bottle, passed the British fleet, bombarded Scarborough, England, and went back into its bottle as easily as a quart of milk.

I am a layman, and know nothing of such things. But this canal belongs to me, as well as to quite a lot of other people. We have put quite a lot of money into it. And it would be most humiliating to sit tight at each entrance to the canal, and some gray dawn to find an enemy fleet stealing up and knocking out the middle.

Because our forts at the canal are blind. In modern warfare, the air-service is the eyes of the battle. German Zeppelins are air-scouts primarily, the eyes of the fleet. They are raiders only secondarily. And we have no eyes at the Panama Canal—not a single eye. Not, at this writing, December 26, 1916, one aeroplane. We have no aeroplane-station. As to the fleet, we have, to be exact, five submarines at Cristobal, with the small cruiser Charleston acting as tender to them. That is all.

Also, of course, we have seventy rounds of ammunition or so for our guns, and a handful of soldiers, two thousand and seventy-six in 1914, including officers, something less than five thousand now. And after that, nothing.

And we are still sitting on the Monroe Doctrine. And we have not a friend among the nations of the world.

Think it over.

On a hot, muggy day last winter, I went in a launch along the coast, past the fortifications at Toro Point, and up the twisting Chagres until we sat almost at the foot of that great wall. And, as we traveled that narrow, twisting stream that winds through a jungle so impenetrable that one must cut a way through, foot by foot—up that deep and sluggish stream which offers a clear waterway for small vessels from the sea to the foot of the great spillway at Gatun—it set me thinking. It opens to the sea under the headland where Morgan's old fort still stands, a ruin. And long ago the entrance was closed to pirate ships by two lines of hidden rocks that overlap. They can still be seen at low tide. It was a strategic point even in those days, the Chagres.

The only thing to do seems to be to hope that the enemy will do as we expect it to—try to capture the canal for its own use. But we expect to prevent that, don't we? So, failing capture, I wouldn't be surprised if this hypothetical enemy would act in dog-in-the-manger fashion and destroy it. Enemies are often like that.

But it would be comforting to know that our four hundred million dollars was being properly protected, and that the mouth of the Chagres was being muzzled, so to speak, by a part of our fleet. The annual interest on four hundred millions is sixteen millions, at four per cent. It's quite a lot to risk in an unsafe bank.

After all, it is not military strategy but good sense to say that if Japan or Germany or Great Britain, or all three of them, fail to capture the canal, they are going to destroy it; and that, at present, one man in a six-thousand-dollar aeroplane would be able to rise from a clearing in the jungle near at hand or from the deck of a ship, with a stick of dynamite in his pocket and, since we have no anti-aircraft guns there, calmly and without excitement sow destruction below.

But why even the hostile aeroplane? We have aliens employed now in responsible positions on the canal, men who are not even American citizens. That seems odd. There are so many American citizens who need those positions, and would know how to hold them. There is surely no need for employing, in any capacity whatever, any man who does not owe allegiance to this country. Yet I am informed on unimpeachable authority that we are doing exactly that thing.

And the canal is so wonderful, so worth protecting. It has been built by blood and sweat. It is still costing untold effort as the slides keep up. It has cost so much resource and courage and ingenuity. And, do the best we can, it is vulnerable. It would be folly to deny it. It lies with five miles of our territory on each side, and beyond that, Panama.

And Panama is difficult. The period of readjustment following the new order of things finds the country unsettled and the inhabitants not unnaturally suspicious.

We have split their territory in two with a strip of alien land. We have brought in an alien people and alien ways.

And I, for one, am about to risk their dislike. For we should have more land in Panama. Five miles on each side of the canal is not enough for its protection. It should be ten, at least, and that is little enough to give us any sort of control over the streams that supply the canal.

I am sorry, too, knowing the feeling this may cause. For I should like to see these Latin-American countries lose their distrust of us. I should like Panama to feel that in the canal she has gained a hundred times more than she has lost. But we are big and these countries are small, many of them. We have not always been fair. We cannot entirely blame them if they look upon us with suspicion.

Colon is blessed with a wonderful hotel. It cost the government seven hundred thousand dollars, and it is worth it. It is white, arcaded, and cool. The supply department of the Panama Canal operates it, and the courteous service, modest rates, and fine equipment make one proud of Uncle Sam as a Boniface. It boasts a swimming-pool and an eternal breeze. It possesses a tame deer, an ocean promenade, luxurious baths to every room, and it is cursed with a laundry service that can take the most normal, sane, and home-keeping article of apparel and return it an outcast, a pariah, a lost and unspeakable thing. And for this degradation, the charge is enormous.

The tourist never learns the why of laundry work in the tropics. Here and there, with dogs and piccaninies gamboling over them, one sees the most retiring articles of apparel laid out on the ground in public places, like the town squares, to dry. On holidays, the entire negro population picnics on these washes, and then gathers them up before it goes home, and takes them along and puts them under the mattress overnight by way of ironing, and sends them back to the hotel with a charge of fourteen dollars in gold on them, and no extra charge for red bug. (Yes; the letter is an "r.")

To offset its laundry work the Hotel Washington, at Colon, has a swimming-pool. It is a nice warm, sunny one, and most delightful to bathe in. There is a grating at the sea-end to keep out sharks, which remain outside, noses wistfully pressed against the bars.

It was all as merry as a marriage-bell, until, one day, I saw a million fiddler-crabs dancing on the breakwater outside.

I do not know whether these crabs go into the pool or not. They are merry little things, and look as if they might enjoy a frolic. I never saw or felt one in that wonderful pool. But nothing but water strained through a mosquito-netting would have satisfied me after that.

The Hotel Washington was the brightest spot in our tropical experience. Dinner in its great, cool, arcaded room, looking over the sea, with officers in white and women in evening dress, with softly shaded candles and ice and the breeze that never fails—dinner was a delight.

Colon is a small place. Cristobal, of course, is the government residential part of the town. One can drive over the whole place in a half-hour, in an open carriage, behind a mule or an aged horse held up by



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ropes to eke out the harness. At the end, the colored driver, in a lovely English voice—most of them have come from Jamaica—says softly:

"A dollar and a half, sir. That will be all, sir."

And, for the sake of his accent, one pays it, although every now and then there has been a stop to tie up the harness or to pick up a piece of rubber tire that has dropped off. I have no idea why they stop to pick up the pieces of rubber tire—there can be nothing more useless—except to beat carpets with. And I don't believe the natives of that class have any carpets.

Panama hats are very cheap. They are bought in the rough, and, although of fine quality, are of the shape and general attractiveness of a squeezed lemon. They must be blocked at home.

And, as Colon's only other specialty was yellow fever and that is now extinct, one buys for souvenirs to take home carved ivories from Japan or Buddhas from India or Mexican drawn-work.

I am now about to relate the story of the umbrella-ants. It has been greatly discredited, but I stand squarely behind it.

An umbrella-ant is one that cuts off a large portion of a leaf and carries it over its head during the heat of the day. They have a thoroughfare across the lawn of the Hotel Washington, and at first glance, on looking down, one sees a number of migrating pieces of leaf and nothing else. This green procession is endless. It moves on and on. At the midday hour it ceases—from twelve to one, a member of our party declared. I did not time them. At five, they knock off, fold up their umbrellas, and disappear.

I do not know the why and wherefore of the umbrella-ant. I dare say he eats his umbrella eventually. I do know that he covers tremendous distances. The ant colony at the Washington, for instance, is not within seeing-distance of anything but grass and palm trees. Hour after hour they move along, sheltered under their bit of leaf, often an inch or more in diameter, an endless procession of infinite activity and energy—but, I should say, of small intelligence, or they would live near the leaf-market.

Government ownership never seems to make things any cheaper. The armor-plate people could have used Panama very well as an argument against a government armor-plant.

It costs forty-three cents a word to cable to New York from Panama, and there is no cheap night-letter rate. I can cable to the French front from Pittsburgh for twenty-eight cents a word, and I can send a night letter, delivered the next day in France or England, for twelve cents a word.

The Canal Zone is under government control, and it charges forty-three cents. And, while we are on the subject, the government here in these United States allows the railroads to charge passengers only two and one-half cents a mile, while the same government, in Panama, on its

own government-owned railroad, charges five cents a mile. It is all rather amusing and inconsistent, and annoying, too. For the government-owned railroad does other things—sells, for instance, reserved and numbered seats on the chair-cars, although the chairs in at least some of the cars have no numbers! And, on the day I went to Panama, across the isthmus, they had sold two more seats than there were chairs in the chair-car. The total result of which government-ownership methods being that we paid to ride Pullman and actually

rode in the ordinary coach.

Yet nothing that one may criticize of the government's methods in Panama can do away with the big and indisputable fact that this same government has done a magnificent thing in the Panama Canal. There has never been an accusation against it.

A clean accomplishment, without graft, without extravagance—a thing to make one proud of his country.

I was fortunate enough to be taken in a small launch through the Culebra Cut. The canal was closed at the time. The vast slip was being excavated as rapidly as possible; but it was a mountain that had tumbled, and no one could have foreseen or prevented it. The canal is there; it is accomplished, built. It does and will connect the two oceans, and the occasional closings will have to be borne with until, at last, the waterway is clear for good.

We went under the great dredges, working madly against time. Dredge against dredge, the crews were working for records, making them and then breaking them by new achievement. As the great mass of earth was taken out, it had to be transported, and a certain percentage of it—I do not know how much—was being dumped back into the canal in places where it could do no harm, to be taken up again later. For the fight was not only against nature but against time. The nations of the world were clamoring.

The government launch not only took us through the cut; it took us up some distance through the great Gatun Lake, one hundred and sixty-four square miles of lake that was once primeval forest. We passed over the tops of submerged villages, around islands that had never expected to be islands. We saw marooned snakes hanging to trees. We traveled through dead forests and, in the fringes, through swamp jungles that had been impenetrable until the water had eaten strange, steaming paths through the rank vegetation. Birds there were in plenty, blue and white egrets and parrots predominating. Here was a great lizard, an iguana, sunning himself on a twisted root. Alligators slid greasily off the banks into the water and remained, eyes only in sight, watching. In the jungle, beyond our vision, were jaguar, tapir, wild or musk-hogs, and bands of monkeys. Here, in a canoe dug out of a mahogany log, were three naked native children, frightened of the spitting monster that was the launch.

So quickly do the trees of the tropics

Tenting To-night

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

*The Chronicle of a Summer Vacation
of Sport and Adventure in the
Northwestern Rockies*

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not that before long Gatun Lake will be well defined. Already it is clear in many places. A few years more, and it will be shown in its true outlines, which now cannot possibly be told. The rising waters extend back through the jungle where no boats can go, and exploration must wait until heat and decay have done their work.

A dying forest, hung with orchids—that is Gatun Lake in the back reaches to-day.

How neat and tidy and cemented, after the lake, is the canal—how orderly! How shaven of lawn around the locks! A man I know has a great idea, and I am not sure it is not practical—which is not always the same thing. He is a nature lover, and he has laid out one or more of the greatest botanical parks in the world. He says that the Canal Zone should be a great park. Almost every sort of tree in the world would grow there. The climate is ideal. Trees and shrubs and flowers, a wonderland through which would flow what Bob Burdette, I think it was, called the "raging canal." It would be a very fine and esthetic and beautiful thing to do.

But governments are rarely esthetic. One grows so weary of the houses the government has built in the Canal Zone. They are so ugly. The gray color is probably better than white in that land of glare, and to make them perfectly square and unadorned is doubtless the easiest way. But it is cramping to the soul. I could not live in a house the shape, color, and general attractiveness of an ink-eraser. There should be a society for the prevention of cruelty to canal, civil, and military employees, to build them irrational, cheerful, and attractive houses on the bungalow order.

Not that Balboa Heights at the Panama end of the canal is not full of attractive houses. It is. But I am speaking of the rank and file, who live in what looks like the cottage-units of a hospital system. They all resemble the pictures of ready-made houses, with nothing to do but assemble them. If any one sent me such a house, I should hope it would be lost in the mail.

Socially, Balboa Heights—presumably the place where Balboa beheld the Pacific Ocean climbing to the top of a high mountain—socially, Balboa Heights is the center. Here is the governor's house, a fine and airy structure, given to delightful hospitality. Here are the smooth lawns and well-cared-for homes of the executives of the Canal Zone. I have in mind charming hospitality there, and a luncheon that stands out in my memory with terrifying distinctness, a luncheon at the house of the acting governor.

For, in this august assemblage, a shameful incident happened. We had hand-luggage with us, and one of us—no matter who—who persists in fearing that he will be seasick, or canal-sick, had provided against the emergency with a flask. Not a flask, really. It was a large container.

And, in the midst of affairs, of lofty thought and dignified conversation, came a suspicion, faint at first and growing stronger until it became overpowering. So that, at last, it was necessary to disclose our humiliation to the world, to open the bag, and disclose breakage and ruin. It is a painful subject, and, I trust, a lesson. For we left part of our wardrobe hanging out to dry in the house of the governor of the Canal Zone and went sadly away.



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The government of the Panama Canal is one of the anomalies that the layman cannot easily understand. We ignore it to the extent of giving it only land defenses, and those without any of the auxiliaries of modern warfare, laying stress in this way on its purely economic and industrial value. Yet we place it under military control. Unquestionably, in time of threatened war, the army should control it. The civil service should be entirely subordinate to the military exigency.

But just now, and at any time when our government is at peace, the Panama Canal, as at present constituted, would seem to come under the head of big business. With every deference to those splendid soldiers who have worked long and hard for it, it is difficult to see why in times of peace the governor of the Canal Zone is not a civilian, a business man of wide experience.

True, under the military régime one thing is certain: There will be no canal scandals. Our hands will be clean. No suspicion of an unworthy sort will ever cloud our record there. But—is the Panama Canal a military undertaking now that it is built? It was not built for its military value, and the question as to whether it should be fortified at all roused much bitterness not so very long ago.

Is the canal, then, a military undertaking or an industrial and economic one?

The answer is, of course, that it is both, although we treat it, as far as adequate defense goes, as the latter. We put it on a peace footing and let the army administer it. It is all rather extraordinary. Because, before long, the Panama Canal is going to be one of our biggest business ventures.

Sometimes, I wonder why we do not give the army in Panama its legitimate work of defense and preparation for war and leave it free for that—give it a free hand as to defenses and plenty to work with, while the purely civil work of administration is done by men trained for such work. Why train officers at great expense for their highly specialized work, and then demand of them civil administration? Why beat our swords into plowshares?

Great Britain's success as a colonizer has been largely due to her ability to divide the civil from the military administration of her distant empires.

There is, in this attitude, no slightest reflection on the military administration. But the business of the canal will some day be enormous. The greater its tonnage, the more desirable it will be, and the more will the army be occupied with its defense.

The result of making the canal neither fish, flesh, nor fowl shows in many ways. It is a military post, but it has only a civil hospital. And this in a country where there is still much sickness. The civil population already fills the Ancon hospital, and as our shipping business in the canal grows, the civil hospital will draw on passing ships as well as on Panama and the surrounding countries.

There are twenty-five thousand extra troops going to Panama soon. In peacetimes, the average sick of such troops is two per cent., or five hundred men. That is in peacetimes. What about war?

The truth is that a great military hospital is one of the immediate necessities of the Canal Zone. Not a tent-hospital, in a

country where they have a long rainy season, but substantial buildings, screened and prepared. And this should be done now. We should cut off some of the great government buildings now being appropriated for in small communities which neither need nor deserve them, and take care of our men in the tropics. Do you remember the Spanish war, and the boys who died of God only knows what in tents at our detention-camps—died because we have always built post-offices instead of hospitals, and because our national theory is, apparently, that a sick soldier might as well be a dead one. Do you recall that when our sick soldiers were brought north, dying like flies in ordinary day-coaches, that we had to take them to tent-hospitals on Long Island, but little better than the ones they had left?

Oh, yes; we do things awfully well—when we do them.

It is several months since I left Panama. I find that I have forgotten the heat, and that even the great canal stands out with less distinctness than do certain other things, even such trifles as the smiling negroes, the fiddler-crabs dancing on the rocks, the squatting East Indians, the old black mammy who wept when she gave Lorita into my keeping. (Would to heaven she had kept the creature, and saved her tears! But perhaps, knowing the bird well, she wept for me. Who knows?)

People interest me more than places. And so, looking back, I find that there stands out from everything else, even from their great achievement, the people who make the canal possible. Many of those who built the canal have gone to other activities. A certain number—for every great achievement has its cost in life—he buried there, far away from home.

But we have there now a garrison of our soldiers. We have engineers, civil administrators, officers, and men, with their families. They are far from home, and surrounded closely by an alien and suspicious nation. They have entrusted to their keeping the most valuable military possession we have—a canal which, in case of a war with any nation of Europe or Asia, will receive, in all likelihood, the first blow struck. It is our Gibraltar, but with none of the natural strength of Gibraltar. Strategically, the location of the canal from the standpoint of defense could hardly be weaker.

Are we going to leave these people there, in their exile, without adequate means of defense? Great achievement brings great responsibility. And these people have made our achievement possible. Hardship enough is theirs—heat, exile, and hard work for that most impersonal and unappreciative of all employers, the government. They accept uncomplainingly discomforts not many of us would endure.

In return, we owe them every consideration and every possible measure for their safety. They are holding an outpost. They have guns and harbor-defenses. They should have almost unlimited ammunition. They should have more soldiers. They should have a hospital to care for those soldiers. They should have an aircraft station and anti-aircraft weapons. But, more than anything else, they should have permanently stationed there a portion of our fleet.

We cannot put them there and forget them.

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Rinex Soles

Jerry

(Continued from page 87)

the brass tacks of reality stud the way of one's ship among the rocks and shoals of the sea, but right—truth beyond truth to truth higher than truth—namely, intuitive truth."

"Now you are laughing at me with your superior man-wisdom," she retorted. "But I know—" She paused for the strength of words she needed.

"We agree—I salute," he laughed gaily. "It was just precisely what I was saying. Our hearts can talk our heads down almost any time, and, best of all, our hearts are always right, despite the statistic that they are mostly wrong."

Harley Kennan did not believe, and never did believe, his wife's report of the tales Jerry told. And through all his days to the last one of them, he considered the whole matter a pleasant fancy, all poesy of sentiment on Villa's part.

But Jerry, four-legged, smooth-coated Irish terrier that he was, had the gift of tongues. If he could not teach languages, at least he could learn languages. Without effort and quickly, practically with no teaching, he began picking up the language of the Ariel. Unfortunately, it was not a whiff-whuff, dog-possible language such as Nalasu had invented. While Jerry came to understand much that was spoken on the Ariel, he could speak none of it. Three names, at least, he had for the lady god: "Villa," "Wife-Woman," "Missis Kennan," for so he heard her variously called. But he could not so call her. This was god-language entire, which only gods could talk. It was unlike the language of Nalasu's devising, which had been a compromise between god-talk and dog-talk, so that a god and a dog could talk in a common medium.

In the same way, he learned many names for the one-man god: "Mister Kennan," "Harley," "Captain Kennan," and "Skipper." Only in the intimacy of the three of them alone did Jerry hear him called "Husband-Man," "My Man," "Patient One," "Dear Man," "Lover," and "This Woman's Delight." But in no way could Jerry utter these names in address of the One Man or the many names in address of the One Woman. Yet, on a quiet night with no wind among the trees, often and often had he whispered to Nalasu, by whiff-whuff of name, from a hundred feet away.

One day, bending over him, her hair (drying from a salt-water swim) flying about him, the One Woman, her two hands holding his head and jowls so that his ribbon of kissing tongue just missed her nose in the empty air, sang to him,

"Don't know what to call him,
But he's mighty lak' a rose."

As her voice, in the song, made soft vibrations in his ears, it seemed to him that she grew dim and vague before him, and that, somehow, under the soft, searching prod of her song, he was elsewhere. So much was he elsewhere that he did the surprising thing. He sat down abruptly, almost cataleptically, drew his head away from the clutch of her hands and out of the entanglement of her hair, and, his nose thrust upward at an angle of forty-five degrees, he began to quiver and to breathe audibly in rhythm to the rhythm of

her singing. With a quick jerk, cataleptically, his nose pointed to the zenith, his mouth opened, and a flood of sound poured forth, running swiftly upward in crescendo and slowly falling as it died away.

This howl was the beginning, and it led to the calling him "Sing-Song Silly." For Villa Kennan was quick to seize upon the howling her singing induced and to develop it. Never did he hang back when she sat down, extended her welcoming hands to him and invited, "Come on, Sing-Song Silly!" He would come to her, sit down with the loved fragrance of her hair in his nostrils, lay the side of his head against hers, point his nose past her ear, and almost immediately follow her when she began her low singing. Minor strains were especially provocative in getting him started, and, once started, he would sing with her as long as she wished.

Singing, it truly was. Apt in all ways of speech, he quickly learned to soften and subdue his howl till it was mellow and golden. Even could he manage it to die away almost to a whisper, and to rise and fall, accelerate and retard, in obedience to her own voice and in accord with it.

Jerry enjoyed the singing much in the same way the opium-eater enjoys his dreams. For dream he did, vaguely and distinctly, eyes wide open and awake, the lady god's hair in a faint-scented cloud about him, her voice mourning with his, his consciousness drowning in the dreams of otherwhereness that came to him of the singing and that was the singing. Memories of pain were his, but of pain so long forgotten that it was no longer pain. Rather did it permeate him with a delicious sadness, and lift him away and out of the Ariel (lying at anchor in some coral lagoon) to that unreal place of Otherwhere.

For visions were his at such times. In the cold bleakness of night, it would seem he sat on a bare hill and raised his howl to the stars, while out of the dark, from far away, would drift to him an answering howl. And other howls, near and far, would drift along until the night was vocal with his kind. His kind it was. Without knowing it, he knew it, this camaraderie of the land of Otherwhere.

Nalasu, in teaching him the whiff-whuff language, deliberately had gone into the intelligence of him; but Villa, unwitting of what she was doing, went into the heart of him and into the heart of his heredity, touching the profoundest chords of ancient memories and making them respond.

Not always, however, were such experiences his when they sang together. Usually unaccompanied by visions, he knew no more than vaguenesses of sensations, sadly sweet, ghosts of memories that they were. At other times, incited by such sadness, images of Skipper and Mister Haggin would throng his mind; images, too, of Terrence, and Biddy, and Michael, and the rest of the long-vanished life at Meringe Plantation.

"My dear," Harley said to Villa at the conclusion of one such singing, "it's fortunate for him that you are not an animal trainer, for you'd be topping the bill in all the music-halls and vaudeville-houses of the world."

"If I did," she replied, "I know he'd just love to do it with me—"

"Which would make it a very unusual turn," Harley caught her up.

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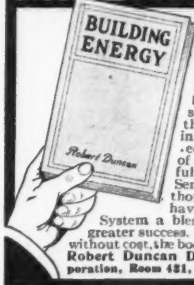
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"That in about one turn in a hundred does the animal love its work or is the animal loved by its trainer."

"I thought all the cruelty had been done away with long ago," she contended.

"So the audience thinks, and the audience is ninety-nine times wrong."

Villa heaved a great sigh of renunciation.

"Then I suppose," she said, "I must abandon such promising and lucrative career right now, in the very moment you have discovered it for me. Just the same, the bill-boards would look splendid with my name in the hugest letters—"

"Villa Kennan, the Thrush-throated Songstress, and Sing-Song Silly, the Irish-terrier Tenor," her husband pictured the head-lines for her. And with dancing eyes and lolling tongue, Jerry joined in the laughter, not because he knew what it was about, but because it tokened they were happy, and his love prompted him to be happy with them.

XXII

THE time came when Villa Kennan wanted a bath, a real bath in fresh, rain-descended, running water. The chart showed a mile of the Suli River where it emptied into the sea. Why it showed only a mile was because no white man had ever explored it farther. When Villa proposed the bath, her husband advised with Johnny. Johnny shook his head.

"No fella boy stop 'm along that place," he said. "No make 'm trouble along you. Bush fella boy stop 'm long way too much."

So it was that the launch went ashore, and, while its crew lolled in the shade of the beach-coconuts, Villa, Harley, and Jerry followed the river inland a quarter of a mile to the first likely pool.

"One can never be too sure," Harley said, taking his automatic pistol from its holster and placing it on top of his heap of clothes. "A stray bunch of blacks might just happen to surprise us."

Villa stepped into the water to her knees, looked up at the dark jungle roof high overhead, and shuddered.

For a time, Jerry sat by their clothes and watched the frolic. Then the drifting shadow of a huge butterfly attracted his attention, and soon he was nosing through the jungle on the trail of a wood-rat. It was not a very fresh trail. He knew that well enough; but in the depths of him were all his instincts of ancient training—instincts to hunt, to prowl, to pursue living things—in short, to play the game of getting his own meat, though, for ages, man had got the meat for him and his kind.

So it was, exercising faculties that were no longer necessary but that were still alive in him and clamorous for exercise, he followed the long-since-passed wood-rat. The trail crossed a fresh trail, a trail very fresh, very immediately fresh. As if a rope had been attached to it, his head was jerked abruptly to right angles with his body. The unmistakable smell of a black was in his nostrils. Further, it was a strange black, for he did not identify it with the many he possessed filed away in the pigeon-holes of his brain.

Forgotten was the stale wood-rat as he followed the new trail. Curiosity and play impelled him. He had no thought of apprehension for Villa and Harley—not even when he reached the spot where the black,

evidently startled by hearing their voices, had stood and debated, and so left a very strong scent. From this point, the trail swerved off toward the pool. Nervously alert, strung to extreme tension, but without alarm, still playing at the game of tracking, Jerry followed.

From the pool came occasional cries and laughter, and each time they reached his ears, Jerry experienced glad little thrills. The voices of Villa and Harley Kennan thrilled him always, reminding him of his love for them and that he was beloved of them.

With the first sight of the strange black, which occurred close to the pool, Jerry's suspicions were aroused. He was not conducting himself as an ordinary black, not on evil intent, should conduct himself. Instead, he betrayed all the actions of one who lurked in the perpetration of harm. He crouched on the jungle floor, peering around a great root of a board tree. Jerry bristled, and himself crouched as he watched. Once, the black raised his rifle half-way to his shoulder; but, with an outburst of splashing and laughter, his unconscious victims evidently removed themselves from his field of vision. His rifle was no old-fashioned Snider but a modern repeating Winchester; and he showed habituation to firing it from his shoulder, rather than from the hip, after the manner of most Malaitians.

Not satisfied with his position by the board tree, he lowered his gun to his side and crept closer to the pool. Jerry crouched low and followed. When the black paused, Jerry paused, as if instantly frozen. When the black moved, he moved, but more swiftly, cutting down the distance between them. And, all the while, the hair of his neck and shoulders bristled in recurrent waves of ferocity and wrath. No golden dog this, ears flattened and tongue-laughing in the arms of the lady god, but a four-legged creature of fury, a fanged killer, ripe to rend and destroy.

Jerry intended to attack as soon as he had crept sufficiently near. So much had he gained on his quarry, that when again the black squatted for his shot, Jerry deemed he was near enough to rush. The rifle was coming to shoulder when he sprang forward. Swiftly as he sprang, he made no sound, and his victim's first warning was when Jerry's body, launched like a projectile, smote the black squarely between the shoulders. At the same moment, his teeth entered the back of the neck, but too near the base in the lumpy shoulder-muscles to permit the fangs to penetrate to the spinal cord.

In the first fright of surprise, the black's finger pulled the trigger and his throat loosed an unearthly yell. Knocked forward on his face, he rolled over and grappled with Jerry, who slashed cheek-bone and cheek and ribbed an ear; for it is the way of an Irish terrier to bite repeatedly and quickly.

When Harley Kennan, automatic in hand and naked as Adam, reached the spot, he found dog and man locked together and tearing up the forest mold in their struggle. The black, his face streaming blood, was throttling Jerry with both hands around his neck; and Jerry, snorting, choking, snarling, was scratching for dear life with the claws of his hind feet. No puppy claws were they, but the stout claws of a mature dog. And they ripped naked



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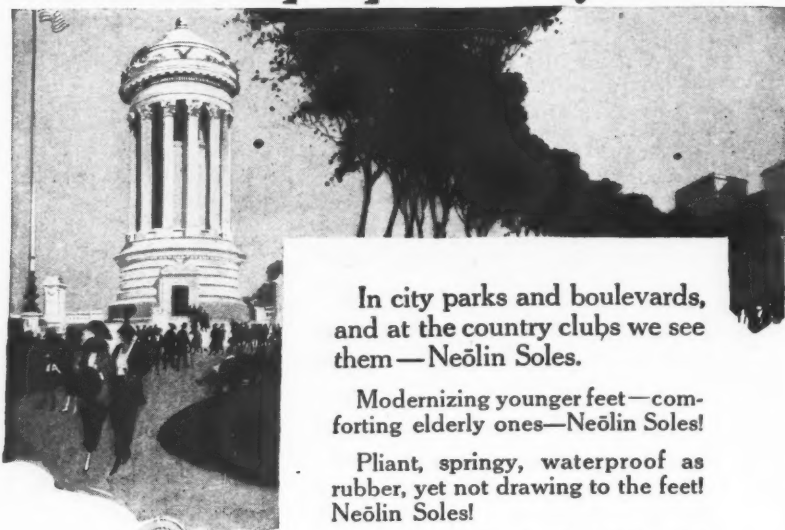
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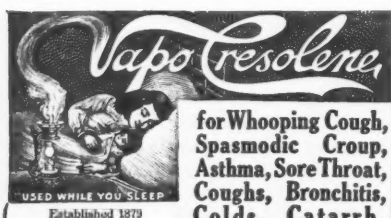
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chest and abdomen full-length, again and
again, until the whole front of the man
was streaming red.

Harley Kennan did not dare chance a
shot, so closely were the combatants
locked. Instead, stepping in close, he
smashed down the butt of his automatic
upon the side of the man's head. Released
by the relaxing of the stunned black's
hands, Jerry flung himself in a flash upon
the exposed throat, and only Harley's
hand on his neck and Harley's sharp com-
mand made him cease and stand clear.
He trembled with rage and continued to
snarl ferociously, although he would desist
long enough to glance up with his eyes,
flatten his ears, and wag his tail each time
Harley uttered, "Good boy!"

"Good boy," he knew for praise; and
he knew beyond any doubt, by Harley's
repetition of it, that he had served him and
served him well.

"Do you know the beggar intended to
bushwhack us," Harley told Villa, who,
half dressed, had joined him. "It wasn't
fifty feet, and he couldn't have missed.
Look at the Winchester! No old smooth-
bore. And a fellow with a gun like that
would know how to use it."

"But why didn't he?" she queried.

Her husband pointed to Jerry.

Villa's eyes brightened.

"You mean—" she began.

He nodded.

"Just that. Sing-Song Silly beat him
to it." He bent, rolled the man over, and
discovered the lacerated back of the neck.
"That's where he landed on him first, and
he must have had his finger on the trigger,
drawing down on you and me, when Sing-
Song Silly broke up his calculations."

Villa was only half hearing, for she had
Jerry in her arms and was calling him
"blessed dog" the while she stilled his
snarling and soothed down the last bristling
hair. But Jerry snarled again and was for
leaping upon the black when he stirred
restlessly and dizzily sat up. Harley re-
moved a knife from between the bare skin
and a belt.

"What name belong you?" he de-
manded.

But the black had eyes only for Jerry.

"My word," he grinned to Harley, "that
fella dog put 'm crimp along me any
amount!" He felt out the wounds of his
neck and face, while his eyes embraced the
fact that the white master was in posses-
sion of his rifle.

"You give 'm musket belong me," he
said impudently.

"I give 'm you bang alongside head,"
was Harley's answer.

"He doesn't seem to me to be a regular
Malaitan," he told Villa. "In the first
place, where would he get a rifle like that?
Then, think of his nerve! He must have
known our launch was on the beach. Yet
he played to take our heads and get away
with them back into the bush." Then he
turned to the black. "What name belong
you?" he demanded.

But not until Johnny and the launch
crew arrived, breathless from their run,
did he learn. Johnny's eyes gloated when
he beheld the prisoner, and he addressed
Kennan in evident excitement.

"You give 'm me that fella boy?" he
begged.

"What name you want 'm?"

Not for some time would Johnny answer
this question, and then only when Kennan

told him that there was no harm done and that he intended to let the black go. At this, Johnny protested vehemently.

"Maybe you fetch 'm that fella boy along Government House, Tulagi. Government House give 'm you twenty pounds. Him plenty bad fella boy too much. Makawao, he name stop along him. Him Queensland boy—"

"What name Queensland?" Kennan interrupted. "He belong that fella place?"

Johnny shook his head.

"Him belong along Malaita first time. Long time before too much he recruit 'm along schooner go work along Queensland."

"He's a return Queenslander," Harley interpreted to Villa. "You know, when Australia went 'all white,' the Queensland plantations had to send all the 'blackbirds' back. This Makawao is evidently one of them, and a hard case as well, if there's anything in Johnny's gammon about twenty pounds reward for him. That's a big price for a black."

Johnny continued his explanation which, reduced to flat and sober English, was to the effect that Makawao had always borne a bad character. In Queensland, he had served a total of four years in jail for thefts, robberies, and attempted murder. Returned to the Solomons by the Australian government, he had recruited on Buli Plantation for the purpose—as was afterward proved—of getting arms and ammunition. For an attempt to kill the manager, he had received fifty lashes at Tulagi and served a year. Returned to Buli Plantation, to finish his labor-service, he had contrived to kill the owner in the manager's absence and to escape in a whale-boat.

In the whale-boat with him, he had taken all the weapons and ammunition of the plantation, the owner's head, ten Malaita recruits, and two recruits from San Cristoval—the two last because they were salt-water men and could handle the whale-boat. Himself and the ten Malaitans, being bushmen, were too ignorant of the sea to dare the long passage from Guadalcanar.

On the way, he had raided the little islet of Ugi, sacked the store, and taken the head of the solitary trader, a gentle-souled half-caste from Norfolk Island, who traced back directly to a Pitcairn ancestry. Arrived safely at Malaita, he and his fellows, no longer having any use for the two San Cristoval boys, had taken their heads and eaten their bodies.

"My word, him bad fella boy any amount!" Johnny finished his tale. "Government House, Tulagi, glad give 'm twenty pounds along that fella."

"You blessed Sing-Song Silly?" Villa murmured in Jerry's ears, "if it hadn't been for you—"

"Your head and mine would even now be galumping through the bush as Makawao hit the high places for home," Harley concluded for her.

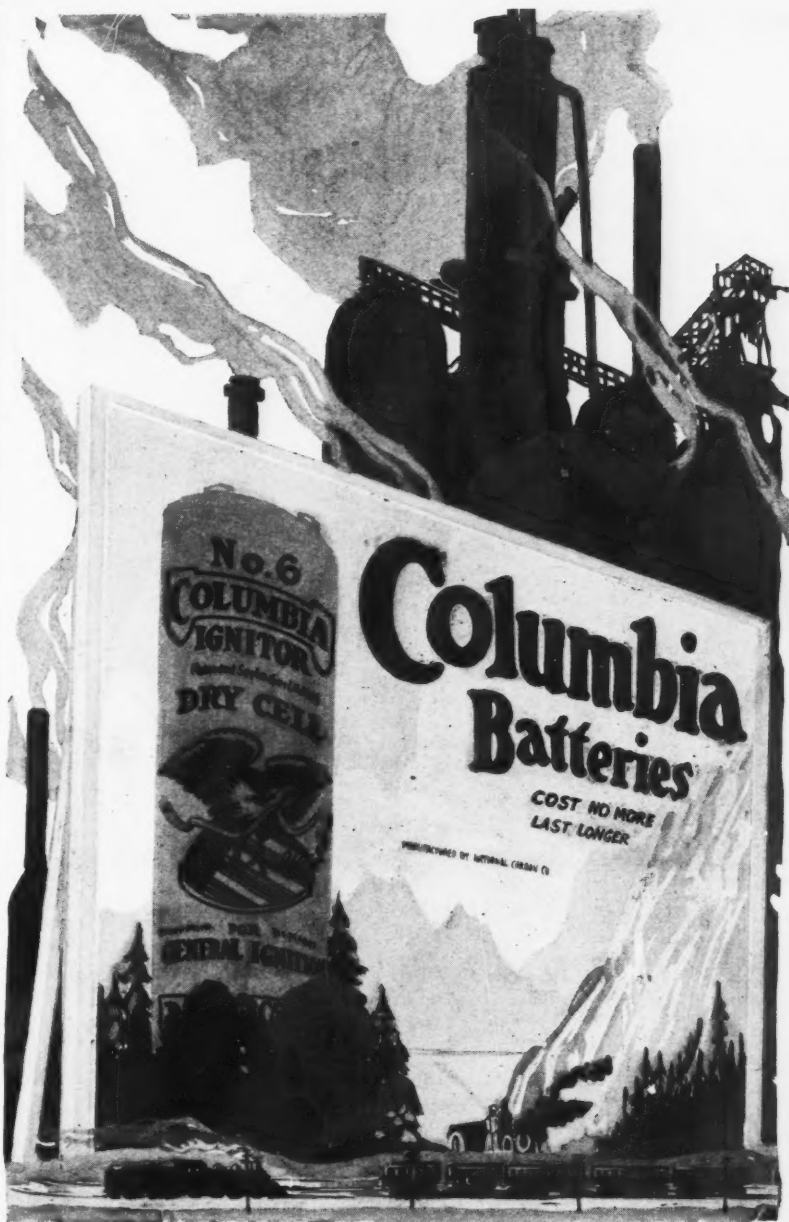
"If anybody tries to claim him—" Villa threatened. Harley confirmed her muttered sentiment with a nod.

"Anyway," he said, with a smile, "there would have been one consolation if your head had gone up into the bush."

"Consolation!" she cried.

"Why, yes; because, in that case my head would have gone along, too."

"You dear and blessed Husband-Man!" she murmured, a quick cloudiness of



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moisture in her eyes as, with her eyes, she embraced him, her arms still around Jerry, who kissed her fragrant cheek with his ribbon-tongue of love.

XXIII

WHEN the Ariel cleared from Malu, on the northwest coast of Malaita, Malaita sank down beneath the sea-rim astern and, so far as Jerry's life was concerned, remained sunk forever—another vanished world, that, in his consciousness, partook of the ultimate nothingness that had befallen Skipper. For all Jerry might have known, though he pondered it not, Malaita was a universe, beheaded and resting on the knees of some brooding lesser god, himself vastly mightier than Bashti, whose knees bore the brooding weight of Skipper's sun-dried, smoke-cured head, this lesser god vexed and questing, feeling and guessing at the dual twin mysteries of time and space and of motion and matter, above, beneath, around, and beyond him.

Only, in Jerry's case, there was no pondering of the problem, no awareness of the existence of such mysteries. He merely accepted Malaita as another world that had ceased to be. He remembered it as he remembered dreams. Himself a live thing, solid and substantial, possessed of weight and dimension, a reality incontrovertible, he moved through the space and place of being, concrete, hard, quick, convincing, an absoluteness of *something* surrounded by the shades and shadows of the fluxing phantasmagoria of *nothing*.

From Malaita, the Ariel steered west of north to Ongtong Java and to Tasman—great atolls that sweltered under the Line not quite awash in the vast waste of the west South Pacific. After Tasman was another wide sea-stretch to the high island of Bougainville. Thence, bearing generally southeast and making slow progress in the dead beat to windward, the Ariel dropped anchor in nearly every harbor of the Solomons from Choiseul and Ronongo islands to the islands of Kulambangra, Vangunu, Pavuvu, and New Georgia. Even did she ride to anchor, desolately lonely, in the Bay of a Thousand Ships.

Last of all, so far as concerned the Solomons, her anchor rumbled down and bit into the coral-sanded bottom of the harbor of Tulagi, where, ashore on Florida Island, lived and ruled the resident commissioner.

To the commissioner, Harley Kennan duly turned over Makawao, who was committed to a grass-house jail, well guarded, to sit in leg-irons against the time of trial for his many crimes. And Johnny, the pilot, received a fair portion of the twenty pounds of head-money that Kennan divided among the members of the launch-crew who had raced through the jungle to the rescue the day Jerry had taken Makawao by the back of the neck and startled him into pulling the trigger of his unaimed rifle.

"I'll tell you his name," the commissioner said, as they sat on the wide veranda of his bungalow. "It's one of Haggin's terriers—Haggin, of Mering Lagoon. The dog's father is Terrence, the mother is Biddy. The dog's own name is Jerry, for I was present at the christening before ever his eyes were open. Better yet. I'll show you his brother. His brother's name is Michael. He's nigger-chaser on the Eugénie, the two-topmast schooner that

rides abreast of you. Captain Kellar is the skipper. I'll have him bring Michael ashore. Beyond all doubt, this Jerry is the sole survivor of the Arangi.

"When I get the time, and a sufficient margin of funds, I shall pay a visit to Chief Bashti—oh, no British-cruiser program. I'll charter a couple of trading ketches, take my own black police force and as many white men as I cannot prevent from volunteering. There won't be any shelling of grass houses. I'll land my shore-party down the coast and cut in and come down upon Somo from the rear, timing my vessels to arrive on Somo's sea-front at the same time."

"You will answer slaughter with slaughter?" Villa Kennan objected.

"I will answer slaughter with law," the commissioner replied. "I will teach Somo law. I hope that no accidents will occur. I hope that no life will be lost on either side. I know, however, that I shall recover Captain Van Horn's head, and his mate Borckman's, and bring them back to Tulagi for Christian burial. I know that I shall get old Bashti by the scruff of the neck and sit him down while I pump law and square dealing into him. Of course"—the commissioner, ascetic-looking, an Oxford graduate, narrow-shouldered and elderly, tired-eyed and bespectacled like the scholar he was, like the scientist he was, shrugged his shoulders—"of course, if they are not amenable to reason, there may be trouble, and some of them and some of us will get hurt. But, one way or the other, old Bashti will learn that it is expedient to maintain white men's heads on their shoulders."

"But how will he learn?" Villa Kennan asked. "If he is shrewd enough not to fight you, and merely sits and listens to your English law, it will be no more than a huge joke to him."

"On the contrary, my dear Mrs. Kennan. If he listens peaceably to the lecture, I shall fine him only a hundred thousand cocoanuts, five tons of ivorynut, one hundred fathoms of shell money, and twenty fat pigs. If he refuses to listen to the lecture and goes on the war-path, then, unpleasantly for me, I assure you, I shall be compelled to thrash him and his village, first, and, next, I shall triple the fine he must pay and lecture the law into him a trifle more compendiously."

"Suppose he doesn't fight, stops his ears to the lecture, and declines to pay?" Villa Kennan persisted.

"Then he shall be my guest, here in Tulagi, until he changes his mind and heart, and does pay, and listens to an entire course of lectures."

So it was that Jerry came to hear his old-time name and saw once again his full brother Michael.

"Say nothing," Harley muttered to Villa, as they made out, peering over the bow of the shore-coming whale-boat, the rough coat, red-wheaten in color, of Michael.

Jerry, feigning interest in digging a hole in the sand as if he were on a fresh scent, was unaware of Michael's nearness. In fact, so well had Jerry feigned, that he had forgotten it was all a game, and his interest was very real as he sniffed and snorted joyously in the bottom of the hole he had dug. So deep was it, that all he showed of himself was his hind legs, his rump, and an intelligent and erect stump of a tail.

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Little wonder that he and Michael failed to see each other. And Michael, spilling over with unused vitality from the cramped space of the Eugénie's deck, scampered down the beach in a hurly-burly of joy, scenting a thousand intimate land-scents as he ran, and describing a jerky and eccentric course as he made short dashes and good-natured snaps at the coconut-crabs that scuttled across his path to the safety of the water or reared up and menaced him with formidable claws and a spluttering and foaming of the shell-lids of their mouths.

The beach was only so long; the end of it reached where rose the rugged wall of a headland, and while the commissioner introduced Captain Kellar to Mr. and Mrs. Kennan, Michael came tearing back across the wet, hard sand. So interested was he in everything that he failed to notice the small rear-end portion of Jerry that was visible above the level surface of the beach. Jerry's ears had given him warning, and, the precise instant that he backed hurriedly up and out of the hole, Michael collided with him. As Jerry was rolled, and as Michael fell clear over him, both erupted into ferocious snarls and growls. They regained their legs, bristled, and showed teeth at each other, and stalked stiff-leggedly, in a stately and dignified sort of way, as they drew intimidating semicircles about each other.

But they were fooling all the while, and were more than a trifle embarrassed. For in each of their brains were bright identification-pictures of the plantation-house and compound and beach of Meringe. They knew; but they were reticent of recognition. No longer puppies, vaguely proud of the sedateness of maturity, they strove to be proud and sedate while all their impulse was to rush together in a frantic ecstacy.

Michael it was, less traveled in the world than Jerry, by nature not so self-controlled, who threw the play-acting of dignity to the winds, and, with shrill whinings of emotion, with body-wrigglings of delight, flashed out his tongue of love and shouldered his brother roughly in eagerness to get near to him.

Jerry responded as eagerly with kiss of tongue and contact of shoulder; then both, springing apart, looked at each other, alert and querying, almost in half-challenge, Jerry's ears pricked into living interrogations, Michael's one good ear similarly questioning, his withered ear retaining its permanent queer and crinkly cock in the tip of it. As one, they sprang away in a wild scurry down the beach, side by side, laughing to each other and occasionally striking their shoulders together as they ran.

"No doubt of it," said the commissioner. "The very way their father and mother run. I have watched them often."

But, after ten days of comradeship, came the parting. It was Michael's first visit on the Ariel, and he and Jerry had spent a frolicking half-hour on her white deck amid the sound and commotion of hoisting in boats, making sail, and heaving out anchor. As the Ariel began to move through the water and heeled to the filling of her canvas by the brisk trade-wind, the commissioner and Captain Kellar shook last farewells and scrambled down the gangplank to their waiting whale-boats.



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At the last moment, Captain Kellar had caught Michael up, tucked him under an arm, and with him dropped into the stern-sheets of his whale-boat.

"Say good-by to your brother, Jerry," Villa Kennan prompted in Jerry's ear, as she held him, his quivering flanks between her two palms, on the rail where she had lifted him.

And Jerry, not understanding her speech, torn about with conflicting desires, acknowledged her speech with wriggling body, a quick back toss of head, and a red flash of kissing tongue, and, the next moment, his head over the rail and lowered to see the swiftly diminishing Michael, was mouthing grief and woe very much akin to the grief and woe his mother, Biddy, had mouthed in the long ago, on the beach of Meringe, when he had sailed away with Skipper. For Jerry had learned partings, and, beyond all peradventure, this was a parting, though little he dreamed that he would again meet Michael across the years and across the world, in a fabled valley of far California, where they would live out their days in the hearts and arms of the beloved gods.

Michael, his forefeet on the gunwale, barked to him in a puzzled, questioning sort of way, and Jerry whimpered back incommunicable understanding. The lady god gathered his body close against her breast in one encircling arm, her free hand resting on the rail, half closed, a pink-and-white heart of flower, fragrant and seducing. Jerry's nose quested the way of it. The aperture invited. With snuggling, hugging, and nudging movements, she spread the fingers slightly wider as his nose penetrated into the sheer delight and loveliness of her hand.

He came to rest, his golden muzzle soft-enclosed to the eyes, and was very still, all forgetful of the Ariel, showing her copper to the sun under the press of the wind, all forgetful of Michael, growing small in the distance as the whale-boat grew small astern. No less still was Villa. Both were playing the game, although to her it was new.

As long as he could possibly contain himself, Jerry maintained his stillness. Then, his love bursting beyond the control of him, he gave a sniff—as prodigious as one as he had sniffed into the tunnel of Skipper's hand in the long ago on the deck of the Arangi. And, as Skipper had relaxed into the laughter of love, so did the lady god now. She gurgled gleefully. Her fingers tightened, in a caress that almost hurt, on Jerry's muzzle. Her other hand and arm crushed him against her till he gasped. Yet all the while his stump of tail valiantly bobbed back and forth, and, when released from such blissful contact, his silky ears flattened back and down as he seized her hand between his teeth and dented the soft skin with a love-bite that did not hurt. So, for Jerry, vanished Tulagi, its commissioner's bungalow on top the hill, its vessels riding to anchor in the harbor, and Michael, his full blood-brother.

While Jerry has come to content and the end of hazard, the adventures of

Michael,
Brother of Jerry,
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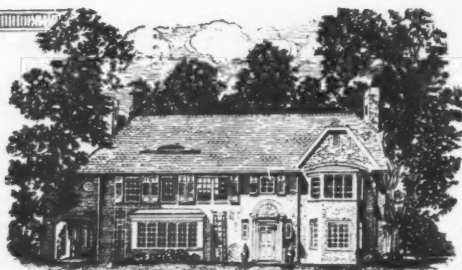


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The Dark Star

(Continued from page 77)

She was gone before he discovered anything to say, leaving him to walk up and down the deserted room and think about her until she returned with both arms full of portfolios, boards, and panels.

"Now," she said, with a breathless smile, "you may mortify my pride and rebuke my vanity. I deserve it; I need it; but, oh—don't be too severe!"

"Are you serious?" he asked, looking up in astonishment from the first surprising drawing in color.

"Serious? Of course." She met his eyes anxiously; then her own became incredulous. "Do you like my work?" she asked, in a fainter voice.

"Like it!" He continued to stare at the bewildering grace and color of the work, and turned to another. "What's this?" he demanded.

"A monotype."

"You did it?"

"Y-yes."

He seemed unable to take his eyes from it—from the exquisite figures there in the sun on the bank of the brimming river, under an iris-tinted April sky.

"What do you call it, Rue?"

"*L'Iman baroque.*"

He continued to scrutinize it in silence, then drew another carton prepared for oil from the sheaf on the sofa.

Over autumn woods, in a windy sky, high-flying crows were buffeted and blown about. From the stark trees, a few phantom leaves clung, fluttering; and the whole scene was possessed by sinuous, whirling forms—mere glimpses of supple, exquisite shapes, tossing, curling, flowing through the naked woodland.

"The Winds," he said mechanically.

He looked at another—a sketch of the Princess Nafa. And, somehow, it made him think of vast skies and endless plains and the tumult of surging men and rattling lances.

"A Cossack," he said, half to himself. "I never before realized it." And he laid it aside and turned to the next.

"I haven't brought any life-studies or school-drawings," she said. "I thought I'd just show you the—the results of them and of—of whatever is in me."

"I'm just beginning to understand what is in you," he said.

"Tell me—what is it?" she asked, almost timidly.

"Tell you?" He rose, stood by the window looking out, then turned to her. "What can I tell you?" he added, with a short laugh. "What have I to say to you. Look at what you have done in two years! Yes; grant all your aptitude and talents, just look what you've accomplished and where you are! Look at you yourself, too! What a stunning, bewildering sort of girl you've developed into!"

"Jim Neeland!"

"Certainly, Jim Neeland, of Neeland's Mills, who has had years more study than have you, more years of advantage, and who now is an illustrator without anything in particular to distinguish him from—"

"Jim! Your work is charming!"

"How do you know?"

"Because I have everything you ever did. I sent for the magazines and cut them out, and they are in my scrap-book—"

HOW I EARNED \$200,000 IN THREE YEARS

*The amazing and inspiring story of a young man
who jumped from failure to fortune; did not speculate;
says no man need beg for success, as Told by Himself.*

SOME people say it takes money to make money—others complain that they never made money because they never had any luck. When one is up against the stern reality of making both ends meet, it is natural to feel that if they only had a little money, or a little luck, they wouldn't have to worry about their bread and butter, and rent, and clothes.

Three short years ago I too felt that way. I was \$5,000 "in the hole"—and earning \$30 a week. Figure out how long it would take me to pay what I owed! I had a wife and two children to support, and I used to worry myself sick about their future. What would become of her? What would become of them? Would we always have to skimp and scrape? Would we ever be able to pay what I owed?—to say nothing of saving something for the "rainy day."

Today—it seems like a dream—all my troubles are over. I am worth \$175,000—enough to keep me and my family in comfort for the rest of our lives. I own two automobiles. My children go to private schools. I have just purchased, for cash, a \$25,000 home. I go hunting, fishing, motor-ing, traveling, whenever I care to.

Let me say in all sincerity that I believe what I have done, you—anyone—can do. I am only an average man—not "brilliant"—have never gone to college—my education is limited. I know at least a hundred men who know more than I, who are better educated and better informed,—yet not one of them has made as much money as I have and their earnings probably average less than \$50 weekly, while my income is over \$1000 weekly. I mention this to show that earning capacity is not governed by the extent of a man's education—to encourage those who have not had the advantage of a comprehensive education.

What, then, is the secret of my success? Let me tell you how it came about.

One day, about three years ago, something happened that woke me up to what was wrong with me. It was necessary for me to make a decision on a matter which was of no great consequence. I knew in my heart

what was the right thing to do, but something held me back. I said one thing, then another; I decided one way, then another. I couldn't for the life of me make the decision I knew was right.

I lay awake most of that night thinking about the matter—not because it was of any great importance in itself, but because I was beginning to discover *what was wrong with me!* Along towards dawn I resolved to experiment. I decided to cultivate my will power, believing that if I did this I would not hesitate about making decisions—that when I had an idea I would have sufficient confidence in myself to "put it over"—that I would not be afraid of myself or of things or of others. I felt that if I could smash my ideas across I would soon make my presence felt. I knew that heretofore I had always begged for success—had always stood, hat in hand, depending on others to give me the things I desired. In short, I was controlled by the will of others. Henceforth, I determined to have a strong will of my own—to demand and command what I wanted.

With this new purpose in mind I applied myself to finding out something more about will power. I was sure that other men must have studied the subject, and the results of their experience would doubtless be of great value to me in understanding the workings of my own will. So, with a directness of purpose that I had scarcely known before, I began my search.

The results at first were discouraging. While a good deal had been written about the memory and other faculties of the brain, I could find nothing that offered any help to me in acquiring the new power that I had hoped might be possible.

But a little later in my investigation I encountered the works of Prof. Frank Channing Haddock. To my amazement and delight I discovered that this eminent scientist, whose name ranks with James, Bergson, and Royce, had just completed the most thorough and constructive study of will power ever made. I was astonished to read his statement, "The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body!" My question was answered! Eagerly I read further—how Dr. Haddock had devoted twenty years to this study—how he had so completely mastered it that he was actually able to set down the very exercises by which anyone could develop the will, making it a bigger, stronger force each day, simply through an easy, progressive course of Training.

It is almost needless to say that I at once began to practice the exercises formulated by Dr. Haddock. And I need not recount the

extraordinary results that I obtained almost from the first day. I have already indicated the success that my developed power of will has made for me.

But it may be thought that my case is exceptional. Let me again assure you that I am but an average man, with no super-developed powers, save that of my own will. And to further prove my contention let me say that since Prof. Haddock's lessons, rules, and exercises have been published in book form, I have come across hundreds of other cases where strengthened will power has brought success and fortune to people who were failures, has enabled thousands to overcome drink and other vices almost overnight—has helped overcome sickness and nervousness, has transformed unhappy, envious, discontented people into dominating personalities filled with the joy of living.

I have been authorized by the publishers to say that any reader who cares to examine this startling book may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if after a week's reading you do not feel that "Power of Will" is worth \$3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on: the law of great thinking; how to develop analytical power; how to guard against errors in thought; how to drive from the mind unwholesome thoughts; how to develop fearlessness; how to use the mind in sickness; how to acquire a dominating personality.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountainhead of wealth, position, and everything we are striving for and some may say that no mere book can teach the development of the will. But the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for me—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" has done, is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 150,000 owners who have read, used, and praised "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others.

As a first step in will training, I would suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the blank form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 15-H Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to me and to so many others. (Adv.)

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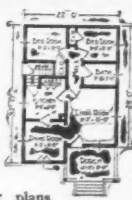
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She hesitated, breathless, smiling back at him out of her golden-gray eyes as though challenging him to doubt her loyalty or her belief in him. It was rather curious, too, for the girl was unusually intelligent and discriminating, and Neeland's work was very, very commonplace.

His face had become rather sober, but the smile still lurked on his lips.

"Rue," he said, "you are wonderfully kind. But I'm afraid I know about my work. I can draw pretty well, according to school standards, and I approach pretty nearly the same standards in painting. But, so far, I haven't done anything better than what is called 'acceptable.'"

"I don't agree with you," she said warmly.

"It's very kind of you not to." He laughed and walked to the window again. "Of course," he added, over his shoulder, "I expect to get along all right. Mediocrity has the best of chances, you know."

"You are not mediocre!"

"No; I don't think I am. But my work is. And, do you know," he continued thoughtfully, "that is very often the case with a man who is better equipped to act than to tell with pen or pencil how others act. I'm beginning to be afraid that I'm that sort, because I'm afraid that I get more enjoyment out of doing things than in explaining with pencil and paint how they are done."

But Rue Carew, seated on the arm of her chair, slowly shook her head.

"I don't think that those are the only alternatives, do you?"

"What other is there?"

She said, a little shyly,

"I think it is all right to do things if you like, make exact pictures of how things are done if you choose, but it seems to me that if one really has anything to say, one should show in one's pictures how things might be or ought to be—don't you?" He seemed surprised and interested in her logic; and she took courage to speak again in her pretty, deprecating way. "If the function of painting and literature is to reflect reality, a mirror would do as well—wouldn't it? But to reflect what might be or what ought to be requires something more—doesn't it?"

"Imagination—yes."

"A mind, anyway. That is what I have thought; but I'm not at all sure I am right."

"I don't know. The mind ought to be a mirror reflecting only the essentials of reality."

"And that requires imagination—doesn't it?" she asked. "You see you have put it much better than I have."

"Have I?" he returned, smiling. "After a while, you'll persuade me that I possess your imagination, Rue. But I don't."

"You do, Jim!"

"I'm sorry; I don't. You construct; I copy. You create; I ring changes on what already is. You dissect; I skate over the surface of things. O Lord, I don't know what's lacking in me!" he added, with gay pretense of despair which possibly was less feigned than real. "But I know this, Rue Carew: I'd rather experience something interesting than make a picture of it. And I suppose that confession is fatal."

"Why, Jim?"

"Because, with me, the pleasures of reality are substituted for the pleasures

of imagination. Not that I don't like to draw and paint, but my ambition in painting is and always has been bounded by the visible. And, although that does not prevent me from appreciation—from understanding and admiring your work, for example—it sets an impregnable limit to any such aspiration on my part."

His mobile and youthful features had become very grave; he stood a moment with lowered head, as though what he was thinking of depressed him; then the quick smile came into his face and cleared it, and he said gaily:

"I'm an artistic Dobbin, a reliable, respectable sort of Fido on whom editors can depend—that's all. Don't feel sorry for me," he added, laughing; "my work will be very much in demand."

XXVIII

EN FAMILLE

THE Princess Mistchenka came gracefully and in a leisurely manner down-stairs a little before eight that evening, much pleased with her hair, complexion, and gown. She found Neeland alone in the music-room.

The direct glance of undisguised admiration with which he greeted the Princess Naia confirmed the impression she herself had received from her mirror.

"Is there any doubt that you are quite the prettiest *objet d'art* in Paris?" he inquired anxiously, taking her hand.

She laughed.

"It's fortunate for women that you're never serious, even with yourself."

"Princess Naia," he remonstrated, "can nothing short of kissing you convince you of my sincerity and—"

"Impudence?" she interrupted smilingly. "Oh, yes; I'm convinced, James, that, lacking other material, you'd make love to a hitching-post."

His hurt expression and protesting gesture appealed to the universe against misinterpretation, but the Princess Mistchenka laughed again unfeelingly, and seated herself at the piano.

"Some day," she said, striking a lively chord or two, "I hope you'll catch it, young man. You're altogether too free and easy with your feminine friends. What do you think of Rue Carew?"

"An astounding and enchanting transformation! I haven't yet recovered my breath."

"When you do, you'll talk nonsense to the child, I suppose."

"Princess! Have I ever—"

"You talk little else, dear friend, when God sends a pretty fool to listen." She looked up at him from the keyboard over which her hands were nervously wandering. "I ought to know," she said; "I also have listened." She laughed carelessly, but her glance lingered for an instant on his face, and her mirth did not sound quite spontaneous to either of them.

Two years before, there had been an April evening after the opera when, in taking leave of her in her little *salon*, her hand had perhaps retained his a fraction of a second longer than she quite intended, and he had, inadvertently, kissed her.

He had thought of it as a charming and agreeable incident; what the Princess Naia Mistchenka thought of it she never volunteered. But she so managed that he



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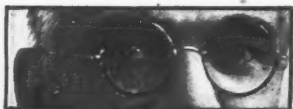
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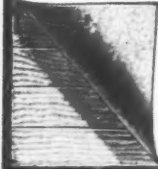
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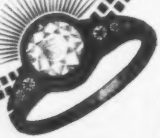
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never again was presented with a similar opportunity.

Perhaps they both were thinking of this rather ancient episode now, for his face was touched with a mischievously reminiscent smile, and she had lowered her head a trifle over the keyboard where her slim, ivory-tinted hands still idly searched after elusive harmonies.

"There's a man dining with us," she remarked, "who has the same irresponsible and casual views on life and manners which you entertain. No doubt you'll get along very well together."

"Who is he?"

"A Captain Sengoun, one of our *attachés*. It's likely you'll find a congenial soul in this same Cossack, whom we all call Alak." She added maliciously: "His only logic is the impulse of the moment, and he is known as 'Prince Erlik' among his familiars. Erlik was the devil, you know—"

He was announced at that moment, and came marching in—a dark, wiry, handsome, young man with winning black eyes and a little black mustache just shadowing his short upper lip, and a head shaped to contain the devil himself—the most reckless-looking head, Neeland thought, that he ever had beheld in all his life.

But the young fellow's frank smile was utterly irresistible, and his straight manner of facing one and of looking directly into the eyes of the person he addressed in his almost too perfect English won any listener immediately.

He bowed formally over Princess Nafa's hand, turned squarely on Neeland when he was named to the American, and exchanged a firm clasp with him.

Rue Carew entered and went to the princess.

"I'm so sorry to be late!" She turned to smile at Neeland, then offered her hand to the Russian. "How do you do, Prince Erlik?" she said, with the careless and gay cordiality of old acquaintance.

Captain Sengoun bowed over her slender white hand. And, Marotte announcing dinner, she took the arm of Captain Sengoun as the princess took Neeland's.

Like all Russians and some Cossacks, Sengoun ate and drank as though it were the most delightful experience in life; and he did it with a whole-souled heartiness and satisfaction that was flattering to any hostess and almost fascinating to anybody observing him.

He had taken an instant liking to Neeland, who seemed entirely inclined to return it; and he talked a great deal to the American, but with a nice division of attention for the two ladies on either side.

"You know, Alak," said the princess, "you need not torture yourself by trying to converse with discretion, because Mr. Neeland knows about many matters which concern us all."

"Ah, that is delightful!"

"He's done a little more than to express sympathy," remarked the princess, and she gave a humorous outline of Neeland's part in the affair of the olive-wood box.

"Fancy!" exclaimed Captain Sengoun.

"Yes; I heard at the embassy what happened to that accursed box this morning. Of course it is a misfortune, but as for me personally, I don't care."

"It doesn't happen to concern you personally, Prince Erlik," said Princess Nafa dryly.

"No," he admitted, unabashed by the snub; "it does not touch me. Cavalry cannot operate on the Gallipoli peninsula."

Rue turned to Neeland.

"His one idea of diplomacy and war is a thousand Kuban Cossacks at full-speed."

"And that is an excellent idea. Is it not, Kazatchka?" Sengoun said, smiling impudently at the princess, who only laughed at the familiarity. "I hope," he added, "that I may live to gallop through a few miles of diplomacy at full-speed before they consign me to the *opolchina*." Turning to Neeland: "The reserve—the old man's home, you know. God forbid!" And he drained his goblet and looked defiantly at Rue Carew.

"A Cossack is a Cossack," said the princess, "be he Terek or Kuban, Don or Astrakhan, and they all know as much about diplomacy as Prince Erlik—or Izzet Bey's nose. James, you are unusually silent, dear friend. Are you regretting those papers?"

"It's a pity," he said. But he had not been thinking of the lost papers; Rue Carew's beauty preoccupied him. The girl was in black, which made her skin dazzling and reddened the chestnut color of her hair.

He had never seen such a beautiful girl; she seemed more wonderful, more strange, more aloof than ever. And this was what preoccupied and entirely engaged his mind and troubled it, so that his smile had a tendency to become indefinite and his conversation mechanical at times.

After dinner, Sengoun sauntered off to the music-room, where, presently, he was playing the piano and singing some of the entrancing songs of his own people in a voice that, cultivated, might have made a fortune for him.

"Outside my guarded door,

Whose voice repeats my name?"

'The voice thou hast heard before.

Under the white moon's flame.

And thy name is my song; and my song is ever the same.'

'How many warriors, dead,

Have sung the song you sing?

Some by an arrow were sped,

Some by a dagger's sting.

'Like a bird in the night is my song—a bird on the wing!'

'Ahmed and Yusuf bled.

A dead king blocks my door.'

'If thy halls and walls be red,

Shall Samarkand ask more?

Or my song shall cleanse thy house, or my heart's blood foul thy floor?

'Now hast thou conquered me!

Humbly thy captive, I.

My soul escapes to thee;

My body here must lie;

Ride—with thy song, and my soul in thy arms; and let me die!'

"A love-song I made out of odd fragments I picked up here and there," he explained to Neeland. "I call it 'Samarkand,' or rather 'Samarkand Mahfuzeh,' which means 'Samarkand the Well Guarded.'"

Rue Carew, with her snowy shoulders and red-gold hair, came drifting in, consigning them to their seats with a gesture, and giving them to understand that she had come to hear the singing.

So Sengoun continued his sketchy, haphazard recital and, after a little while,

the Princess Mistchenka came in, saying that she had letters to write. They conversed, however, for nearly an hour before she rose, and Captain Sengoun gracefully accepted his congé.

"I'll walk with you, if you like," suggested Neeland.

"With pleasure, my dear fellow! The night is beautiful, and I am just beginning to wake up."

"Ask Marotte to give you a key, then," suggested the princess, going. At the foot of the stairs, however, she paused to exchange a few words with Captain Sengoun in a low voice; and Neeland, returning with his latch-key, went over to where Rue stood by the lamplit table looking absently over an evening paper.

As he came up beside her, the girl lifted her beautiful golden-gray eyes.

"Are you going out?"

"Yes; I thought I'd walk a bit with Captain Sengoun."

"It's rather a long distance to the embassy. Besides—" She hesitated, and he waited. She glanced absently over the paper for a moment, then, not raising her eyes, "I'm—I—the theft of that box to-day—perhaps my nerves have suffered a little—but do you think it quite prudent for you to go out alone at night?"

"Why, I am going out with Captain Sengoun!" he said, surprised at her troubled face.

"But you will have to return alone."

He laughed, but they both had flushed a little.

Had it been any other woman in the world, he had not hesitated gaily to challenge the shy and charming solicitude expressed in his behalf—make of it his capital, his argument to force that pretty duel to which, one day, all youth is destined.

He found himself now without a word to say, nor daring to entertain any assumption concerning the words she had uttered.

Her lifted eyes, with their clear, half-shy regard, had killed all fluency of tongue in him—slain utterly that light good humor with which he had encountered women heretofore. He said:

"I hadn't thought myself in any danger whatever. Is there any reason for me to expect further trouble?"

Rue raised her troubled eyes:

"Has it occurred to you that *they* might think you capable of redrawing parts of the stolen plans from memory?"

"It never occurred to me," he admitted, surprised. "But I believe I could remember a little about one or two of the more general maps."

"The princess means to ask you, tomorrow, to draw for her what you can remember. And that made me think about you now—whether the *others* might not suspect you capable of remembering enough to do them harm. And so—do you think it prudent to go out to-night?"

"Yes," he replied quite sincerely; "it is all right. You see I know Paris very well." She did not look convinced; but Sengoun came up, and she bade them both good-night and went away.

As, arm in arm, the two young men sauntered around the corner of the Rue Soleil d'Or, two men who had been sitting on a marble bench beside the sun-dial fountain, rose and strolled after them.

The next instalment of *The Dark Star* will appear in *May Cosmopolitan*.



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Beyond

(Continued from page 37)

eye and one feels the broad comradeship of primitive forces. A man is alone when he loves, alone when he dies; nobody cares for one so absorbed, and he cares for nobody, no—not he! Summerhay stood by the river-wall and looked up at the stars through the plane-tree branches. Every now and then he drew a long breath of the warm, unstirring air, and smiled, without knowing that he smiled. And he thought a little—of nothing; but a sweetish sensation beset his heart, a kind of quivering lightness his limbs. He sat down on a bench and shut his eyes. He saw a face—only a face. The lights went out one by one in the houses opposite; no cabs passed now, and scarce a passenger was afoot, but Summerhay sat like a man in a trance, the smile coming and going on his lips; and, behind him, the air that ever stirs above the river faintly moved with the tide flowing up.

It was nearly three, just coming dawn, when he went in, and, instead of going to bed, sat down to a case in which he was junior, and worked right on till it was time to ride before his bath and breakfast. He had one of those constitutions, not uncommon among barristers—fostered, perhaps, by ozone in the Courts of Law—that can do this sort of thing and take no harm. Indeed, he worked best in such long spurts of vigorous concentration. With real capacity and a liking for his work, this young man was certainly on his way to make a name; though, in the intervals of energy, no one gave a more complete impression of imperturbable drifting on the tides of the moment. Altogether, he was rather a paradox. He chose to live in that little Chelsea house, which had a scrap of garden, rather than in the Temple or St. James's, because he often preferred solitude; and yet he was an excellent companion, with many friends, who felt for him the affectionate distrust inspired by those who are prone to fits and starts of work and play, conviviality and loneliness. To women, he was almost universally attractive. But if he had scorched his wings a little once or twice, he had kept heart-free on the whole. He was, it must be confessed, a bit of a gambler, the sort of gambler who gets in deep, and then, by a plucky, lucky plunge, gets out again until some day, perhaps, he stays there. His father, a diplomatist, had been dead fifteen years; his mother was well known in the semi-intellectual circles of society. He had no brothers, two sisters, and an income of his own. Such was Bryan Summerhay at the age of twenty-six, his wisdom-teeth to cut, his depths unplumbed.

When he started that morning for the Temple, he had still a feeling of extraordinary lightness in his limbs, and he still saw that face—its perfect regularity, its warm pallor, and dark, smiling eyes rather wide apart, its fine, small, close-set ears, and the sweep of the black-brown hair across the low brow. Or was it something much less definite he saw—an emanation or expression, a trick, a turn, an indwelling grace, a something that appealed, that turned and touched him? Whatever it was, it would not let him be, and he did not desire that it should. For this was in his character: If he saw a horse that he liked, he put his money on whenever it ran; if

charmed by an opera, he went over and over again; if by a poem, he almost learned it by heart. And while he walked along the river—his usual route—he had queer and unaccustomed sensations, now melting, now pugnacious. And he felt happy.

He was rather late, and went at once into court. In wig and gown, that something "old Georgian" about him was very visible. A beauty-spot or two, a full-skirted velvet coat, a sword and snuff-box, with that gray wig, or its equivalent, and there would have been a perfect eighteenth-century specimen of the less bucolic stamp—the same strong, light build, breadth of face, brown pallor, clean and unpinched cut of lips, the same slight insolence and devil-may-care, the same clear glance and bubble of vitality. It was almost a pity to have been born so late.

Except that once or twice he drew a face on blotting-paper and smeared it over, he remained normally attentive to his "lud" and the matters in hand all day, conducted without error the examination of two witnesses and with terror the cross-examination of one, lunched at the Courts in perfect amity with the sucking barrister on the other side of the case, for they had neither, as yet, reached that maturity which enables an advocate to call his enemy his "friend," and treat him with considerable asperity. Though among his acquaintances Summerhay always provoked badinage, in which he was scarcely ever defeated, yet in chambers and court, on circuit, at his club, in society or the hunting-field, he had an unfavorable effect on the grosser sort of stories. There are men—by no means strikingly moral—who exercise this blighting influence. They are generally what the French call "*spirituel*," and often have rather desperate love-affairs which they keep very closely to themselves.

When, at last, in chambers, he had washed off that special reek of clothes, and parchment, far-away herrings, and distemper which clings about the law, dipping his whole curly head in water and toweling vigorously, he set forth alone along the Embankment, his hat tilted up, smoking a cigar. It was nearly seven. Just this time yesterday he had got into the train, just this time yesterday turned and seen the face which had refused to leave him since. And, as with fever, recurrent at certain hours, the desire to see her mounted within him, becoming an obsession because it was impossible to gratify it. One could not call at seven o'clock. The idea of his club, where at this time of day he usually went, seemed flat and stale, until he remembered that he might pass up Bury Street to get to it. But, near Charing Cross, a hand smote him on the shoulder, and the voice of one of his intimates said,

"Hello, Bryan!"

Odd, that he had never noticed before how vacuous this fellow was—with his talk of politics, and racing, of this ass and that ass—subjects hitherto of primary importance! And, stopping suddenly, he drawled out,

"Look here, old chap: You go on; see you at the club—presently."

"Why? What's up?"

With his lazy smile, Summerhay answered,

"There are more things in heaven

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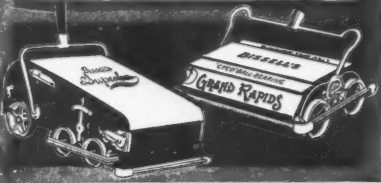
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and earth, Horatio," and turned on his heel.

When his friend had disappeared, he resumed his journey toward Bury Street. He passed his boot shop, where, for some time, he had been meaning to order two pairs, and went by, thinking, "I wonder where *she* goes for things." Her figure came to him so vividly—sitting back in that corner, or standing by the cab, her hand in his. The blood rushed up in his cheeks. She had been scented like flowers, and—and a rainy wind. He stood still before a plate-glass window, in confusion, and suddenly muttered aloud: "Dash it! I believe I am!"

But Summerhay still stood, not taking in at all the reflected image of his frowning, rueful face, and of the cigar extinct between his lips. Then he shook his head vigorously and walked on. He walked faster, his mind blank, as it is sometimes for a short space after a piece of self-revelation that has come too soon for adjustment or even quite for understanding. And when he began to think, it was irritably and at random. He had come to Bury Street, and while he passed up it, felt a queer, weak sensation down the back of his legs. No flower-boxes this year broke the plain front of Winton's house, and nothing whatever but its number and the quickened beating of his heart marked it out for Summerhay from any other dwelling. The moment he turned into Jermyn Street, that beating of the heart subsided, and he felt suddenly morose. He entered his club at the top of St. James's Street and passed at once into the least used room. This was the library; and going to the French section, he took down "The Three Musketeers" and seated himself in a window, with his back to anyone who might come in. He had taken this—his favorite romance, feeling in want of warmth and companionship; but he did not read. From where he sat, he could throw a stone to where she was sitting perhaps; except for walls he could almost reach her with his voice, could certainly see her. This was imbecile! A woman he had only met twice. Imbecile! He opened the book.

Oh, no; it is an ever-fixed mark

That looks on tempests and is never shaken.

It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, altho' its height be taken.

"Point of five! Three queens—three knaves! Do you know that thing of Dowson's: 'I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion'? Better than any Verlaine, except '*Les sanglots longs*.' What have you got?"

"Only quart to the queen. Do you like the name 'Cynara'?"

"Yes; don't you?"

"Cynara! Cynara! Ye-es—an autumn, rose-petal, whirling, dead-leaf sound."

"Good! Pipped! Shut up, Ossy; don't snore!"

"Ah, poor old dog! Let him. Shuffle for me, please. Oh, there goes another card!"

Her knee was touching his—

The book had dropped; Summerhay started.

Dash it! Hopeless! And, turning round in that huge armchair, he snoozed down into its depths. In a few minutes, he was asleep. He slept without a dream.

It was two hours later when the same friend, seeking distraction, came on him, and stood grinning down at that curly head and face which just then had the sleepy abandonment of a small boy's. Maliciously he gave the chair a little kick.

Summerhay stirred, and thought: "What! Where am I?"

In front of the grinning face above him floated another, filmy, charming. He shook himself and sat up.

"What time is it?"

"Ten o'clock."

Summerhay uttered an unintelligible sound, and, turning over on the other arm, pretended to snooze down again. But he slept no more. Instead, he saw her face, heard her voice, and felt again the touch of her warm, gloved hand.

III

At the opera, that Friday evening, they were playing "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci"—works of which Gyp tolerated the first and loved the second, while Winton found them, with "Faust" and "Carmen," about the only operas he could not sleep through.

Women's eyes, which must not stare, cover more space than the eyes of men, which must not stare, but do; women's eyes have less method, too, seeing all things at once, instead of one thing at a time. Gyp had seen Summerhay long before he saw her, seen him come in and fold his opera-hat against his white waistcoat, looking round, as if for—some one. He looked well in evening clothes. When he sat down, she could still see just a little of his profile; and, vaguely watching the stout Santuzza and the stouter Turiddu, she wondered whether, by fixing her eyes on him, she could make him turn and see her. Just then he did see her, and his face lighted up. She smiled back. Why not? She had not so many friends nowadays. But it was rather startling to find, after that exchange of looks, that she at once began to want another. Would he like her dress? Was her hair nice? She wished she had not had it washed that morning. But when the interval came, she did not look round until his voice said:

"How d'you do, Major Winton! Oh, how d'you do!"

Winton had been told of the meeting in the train. He was pining for a cigarette, but had not liked to desert his daughter. After a few remarks, he got up and said,

"Take my pew a minute, Summerhay; I'm going to have a smoke."

He went out, thinking, not for the first time by a thousand: "Poor child, she never sees a soul! Twenty-five, pretty as paint, and clean out of the running! What am I to do about her?"

Summerhay sat down. Gyp had a queer feeling, then, as if the house and people vanished, and they two were back again in the railway-carriage—alone together. Ten minutes to make the most of! To smile and talk, and enjoy the look in his eyes, the sound of his voice and laugh. To laugh, too, and be warm and nice to him. Why not? They were friends. And, presently, she said, smiling,

"Oh, by the way, there's a picture in the National Gallery, I want you to look at."

"Yes? Which? Will you take me?"

"If you like."

"To-morrow's Saturday; may I meet you there? What time? Three?" Gyp nodded. She knew she was flushing, and, at that moment, with the warmth in her cheeks and the smile in her eyes, she had the sensation, so rare and pleasant, of feeling beautiful. Then he was gone. Her father was slipping back into his stall; and, afraid of her own face, she touched his arm, and murmured:

"Dad, do look at that head-dress in the next row but one! Did you ever see anything so delicious?"

And while Winton was star-gazing, the orchestra struck up the overture to "Pagliacci." Watching that heart-breaking little plot unfold, Gyp had something more than the old thrill, as if for the first time she understood it with other than her esthetic sense. Poor Nedda—and poor Canio! Poor Silvio! Her breast heaved, and her eyes filled with tears. Within those doubled figures of the tragi-comedy, she seemed to see, to feel that passionate love—too swift, too strong, too violent for their frail flesh, sweet and fearful within them.

Thou hast my heart, and I am thine forever—
To-night and forever I am thine!
What is there left to me? What have I but a heart that is broken?

And the clear, heart-aching music mocking it all, down to those last words:

La commedia è finita!

While she was putting on her cloak, her eyes caught Summerhay's. She tried to smile—could not, gave a shake of her head, slowly forced her gaze away from his, and turned to follow Winton.

At the National Gallery, next day, she was not late by coquetry, but because she had changed her dress at the last minute, and because she was afraid of letting him think her eager. She saw him at once, standing under the colonnade, looking by no means imperturbable, and marked the change in his face, when he caught sight of her, with a little thrill. She led him straight up into the first Italian room to contemplate his counterfeit. A top-hat and modern collar did not improve the likeness, but it was there still.

"Well? Do you like it?"

"Yes. What are you smiling at?"

"I've had a photograph of that, ever since I was fifteen; so, you see, I've known you a long time."

He stared.

"Great Scott! Am I like that? All right; I shall try and find you now."

But Gyp shook her head.

"No. Come and look at my very favorite picture, 'The Death of Procris.' What is it makes one love it so? Procris is out of drawing and not beautiful; the faun's queer and ugly. What is it—can you tell?"

Summerhay looked not at the picture, but at her. In esthetic sense, he was not her equal. She said softly,

"The wonder in the faun's face, Procris's closed eyes, the dog and the swans, and the pity for what might have been!"

Summerhay repeated:

"Ah, for what might have been! Did you enjoy 'Pagliacci'?"

Gyp shivered.

"I think I felt it too much."

"I thought you did. I watched you."



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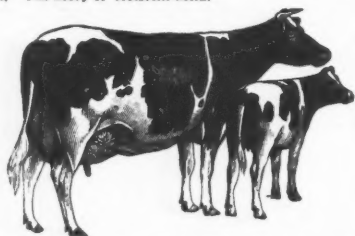
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"Destruction by—love—that seems a terrible thing! Now show me your favorites. I believe I can tell you what they are, though."

"Well?"

"The 'Admiral,' for one."

"Yes. What others?"

"The two Bellinis."

"By Jove, you are uncanny!"

Gyp laughed.

"You want decision, clarity, color, and fine texture. Is that right? Here's another of my favorites."

On a screen was a tiny "Crucifixion" by da Messina—the thinnest of high crosses, the thinnest of simple, humble, suffering Christs, lonely and actual in the clear, darkened landscape.

"I think that touches one more than the big, idealized sort. One feels it was like that. Oh! And look—the Francescas! Aren't they lovely?"

He repeated:

"Yes; lovely!" But his eyes said, "And so are you."

They spent two hours among those endless pictures, talking a little of art and of much besides, almost as alone as in the railway-carriage. But, when she had refused to let him walk back with her, Summerhay stood stock-still beneath the colonnade. The sun streamed in under; the pigeons preened their feathers; people passed behind him and down there in the square. He took in nothing of all that. What was it in her? She was like no one he had ever known—not one! Different from girls and women in society as—Simile failed. Still more different from anything in the half-world he had met! Not the new sort—college, suffrage! Like no one! And he knew so little of her! Not even whether she had ever really been in love. Her husband—where was he; what was he to her? "The rare, the mute, the inexpressive She!" When she smiled, when her eyes—but her eyes were so quick, would drop before he could see right into them! How beautiful she had looked, gazing at that picture—her favorite—so softly, her lips just smiling! If he could kiss them, would he not go nearly mad? With a deep sigh, he moved down the wide, gray steps into the sunlight. And London, throbbing, overflowing with the season's life, seemed to him empty. To-morrow—yes; to-morrow he could call!

IV

AFTER that Sunday call, Gyp sat in the window at Bury Street close to a bowl of heliotrope on the window-sill. She was thinking over a passage of their conversation.

"Mrs. Fioren, tell me about yourself."

"Why? What do you want to know?"

"Your marriage?"

"I made a fearful mistake—against my father's wish. I haven't seen my husband for months; I shall never see him again if I can help it. Is that enough?"

"And you love him?"

"No."

"It must be like having your head in chancery. Can't you get it out?"

"No."

"Why?"

"A case! Ugh! I couldn't!"

"Yes, I know—it's hellish!"

Was he, who gripped her hand so hard and said that, really the same nonchalant

young man who had leaned out of the carriage window, gurgling with laughter. And what had made the difference? She buried her face in the heliotrope, whose perfume seemed the memory of his visit; then, going to the piano, began to play. She played Debussy, McDowell, Ravel; the chords of modern music, pulling apart, suited her feelings just then. And while she was still playing, Winton came in. During these last nine months of his daughter's society, he had regained a distinct measure of youthfulness. Gyp stopped playing at once and shut the piano.

"Mr. Summerhay's been here, dad. He was sorry to miss you."

There was an appreciable pause before Winton answered,

"My dear, I doubt it."

And there passed through Gyp the thought that she could never again be friends with a man without giving that pause. Then, conscious that her father was gazing at her, she turned and said,

"Well, dad, was it nice in the park?"

"Thirty years ago, they were all nobles and snobs; now, God himself doesn't know what they are!"

"But weren't the flowers nice?"

"Ah—and the trees, and the birds—but, by Jove, the humans do their best to dress the balance! What sort of a fellow is young Summerhay? Not a bad face."

She answered impassively,

"Yes; it's so alive."

In spite of his self-control, she could always read his thoughts quicker than he could read hers, and knew that he was struggling between the wish that she should have a good time and the desire to convey some kind of warning. He said, with a little sigh,

"What does a young man's fancy turn to in summer, Gyp?"

"Strawberries and cream, dear."

And Winton said no more.

Women who have subtle instincts and some experience are able to impose their own restraint on those who, at the lifting of a hand, would become their lovers. From that afternoon on, Gyp knew that a word from her would change everything; but she was far from speaking it. And yet, except at week-ends, when she went back to her baby at Mildenhall, she saw Summerhay most days—in the Row, at the opera, or at Bury Street. She had a habit of going to St. James's Park in the late afternoon and sitting there by the water. Was it by chance that he passed one day on his way home from chambers, and that, after that, they sat there together constantly? Why make her father uneasy—when there was nothing to be uneasy about—by letting him come too often to Bury Street? It was so pleasant, too, out there, talking calmly of many things, while in front of them the small, ragged children fished and put the fishes into clear glass bottles, to eat, or watch on rainy days, as is the custom of man with the minor works of God.

So, in nature, when the seasons are about to change, the days pass, tranquil, waiting for the wind that brings in the new. And was it not natural to sit under the trees, by the flowers and the water, the pigeons and the ducks, that wonderful July? For all was peaceful in Gyp's mind, except, now and then, when a sort

of remorse possessed her, a sort of terror, and a sort of troubling sweetness.

V

SUMMERHAY did not wear his heart on his sleeve, and when, on the closing-day of term, he left his chambers to walk to that last meeting, his face was much as usual under his gray top-hat. But, in truth, he had come to a pretty pass. He had his own code of what was befitting to a gentleman. It was perhaps a trifle "old Georgian," but it included doing nothing to distress a woman. All these weeks he had kept himself in hand; but to do so had cost him more than he liked to reflect on. The only witness of his struggles was his old Scotch terrier, whose dreams he had disturbed night after night, tramping up and down the long back-to-front sitting-room of his little house. She knew—must know—what he was feeling. If she wanted his love, she had but to raise her finger; and she had not raised it. When he touched her, when her dress disengaged its perfume or his eyes traced the slow, soft movement of her breathing, his head would go round, and to keep calm and friendly had been torture.

While he could see her almost every day, this control had been just possible; but now that he was about to lose her—for weeks—his heart felt sick within him. He had been hard put to it before the world. A man passionately in love craves solitude in which to alternate between fierce exercise and that trancelike stillness when a lover simply aches or is busy conjuring her face up out of darkness or the sunlight. He had managed to do his work, had been grateful for having it to do; but to his friends he had not given attention enough to prevent them saying, "What's up with old Bryan?" Always rather elusive in his movements, he was now too elusive altogether for those who had been accustomed to lunch, dine, dance, and sport with him. And yet he shunned his own company—going wherever strange faces, life, anything, distracted him. It must be confessed that he had come unwillingly to discovery of the depth of his passion, aware that it meant giving up too much. But there are women who inspire feeling so direct and simple that reason does not come into play; and he had never asked himself whether Gyp was worth loving, whether she had this or that quality, such or such virtue. He wanted her exactly as she was; and did not weigh her in any sort of balance. It is possible for men to love passionately yet know that their passion is but desire, possible for men to love for sheer spiritual worth, feeling that the loved one lacks this or that charm.

Summerhay's love had no such divided consciousness. About her past, too, he dismissed speculation. He remembered having heard in the hunting-field that she was Winton's natural daughter; even then it had made him long to punch the head of that covert-side scandal-monger. The more there might be against the desirability of loving her, the more he would love her; even her wretched marriage only affected him in so far as it affected her happiness. It did not matter—nothing mattered except to see her and be with her as much as she would let him. And now she was going to the sea for a month, and he—curse it!—was due in Perthshire to shoot grouse. A month!



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HENRY A. DREER 714 16 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

He walked slowly along the river. Dared he speak? At times, her face was like a child's when it expects some harsh or frightening word. One could not hurt her—impossible! But, at times, he had almost thought she would like him to speak. Once or twice he had caught a slow, soft glance—gone the moment he caught sight of it.

He was before his time, and, leaning on the river parapet, watched the tide run down. The sun shone on the water, brightening its yellowish swirl, and little black eddies—the same water that had flowed along under the willows past Eynsham, past Oxford, under the church at Clifton, past Moultsford, past Sonning. And he thought: "My God! To have her to myself one day on the river—one whole long day!" Why had he been so pusillanimous all this time? He passed his hand over his face. Broad faces do not easily grow thin, but his felt thin to him, and this gave him a kind of morbid satisfaction. If she knew how he was longing, how he suffered! He turned away, toward Whitehall. Two men he knew stopped to bandy a jest. One of them was just married. They, too, were off to Scotland for the twelfth. Pah! How stale and flat seemed that which till then had been the acme of the whole year to him! Ah, but if he had been going to Scotland *with her*! He drew his breath in with a sigh that nearly removed the Home Office.

Oblivious of the gorgeous sentries at the Horse Guards, oblivious of all beauty, he passed irresolute along the water, making for their usual seat; already, in fancy, he was sitting there, prodding at the gravel, a nervous twittering in his heart, and that eternal question: Dare I speak? asking itself within him. And, suddenly, he saw that she was before him, sitting there already. His heart gave a jump. No more craning—he *would* speak!

She was wearing a maize-colored muslin to which the sunlight gave a sort of transparency, and sat leaning back, her knees crossed, one hand resting on the knob of her sunshade, her face half hidden by her shady hat. Summerhay clenched his teeth, and went straight up to her.

"Gyp! No; I won't call you anything else. This can't go on! You know it can't! You know I worship you! If you can't love me, I've got to break away. All day, all night, I think and dream of nothing but you. Gyp, do you want me to go?"

Suppose she said, "Yes; go!" She made a little movement as if in protest, and, without looking at him, answered very low:

"Of course I don't want you to go. How could I?"

Summerhay gasped.

"Then you *do* love me?"

She turned her face away.

"Wait, please. Wait a little longer. When we come back, I'll tell you; I promise!"

"So long?"

"A month. Is that long? Please! It's not easy for me." She smiled faintly, lifted her eyes to him just for a second. "Please not any more now."

That evening at his club, through the bluish smoke of cigarette after cigarette, he saw her face as she had lifted it for that one second; and now he was in heaven, now in hell.

The next instalment of *Beyond* will appear in *May Cosmopolitan*.

Why the Average American Dies at Forty-three

"He Feeds His Stomach with Tasty Junk," says E. E. Rittenhouse of Equitable Life

By R. W. Lockwood

President of the Corrective Eating Society

THE presidents of life insurance companies with perhaps twenty billion dollars' insurance on the lives of Americans, recently met in convention at the Hotel Astor in New York, and in their discussion brought out some of the reasons why the average American dies at about forty-three years of age.

According to the press reports, Mr. E. E. Rittenhouse, Commissioner of Public Service and Conservation of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, said: "The average American would not think of mixing bricks or scrap iron or gravel with the fuel for his furnace, yet he feeds his stomach with all sorts of tasty junk, much of which cannot be fully digested . . . he is seriously overstraining his heart, arteries, kidneys, nerves and digestion, as the rapidly increasing death rate shows."

This statement from such an authoritative source—from a man who makes it his business to study both vital statistics and the causes behind them—sounds a warning which should be heeded by every man and woman.

Indeed, there is no longer a doubt among intelligent people that many of the foods and combinations of foods which we are most accustomed to eat are the direct cause of much sickness.

Yet how few of us heed the early warnings of illness, such as acid-stomach, fermentation, or constipation. I venture to say that nine out of ten persons suffer to a greater or less extent from one or more of these three symptoms, which are in many cases the forerunners of more serious sickness.

Stomach medicines and laxatives are plentiful, but of what avail are they? The only thing that a stomach medicine can do is to temporarily neutralize the extra amount of acid in the stomach, because it is *stronger* than the acid. And this injures the stomach, usually bringing the acid back worse than it was before. A laxative is just as bad, if not a little worse; not only is its effect temporary, but all laxatives are habit-forming and are required in ever-increasing doses.

If neglected, a simple case of acid-stomach may lead in a short time to fermentation with gas, and constipation. The fermenting food forms poisons which are absorbed into the blood, causing auto-intoxication, nervousness, mental depression, and a host of other unpleasant symptoms.

Is it any wonder that the officers of large insurance companies sound a warning against the evils of wrong eating?

But just as wrong eating is the cause of

90 per cent of common illnesses, so will correct eating create and maintain both bodily vigor and mental energy. And by right eating I do not mean freak foods—I mean just good every-day foods properly combined. In fact, to eat correctly, or follow a course of Corrective Eating it is not at all necessary to upset your table.

Eugene Christian, the well-known food specialist, has proved the efficacy of Corrective Eating in thousands of cases. Entirely without the use of drugs or medicines, men and women suffering from almost every conceivable non-organic ailment have been returned to health and vigor by following his simple directions in regard to their eating.

In a recent talk with Eugene Christian he told me of several interesting cases which had recently come under his care. One was a woman prominent in Woman Suffrage work in New York City. She had come to him with stomach and intestinal fermentation and gas, auto-intoxication, mental depression and anemia, vertigo, and threatened heart failure. She was very much over-weight when she commenced, but reduced her weight thirty-seven pounds during the treatment. He showed me a letter she had written him afterward, in which she said:

"I am sure you will be gratified to hear that I continue to improve—it seems sometimes that I must have been made over, and it is difficult to remember that less than eight months ago I was a feeble old woman depending upon daily doses of strychnia for what little strength I had. When I came under your treatment, I weighed one hundred and ninety-seven pounds, was hardly able to walk, and was subject to most serious heart attacks upon the slightest exertion. And now I am so well, so strong, that my family and friends maintain that it is a miracle which has restored me to strength and vigor of life—certainly in my case the cure is most remarkable because of my sixty-seven years."

Another was a well-known minister who had been out of his pulpit for twenty-two months, unable to preach or conduct the simplest service. He was about twenty-five pounds under-weight, anemic, nervous, had superacidity, and could not assimilate his food; and his heart action was very irregular. He had gradually declined for two years although treated by one of New York's leading physicians. Three months after he placed himself under Eugene Christian's care, he preached the first sermon he had been able to preach in nearly two years. This was over three years ago.

He has gained about twenty-five pounds in weight and since has not missed a day from his arduous clerical work. He has steadily gained in strength and vitality and is to-day healthy and athletic.

But Eugene Christian's own case is perhaps the most interesting of all, for it shows how he discovered the beginnings of the methods which he has since pursued so successfully with others—methods of selecting and proportioning one's meals so as to overcome conditions brought about by wrong eating.

Twenty years ago he was at death's door; for several years previously he had suffered all the agonies of acute stomach and intestinal troubles, until his doctors—among them some of the most noted specialists in the country—gave him up to die. As a last resort, he commenced to study the food question himself. As a result of what he learned, he succeeded in literally *eating his way back to health* without drugs or medicines of any kind, and in a remarkably short space of time.

Eugene Christian is to-day nearly sixty years old—or shall I say young? For he has more vitality, more ginger, more physical endurance than most youngsters in their teens. During the past fifteen years he has not had even so much as a cold.

Since the remarkable success of Eugene Christian has become known, people have sought his advice in such rapidly increasing numbers that he has found it necessary to put his methods in printed form. He has written a series of 24 Little Lessons which tell you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency.

These lessons contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, including corrective menus for almost every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age, for all occupations, climates, and seasons.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with this great food specialist, because every point is so thoroughly covered and so clearly explained that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will help to produce the increased physical and mental energy which you are seeking the day you receive the lessons. And you are quite likely to feel some results after your very first balanced meal.

If you would like to examine these "24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating," simply write the Corrective Eating Society, Dept. 94, 450 Fourth Avenue, New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask to have the lessons mailed for five days' trial with the understanding that you will either send the small price asked, \$3, or return the books.

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The Life of Charles Frohman

(Continued from page 97)

next day, the manager was almost in a state of panic. He said to Charles Dillingham, who was with him:

"Dillingham, you know how I hate to go to see doctors. You also know what is the matter with me. Why don't you go as my understudy, and tell the doctor what is the matter with you? He will give you a nice little prescription or advise you to go to the Riviera or to Carlsbad."

"All right," said Dillingham; "I'll do what you say."

Promptly at four o'clock, Dillingham showed up at the specialist's office and said he was Frohman. He was subjected to a drastic inquisition. He had entered the doctor's office in the best of health. He emerged from it, worn and weary.

When he staggered into Frohman's room two hours later and told his tale of woe, Frohman laughed so heartily over the episode that he was a well man the next day.

MIXING JEST WITH LIFE

After his shyness, the greatest thing about Forhman's personality was his humor. He mixed jest with life, and it enabled him to meet crisis after crisis with unflagging spirit and smiling serenity. Once he was asked this question:

"What is the difference between metropolitan and out-of-town audiences?"

"Fifty cents," he replied.

Charles Dillingham was ordered to hurry to New York. From a small town up New York State he wired:

Washout on line. Will report as soon as possible.

Frohman promptly sent the following reply:

Never mind your wash. Buy a new shirt and come along at once.

After Edna May married Oscar Lewishohn, she gave a large reception on her return from the honeymoon. She sent Charles Frohman one of the conventional engraved cards that read:

At home, Thursday, from four to six.

Frohman immediately sent back the card, on which he had written, "So am I."

Once, when Frohman and Dillingham were crossing to Europe on the Oceanic, they had as fellow passenger, Henry Dazian, the well-known theatrical costumer, on whom Frohman delighted to play pranks. On the first day out, Dillingham came rushing back to Frohman with this exclamation:

"There are a couple of card-sharks on board, and Dazian is playing with them. Don't you think we had better warn him?"

"No," replied Frohman; "warn the sharks."

Behind all of Frohman's jest and humor was a big and serious outlook on life. Nor was it unmixed with big philosophy.

He was visiting Sir George Alexander, at his country house in Kent. Alexander, who is a great dog-fancier, asked Frohman to accompany him while he chained up his animals. Frohman watched the performance with great interest. Then he turned to the actor-manager and said,

"I have got a lot of dogs out at my country place in America, but I never tie them up."

"Why?" asked Alexander.

"Let other people tie up the dogs. You let them out, and they will always like you."

One gets an intimate flash of the man's real character through an episode that happened in the last year of his life. With an old friend he was discussing human compensation. His companion suddenly asked,

"If you had your life to live over again, would you become a theatrical manager?"

Frohman's instant reply was,

"If I could feel that I would be surrounded by the same circle of players and writers that have made me—yes. Otherwise, no."

Though his enterprises involved millions, Frohman had an extraordinary disregard of money. To him, it was a means to an end. He summed up his whole attitude one day, when he said:

"My work is to produce plays that succeed so that I can produce plays that will not succeed. This is why I must have money."

No one, perhaps, has summed up this money-attitude of Frohman's better than George Bernard Shaw, who said of him:

"There is a prevalent impression that Charles Frohman is a hard-headed American man of business who would not look at anything that is not likely to pay. On the contrary, he is the most wildly romantic and adventurous man of my acquaintance. As Charles XII became an excellent soldier because of his passion for putting himself in the way of being killed, so Charles Frohman became a famous manager through his passion for putting himself in the way of being ruined."

In many respects, Frohman's attitude toward money was almost childlike. He left all financial details to his subordinates. All he wanted to do was to produce plays and be let alone. Upon himself he spent little. He once said, "All I want is a good meal, a good cigar, good clothes, a good bed to sleep in, and freedom to produce whatever plays I like."

He was a magnificent loser. Failure never disturbed him. When he saw that a piece was doomed, he indulged in no obituary talk. "Let's go to the next," he said, and on he went.

A MAN OF SIMPLE TASTES

Like every great man, Charles Frohman's tastes were simple. He always wore clothes of one pattern, and the style seldom varied. He wore no jewelry except a ring on his little finger. One of his eccentricities was that he never carried a watch. He always said, "No matter where you are, some one always has a watch, or you can see a clock."

Frohman never married. A friend once asked him why he had chosen to be a bachelor.

"My dear fellow," he answered, "had I possessed a wife and family, I could never have taken the risks which, as a theatrical manager, I am constantly called upon to do."

Frohman's letters to his intimates were characteristic. He always wrote them by hand with a blue pencil, and on whatever

scrap of paper happened to be at hand. He wrote as he talked, in quick, epigrammatic sentences. Like Barrie, he wrote one of the most incorrigible of hands. Frequently, instead of a note, he drew a picture to express a sentiment or convey an invitation. One reason for this was that the man saw all life in terms of the theater, and it was a series of scenes.

With regard to home life, Frohman had none. He always dwelt in apartments in New York. The only two places where he really relaxed were at Marlow, in England, and at his country place near White Plains, Westchester County, New York. He shared the ownership of this establishment with Charles Dillingham. It entered largely into his plans. Here his few intimates, like Paul Potter, Haddon Chambers, and Augustus Thomas, came and talked over plays and productions.

FROHMAN'S HOME IN AMERICA

The way he came to acquire an interest in the White Plains house is typical of the man and his methods. Charles Dillingham had bought the place. One day, Frohman and Gillette lunched with him there. Frohman was greatly taken with the establishment. The three men sat at a round table. Frohman beamed and said:

"This is the place for me. I want to sit at the head of this table." It was his way of saying that he wanted to acquire an ownership in it, and from that time on he was a part-proprietor. With characteristic generosity, he insisted upon paying two-thirds of the expenses. Then, in his usual lavish fashion, he had it remodeled.

Out of the Frohman ownership of the White Plains house came one of the many Frohman jests. Its conduct was so expensive that Frohman, one day, said to Dillingham,

"Let's rent a theater and make it pay for the maintenance of the house."

Frohman then leased the Garrick, in New York, but the joke was that, instead of making money on it, he lost heavily.

Frohman probably read more plays than any theatrical manager of his time. This precluded any outside reading. In his last years, however, he developed a great admiration for Lincoln. He had a facsimile copy of the Gettysburg "Address" on one of the book-shelves in his office.

In summing up the qualities that made Frohman great, you find, in the last analysis, that he had two in common with most dynamic leaders of men. One was an incisive, almost uncanny ability to probe into the hearts of men, strip away the superficial, and find the real substance.

Again, Frohman had an extraordinary quality of unconscious hypnotism. Men who came to him in anger went away in satisfied peace. They succumbed to what was often an overwhelming personality.

He proved this in the handling of his women stars. They combined a group of varied and conflicting temperaments. His was the perfect understanding, and no one has better expressed it than Ethel Barrymore, who said, "To try to explain something to Charles Frohman was to insult him."

Such was Charles Frohman, the man who never broke his word, who never made a contract. He will not be soon forgotten.

THE END

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The Gray Hair

(Continued from page 58)

And Blake, studying the chauffeur's face, saw that it was not the face of the man who had been in court, though enough like it to deceive anyone save a close relative or most intimate friend at a casual glance. But even a stranger, studying this face, could see that it was not the face of the chauffeur of the court-room. Yet the extraordinary likeness was there, and undoubtedly had deceived the garage proprietor.

The latter answered Heenan.

"No, sir; but I thought it was, and——"

"Is the man lying? Did the other man look enough like this fellow?" Heenan asked Blake.

"Considering the circumstances, and that this man expected to see his own employee and was nervous and excited—yes, he does," replied Blake.

Heenan grunted. He addressed the chauffeur.

"Where were you, then, if you weren't in court? What's your name, anyway?"

"Leary, sir. Mike Leary. Where was I? I had a fare last night—picked him up at Madison Square about eight o'clock. He had me drive him over to the East Side. He made me stop before a saloon and invited me in to have a drink. I had the drink, and then we got back in the car. He said he'd like to ride on the front seat with me, and I let him. Then I remember him askin' me where I lived, and I told him. That's the last thing I remember. I woke up in my own room this mornin' with an awful head, and I went straight over to the garage, and the boss asked me why I shook him after court this mornin', and then I asked him what he meant, and then——"

"We can guess the rest," interrupted Heenan. "Do you know where you had that drink?"

Leary shook his head.

"It was somewhere on the Bowery, near Chatham Square. I don't seem to remember just where."

"Could you recognize your fare?"

"I dunno, sir. He wore his hat down over his forehead, and his coat collar was turned up high."

"Did your landlady see him when he brought you home?"

"She told me this mornin' that she found me on the front step with a terrible bun on, sir. I was alone, and she said the bell had rung. I supposed I'd rung it; but——"

"You supposed?" sneered Heenan. "Well, there's no charge against you, but I warn you not to leave town and to hold yourself in readiness to report to me any time I send for you."

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," gasped the chauffeur. And he and his employer backed fearfully out of the office, considering themselves lucky not to be detained in a cell. Heenan had a most overbearing and awesome manner.

The new commissioner wheeled about in his newly acquired chair and looked disgustedly at Blake.

"Well, you've made a fine job of this, haven't you? Had the murderer right in court and never detained him. It's about time I took hold."

Wonderment crowded resentment from Blake's mind.

(Continued on page 156)



The newest Gruen achievement—the 10-jewel Very-Verithin, adjusted to six positions and temperatures: Ultra gold filled, \$50; 14k solid gold, \$75; 18k solid gold, \$100. Louis XIV dial, \$5 extra.

One Word from a Woman's Lips

How it gave to this country its finest watch

BACK in the days when our grandmothers were girls, Romance began working changes in the watchmaking industry of this country.

Sailing over the sea came Dietrich Gruen, a brilliant young horologist, graduated from his apprenticeship to the famous Martens of Freiburg. Before starting into the manufacture of watches in Switzerland he had decided to visit a brother in America.

And here he fell in love. The word he won from his sweetheart's lips changed all his plans, and made him decide upon America instead of Switzerland as the place to carry out his lifelong ambition to be a watch manufacturer.

A business built on ideals

Dietrich Gruen started his business with the ideal of giving America a watch of exceptional merit. But for its production his thoughts turned naturally to Switzerland, where from time out of mind the finest watches had been made.

There he gathered together a group of the finest craftsmen, and established his first factory for the production of watch movements, importing these movements and adjusting them to their cases in America.

Almost at once the Gruen watch gained a high standing among the jewelers of this country. In the years that followed not only did this watch maintain the highest standards of the watchmaking industry of that day, but through his own inventions and improvements Dietrich Gruen materially advanced that standard.

Pioneering

About 1874 Dietrich Gruen conceived the idea of reducing the size of watches. At that time the smallest watch made was what is known as the 18-size; but after many trials and experiments he succeeded in producing what is now known as the 16-size. For many years thereafter this was the popular size watch, and is the size made today by all watch manufacturers for railroad use, so that Dietrich Gruen may be said to have been the first railroad watch manufacturer in America.

How much Dietrich Gruen's wife was responsible for his continued ambition for watch improvement, we do not know. It is pleasant to think that she inspired him to still greater efforts. Be that as it may, the success of the 16-size did not satisfy him. He saw that all watches were not only too large, but too thick. He determined that the Gruen watch should be the pioneer thin watch, as it had been the pioneer 16-size watch.

He began then a series of experiments toward that end, trying for a new principle that would enable him to secure watch thinness without cutting down the size and strength of parts.

Many years had passed since Dietrich Gruen's marriage, and three sons had come to bless it. The eldest of these had grown up and been trained, here and abroad, in the watchmaking skill of his race. This eldest son now took up with the father the latter's ambition, and together they worked to realize it.

How they at last accomplished it is shown by the wheel train illustration below. In Europe and America the Gruen Verithin immediately took the lead as the thinnest accurate watch made—a position it has held ever since.

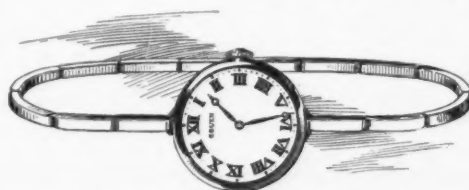
With cunning fingers the watchmakers of Madre-Biel, Switzerland, adjust and finish the machine-made parts by hand after the original model. In Cincinnati, located on "Time Hill," is the beautiful American Service Plant and Gold-case Factory where the gold cases are made and the watches receive their final adjustments. Here, too, duplicate parts are kept always on hand.

The demand for these watches during the past seven years being greater than the production, obliges us to limit their sale through about 1200 jeweler agencies, but those who want a watch for long service, a watch in whose accuracy and beauty they will always take pride, will find among the best jewelers in every locality one or two who are proud to display the Gruen agency sign.

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VERITHIN WATCH

THE OLD WAY

VERITHIN WAY

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"Man named Allaire; man discharged this morning by Judge Sweeney. Wants to see the commissioner. Also the owner of the stable on Thompson Street where Deewald's murderer trapped Officers Rainey and Lacy and McGirk. They brought him down to give a description of the man who rented the stable from him."

"Well, they did the right thing. Bring them in first," said Heenan. It was characteristic of the man that he did not let Doughty know that he was ignorant of what had happened to the three policemen. As Doughty went to fetch the officers and the owner of the stable, Heenan asked Blake to explain. Swiftly Blake told him of the mishap of the pursuers of Deewald's slayer. He had finished when they entered. They had been apprised by police "wireless" of the change in commissioners, and they looked apprehensively at Heenan. McGirk spoke for all of them.

"We got trapped by the murderer, sir. We was fooled badly, sir, but we thought this man could describe—" He stepped aside and pushed forward the owner of the stable. "Tell the commissioner what the man who hired the stable looked like."

The stable-owner gasped.

"Look like?" he cried. "Look like? Why, he's lookin' right at me now!"

And he pointed a trembling finger at the amazed face of Heenan. Blake laughed.

"When did you sit to him for your portrait, Heenan?"

VIII

HEENAN glared at Blake, sputtered a curse or two, then recovered himself. He cross-examined the stable-owner, whose name was Waters, with a swift directness and avoidance of unessentials that proved, for all his boastfulness, that Heenan knew his business. But, having finally and thoroughly convinced Waters that he, Heenan, had not hired the stable, and Waters, after closer scrutiny, admitting that Heenan did not look quite so much like the renter of the stable as he seemed to at first glance, Heenan had to content himself with meager information.

A man who gave the name of Lowell had hired Waters' vacant stable at number 300A Thompson Street. This was about eight days ago. He had told Waters that he lived in Jersey and did a business of selling small New York stores stock, fixtures, and good-will, on commission. He had no office save that which was "under his hat." He had explained that garage prices were too high and that, as he often spent the night in the city, he was looking for a place where he might store his car cheaply. The Thompson Street stable suited him; so did the rent. And as he paid for the latter for three months in advance, Waters had dispensed with references, and had turned the keys over to Lowell. That was all; he had not seen Lowell since that time.

"And you ain't likely to see him again in a hurry," commented Heenan grimly. "All right; you can go. As for you



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This man had to master the laws of business before he could become a success. His text book of business knowledge was the experience of others and the facts of his own daily experience. He was able to crystalize these experiences into working principles.

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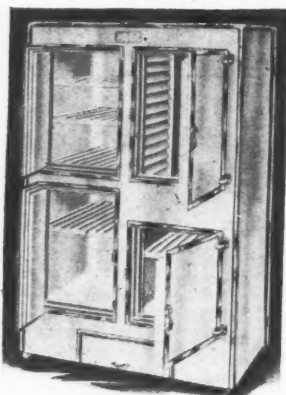
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Concerning Lillie Langtry and Others By Herself

Mrs. Langtry, whose beauty has won tribute from royalty, admiration from the world of fashion, adoration from painters, sculptors, and poets, has been induced to overcome a hitherto persistent objection to disclosing the story of her spectacular career, and in May Cosmopolitan there will appear the first instalment of a delightfully frank autobiography. In May Cosmopolitan

boobs," he roared at the hapless policeman, "it's been pretty soft for you down here at headquarters! I guess you three need fresh air."

Grinning, he assigned McGirk to farthest Flatbush, Lacy to Staten Island, and Rainey to the Bronx. As they sheepishly left the office, he pressed the button on his desk, and Officer Doughty entered.

"Want to see Allaire now, sir?" queried the officer.

"When I want anything, I'll let you know," said Heenan. "I want a full report of the theft of a car from a jeweler in Harlem last week."

"It's right there on your desk," said Blake. "I sent for it immediately I heard from those policemen who just left."

"Oh! You don't miss every trick," said Heenan ungraciously. "It's all right, then, Doughty. When I press the button again, send in Allaire."

Doughty withdrew.

"There's nothing in that report which will help," volunteered Blake. "Ramsdell, the jeweler, left his car outside a Maiden Lane establishment and some one rode off in it. A black runabout, Ashwell, 1914. The number's there. But no one, so far as Ramsdell or the police could find out, happened to notice the car drive off."

While he spoke, Heenan had been running over the brief report.

"I don't believe there is," he said, and looked up. "Blake, does it strike you as funny that this guy, whoever he is, should impersonate me? And over a week ago? It kinda looks as though he was makin' game of me, eh?"

Blake shook his head.

"It looks to me as though he were warning you."

"Warnin' me? What you mean?"

"I'm not sure that I know," answered Blake. "Only, he impersonated me and did murder. He impersonated the lawyer, Allaire, and did murder."

"And you think he'll do murder disguised as me?"

"God knows!" said Blake. "But he's a genius. Something more than that—a demon! It would appear to me that he guessed how events would transpire, knew that I'd be replaced by you, and planted this affair with a view to giving you a tip to be careful."

"Rot!"

"Probably," admitted Blake. "In that case, how do you explain it?"

"I don't bother with explanations. Results are my line," said Heenan. "I'll have that boob, as I told you—"

"How are you going about it?"

"That's my business!" snapped Heenan.

"And now, as I'm going to be mighty busy, could I send your things to your house?"

Blake flushed at the hint.

"I'll send a messenger myself," he said stiffly. "Good-afternoon, Heenan. Once again, good luck to you!"

But Heenan was already lifting up the telephone. Blake's face became hard at the discourtesy. Then he smiled and left the office. As he did so, Heenan got the number of his agency. Theoretically, of course, Heenan's connection with the detective agency that bore his name, ended the moment he accepted the police commissionership. But, practically, it would take some time for him to withdraw entirely. Indeed, it was in Heenan's mind to make the police force a mere adjunct of his



THE TEST OF TESTS

The illustration on this page is from an actual photograph of Signor Ciccolini *actually* singing in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of his voice, thus adding to the already overwhelming proof that the New Edison Re-Creates the voice or instrumental performance of any and all artists with such literal fidelity, that the original cannot be distinguished from the Re-Creation. Marie Rappold, Margaret Matzenauer, Anna Case, Giovanni Zenatello, Jacques Urlus, Arthur Middleton, Otto Goritz and Thomas Chalmers are among the other great artists who in a similar way have proved the infallibility of this wonderful new invention.

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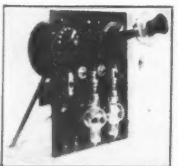
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TAKING a 200-mile spin before dinner will soon be a common occurrence according to the opinion of many of the aeronautic experts. Certainly this mode of transportation is no longer a theory; actual flights demonstrate the feasibility of flying with comfort and security. MoToR BoatinG is running a series of articles, profusely illustrated, telling about the wonders of the Flying Boat.

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Name

Address

C 4-17

agency—not to withdraw at all, save nominally. He got one of his operatives on the wire.

"Donovan? Heenan talking. Yes; I've landed the big job now. Right on it already, too. Never mind the congratulations; listen: There's a man coming in to see me now. Allaire—guy that was arrested for Hastings' murder and discharged this morning. Come right over here and pick him up and don't lose him. Hustle; I'll hold him until you've had time. He's the keystone of the arch. Get a move on you and I'll be calling you 'Inspector' in a week's time."

And Donovan's gratified chuckle—Donovan had made good money; Donovan longed for public preferment; the right to be called "Inspector" was the acme of Donovan's ambition—told Heenan that his operative would shadow Allaire as closely as a stamp sticks to a letter. The new commissioner hung up. He pressed the button for Doughty to admit Allaire.

Meanwhile, on seeing Blake leave the private office, Allaire, waiting outside with the plains-clothes man, had leaped to his feet.

"Mr. Commissioner," he said, "I want to see you about——"

"You'll find the commissioner inside," said Blake. "I'm no longer connected with the department."

"Is that absolutely straight, Mr. Blake?" questioned a reporter. A flock of them surrounded the ex-commissioner. New York was enjoying the biggest sensation in its history, and every word that Blake uttered was golden. To-morrow his utterances would be mere silver, the day after leaden. Just now, whatever Blake said was news, fresh from the citadel of the police force, and, as Blake was not averse to talking, questions multiplied. As a matter of fact, Blake was glad to talk. He believed that the public was entitled to be kept informed as to the progress of the police chase of criminals, save when such widely disseminated information might work prejudice to the case. But, in this particular one, it was well that the whole city should be informed and on the *qui vive*. Who knew but that the most humble of the city's inhabitants might chance upon some clue that would aid in running down the deadly society? Also, there was a thought of self in Blake's loquacity. If the people understood with what tremendous odds he had been coping, what a genius of crime had been opposed to him, censure of the ex-commissioner might not be so harsh.

He answered every question as well as he could, praised Heenan's ability, admitted that he himself was no detective, and gave utterance to his own belief that the police department should be a thing apart from the detective bureau. He believed the duty of the police was to keep order, handle traffic, and that there should be a distinct force, with a distinct head, to do detective work. For a good executive in charge of the police might not be a detective; a good detective might not be a good executive—this last without prejudice to Heenan, for whom Blake wished publicly, as indeed he did privately, all the success in the world. Blake was a man, and could hate as well as the next; but dislike or hatred never blinded him to a person's merits or to the public good. Blake made a mighty good impression on the newspaper men. He was big in defeat, than

which no greater praise may be bestowed. Meanwhile, as Blake faced the grueling fire of the reportorial questions, Allaire was escorted by Officer Doughty into the presence of the new commissioner.

"Well, what can I do for you?" demanded Heenan. "You got courage, coming down here so soon again. Maybe you won't get away so easy as you did this morning."

There was no question of Heenan's ability as a detective. Allaire had been told the new commissioner's name by Doughty on his way into the office, and the lawyer, having read and heard about Heenan for a long time, was prepared to meet some one with a supernatural gift for ferreting out the truth. But Allaire was no fool; he had met many detectives in his experience as a lawyer, and they all ran true to type. He knew at once that Heenan was the same as the rest of them. True, he had had greater success, but, also, he had been better advertised. As a matter of fact, he was simply the persistent bulldog that the rest of his breed are. Allaire knew at once that, when it came to coping with an *intellect*, Heenan would be no more successful than the average detective working for the city. Heenan was merely a sort of super-bulldog, with the bloodhound's keenness of scent. The lawyer's heart sank as he viewed Heenan and listened to the bullying tone. Then he became resentful.

"Drop that tone!" he snapped. "I'm not a servant, awed by your reputation. I came down here to be of some assistance to you if I could. If you care to be civil, if, indeed, you know how——"

Heenan swung around in his chair and glared ferociously at the lawyer. But all he could elicit from Allaire was a contemptuous smile. Moreover, Heenan knew that Allaire was a lawyer; therefore, the new commissioner realized that any threats he might make, which would be effective against an ordinary citizen, would be laughed at by Allaire. His glare softened. He smiled.

"Can't bluff you, eh?" he said. "Sit down."

Only slightly mollified, Allaire did so. Heenan looked him over cautiously. He wondered, and had been wondering, just how good Allaire's alibi had been. Of course, later events, the impersonation of Blake and himself, went a long way toward proving that Allaire's alibi had been an honest one. But Heenan could hang on like grim death, and *did* hang on like grim death, even when almost entirely convinced that he had the wrong party. The average detective, convinced he's on a wrong trail and seeing a better one, abandons the wrong one and tries the other. Heenan would try the other; yet he would not abandon the first. Furthermore, although Allaire was absolutely innocent, as it seemed he was, he was the keystone of the arch, as the new commissioner had told Donovan.

"I suppose," said Heenan, smiling, "that you've got a perfect alibi for the Warren and Coleman murders? It couldn't be by any chance be you who committed those murders, disguised as Commissioner Blake? It would have been pretty clever of you to frame an alibi for the first killing, and then be the impersonator later on in the other killings?"

Allaire laughed.

"I can prove where I've been and what



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HAYNES

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But send for the Prospectus today.

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by means of soft rubber inserts in pockets, supports the bone in normal position, and the trouble soon disappears. Relief is immediate. No metal. Soft, flexible, featherweight.

If you have any form of foot trouble, write for free book "Orthopedy of the Foot," a complete treatise on foot troubles.

Wizard Foot Appliance Co., 1612 Locust St. St. Louis, Mo.

whom since I left the court-room, Commissioner. But you don't mean that, anyway."

"No, I don't," said Heenan. He didn't; he merely put the hypothesis that he might study Allaire's face while so doing. And no man that lived was clever-enough actor to hide complete his entire feelings from Heenan. If there'd been a grain of truth in the hypothesis, Heenan would have read it in Allaire's countenance. At least, he thought he could have done so. And he didn't.

"Well, what do you want?" he inquired.

"I want to help you find the murderer of Hastings," said Allaire.

"How about the guy that killed the others?"

"If it's the same man, then that man also," replied Allaire. "But the Hastings murder is the one I'm interested in, as you can understand."

"Sure," said Heenan. "And what you got to tell me?"

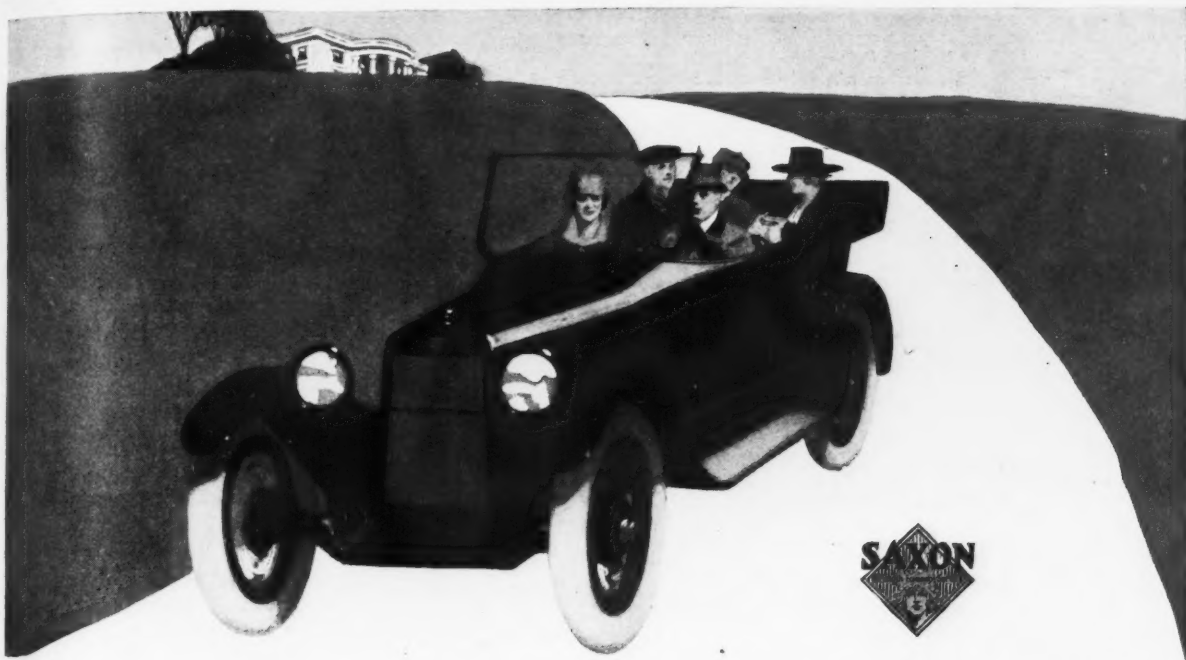
Allaire handed Heenan the letter from the society. Heenan read it slowly, examining the postmark, studying the type-writing, holding the paper to the light that he might read the water-mark. As a matter of fact, Heenan didn't expect this examination to result in anything. A practical man, he knew that it would probably take months or years—eternity—to trace the machine which had printed these words. And he had but hours at his disposal. The murderer might be preparing to strike again. He looked speculatively at Allaire. All that Allaire and Allison had figured flashed through his head. The writer of that note knew Allaire well.

"You got any suspicions?" he demanded. "Any idea what one of your friends wrote this? Of course, you know it must have been one of your friends?"

"I realize that," said Allaire grimly.

Heenan hesitated. The commissioner realized that he was not up against an ordinary murder case. If he elicited from Allaire a list of all his friends, that one of those friends who was the murderer might soon learn of Heenan's knowledge and be put upon his guard. Of course, he could swear Allaire to secrecy, but—men talk. It would take very little longer for Heenan, through his agents, to find out who were the lawyer's friends. Moreover, it was pretty certain that the murderer would keep his word about communicating with Allaire.

The thing to do was to shadow Allaire and shadow every person with whom Allaire communicated. Heenan's shadows were clever men; they would not give themselves away. Heenan was now absolutely convinced of Allaire's entire lack of guilt or complicity. But Allaire's best friend might be the murderer. That best friend might easily pump Allaire as to all that happened in this office. Better have little or nothing happen; Heenan regretted that he had even confided to Allaire his theory as to Allaire's friends. But that was a theory, of course, that the society would probably have given Heenan credit for striking upon, anyway. That Heenan and Allaire had discussed it would not necessarily alarm the murderer. And then Heenan's eyes alighted upon the card which had been found by the bodies of Coleman and Warrenner. His heart danced; it was handwritten. The man who wrote it was one of Allaire's friends. Allaire



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Compare it with the car of less than six cylinders that stands highest in your estimation.

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Gear-shifting becomes more and more frequently a necessity. Acceleration slows up and pulling power lessens.

Finally we see them revealed in growing repair and replacement bills. And shortly the car has reached the end of its usefulness long before it should.

On the other hand, the Saxon motor, with its six cylinders, develops a continuous flow of power. Vibration has been reduced to the minimum. Uniform torque, the ambition of all motor designers, is attained.

Take for example a certain well-known car of less than six cylinders, tested under the same prevailing conditions as Saxon "Six."

At a speed of 20 miles per hour, the Saxon "Six" motor developed 98% more impulses per minute than did the "less-than-six."

This 98% greater percentage of impulses is vitally significant.

And its significance is concretely expressed in the fact that when this "less-than-six" and Saxon "Six" were tested for acceleration, Saxon "Six" revealed 22% faster pick-up.

Nor is it in acceleration alone that this smoother power-flow gives the advantage to Saxon "Six."

In every phase of performance Saxon "Six" must be considered supreme among cars costing less than \$1200.

Under the most drastic and grueling conditions of public and private tests it has earned top place.

Probably you may never feel the inclination or necessity to call upon Saxon "Six" to the full limit of its speed and power.

Nevertheless it is re-assuring to know that should the time come you have the extra speed and power at your command.

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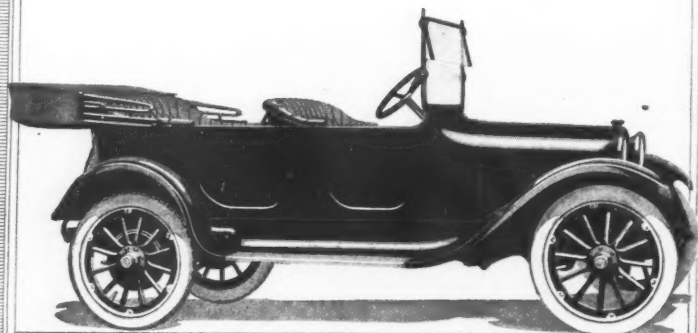
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In May Cosmopolitan begin the adventures of
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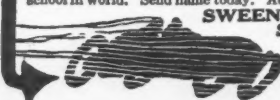
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KENNEBEC

must know the writing! The mystery was
solved! He picked up the card and handed
it to Allaire.

"Who wrote that?" he demanded, trem-
bling with excitement. And Heenan rarely
was excited. Allaire read it; he read it
again; he tried to speak; he choked; a
sickly grin appeared on his mouth.

"Why, Commissioner," he said feebly,
"it's my writing!"

Heenan stared in amazement.

"You wrote it?"

Allaire shook his head.

"No; certainly not. But it's my hand-
writing just the same. As clever a forgery
as—it would deceive me myself."

They looked at each other blankly.
Heenan spoke.

"Well, I'd oughta known that a guy as
clever as this society gent wouldn't leave
a trail like an army!" He thumped his
head with his knuckles. "Nobody home,"
he exclaimed; "nobody home!"

IX

SHEER chagrin prompted Heenan's
slangy outburst. Conceited, he at once re-
sented the implication of defeat in his own
words. He took the card back from
Allaire.

"I was barking up the wrong tree for a
second," he admitted sheepishly. "That
don't mean I won't find the right tree,"
he added grimly.

"I hope so," said Allaire. "And if I can
be of any help—"

"You can, all right," said Heenan. "By
keeping your mouth shut—tight. Of
course, it ain't any use asking you if you
know who's able to imitate your hand-
writing?"

Allaire shook his head hopelessly.

"Well, it don't matter," said Heenan.
"I'll find out, all right. I'll keep this letter
you got and the money. Here's a receipt
for the coin." He wrote it quickly and
gave it to the lawyer. "I'll probably want
to see you again," he said. "You keep
yourself in readiness to come to me."

"All right," said Allaire. He walked
toward the door. He hesitated; Heenan's
hand was on the desk press-button, and he
looked up.

"Well?"

"Isn't there anything I can do?" cried
Allaire. "I want to be on the trail."

"You sit tight!" snapped the commis-
sioner. "You might warn the murderer
by butting in. Keep out!"

Allaire left the office disconsolately.
Buoyed up by Allison's last look, encour-
aged by her faith and bravery, he had come
down to headquarters primed for battle,
feeling that, somehow, he would be in the
forefront of the chase for the murderer.
And he was shelved. Justly, too, for, after
all, he was not merely an amateur but the
veriest novice.

Officer Doughty answered Heenan's
ring. In compliance with Heenan's orders,
he summoned to the new commissioner's
presence all the inspectors in the building.
They came into the office and lined up,
uneasy in the presence of the new chief.
When commissioners change, the new one
usually "shakes up" the force a bit. But
Heenan had no intention of doing anything
like that at present. He looked them over.

"You men listen to me," he said coldly.
"I suppose you're all rattled and think the

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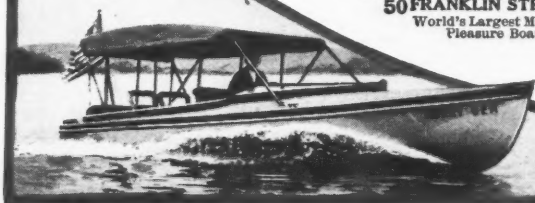
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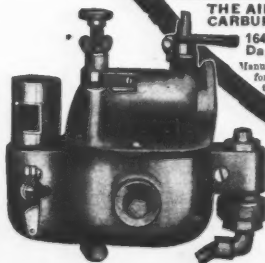
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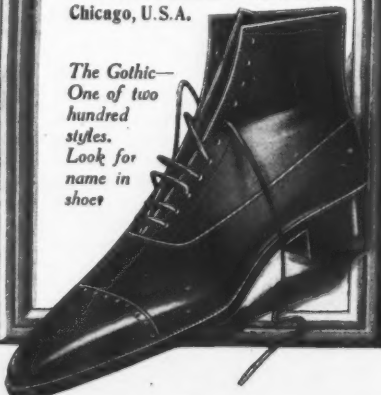


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They understood his words, though not his hidden purpose. They all nodded. Heenan was about to send them out to round up the criminals whom he wished to examine when the telephone-bell rang. It was Detective Ryan, who wished to report that he'd lost the chauffeur of the taxi in which the Hastings murderer had made his escape.

"You lost him hours ago, didn't you?" snarled Heenan. "Why didn't you report sooner? . . . You thought you'd pick him up again, eh? Well, you've lost a twenty-five-thousand-dollar reward, you boob! He was the murderer. . . . No; he wasn't the real chauffeur; so there's no use going to the garage after him. . . . What'll you do? Well, keep outa my sight is the healthiest advice I can give you."

He hung up and turned to his subordinates.

"You heard what I said?" he demanded. "That was the shadow of the chauffeur that testified in court this morning. That chauffeur was the Hastings murderer. The shadow lost him. Now there's shadows, I understand, on all the witnesses at the hearing of Allaire before Judge Sweeney this morning. Call 'em off at once. They ain't needed. They can be used somewhere else. Call 'em off at once. You'd think there was some terrible mystery to this affair. There ain't! None of those witnesses was mixed in the affair at all. How could they be? This society," and he sneered, "ain't anything new. It's some old-timer operating under a new alias, that's all. You can see by his work that he's a professional. No amateur could 'a' pulled the stuff he's been pulling. The thing to do is get after the known criminals in town and sweat 'em; then we're sure to get the right man among them. Think I'm right?"

This was the sort of advice that coincided with the inspectors' views. They knew but the one sort of detection—arrest everyone in sight and bully the whole crowd until some one confessed. They nodded approvingly.

"Mind, call the shadows off this morning's witnesses. I don't want to waste men trailing them. Get busy!"

They departed, and Heenan sneered at their broad, beefy backs that supported beefy brains.

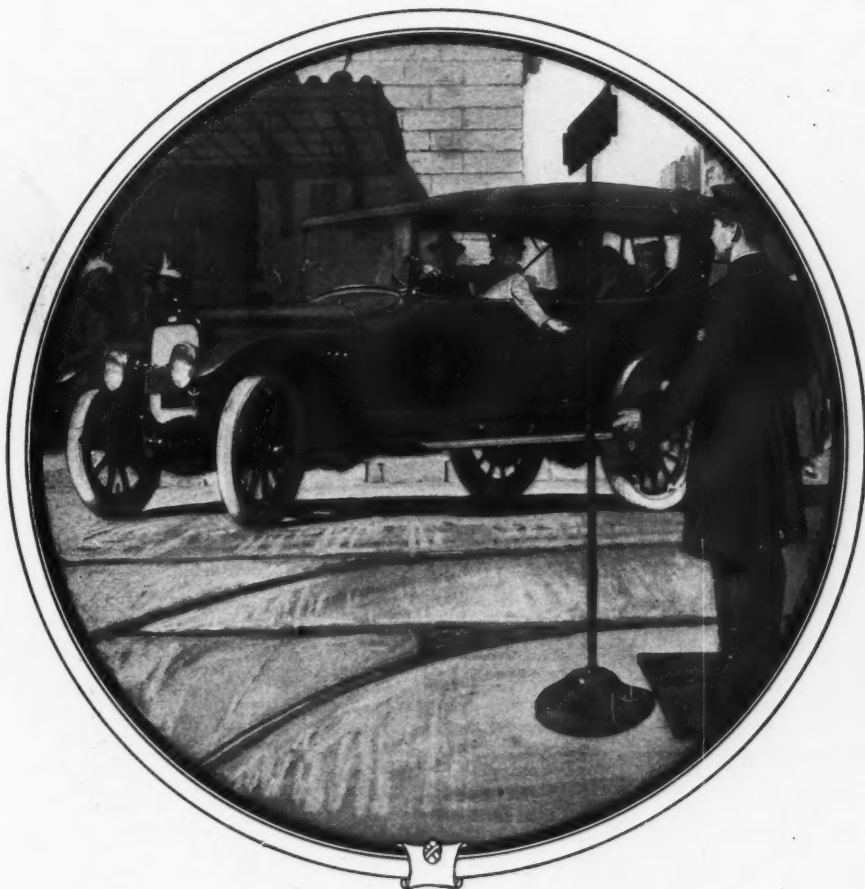
"The dubs," he said.

Doughty entered.

"Got a word for the newspaper boys, Commissioner? They're anxious for a talk with you."

Heenan stepped to the door; the newspaper men, through with Blake, crowded

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forward to interview his successor. Heenan knew them all; nearly every one of them had helped build up his fabulous reputation.

"What's the word, Commissioner?" asked one. "When will you land the murderer? Got a clue?"

"A hundred of 'em," grinned Heenan. "But I can't slip 'em to you boys just yet. But you take this home to your editors: I'll have the murderer under lock and key within forty-eight hours."

"How about in the mean time? Will he get anyone else?"

"He'll not," said Heenan.

And then, pleading work, he got them to excuse him. Back in his office, he picked up the telephone and got his agency. Despite what he had said to the inspectors, he knew that no professional with a record was behind these crimes of violence. Heenan knew the handiwork of every professional criminal in almost every line as well as he knew the faces of his own family. And he knew that there was no professional criminal operating to-day who combined the traits of the man or men who formed this deadly society. The "society" might be a single man; it might be a score of men. Whichever was true, it was not composed of professional criminals—that is, in the sense which Heenan meant—criminals with police records—Heenan knew that.


But the society had shown a devilish ingenuity which made Heenan hide his own beliefs from his new subordinates as well as from the newspaper men. Let the society think that Heenan believed that he could capture the criminal or criminals by the old methods of rounding up all known crooks and putting them through the third degree! Let the society think that! Let it also think, if it were interested, that Heenan had dropped shadowing the witnesses of the morning. The society was too clever not to discover, if any of these witnesses by any chance were among its members, that they were being shadowed by plain-clothes men. But the men of Heenan's agency—they were different. If the society could discover that these shadows were trailing them—But they couldn't. Though the society were able to learn what was doing in police circles, it would be unable to learn what Heenan's agency was doing. Heenan was playing one game out in the open—the police game. The other game, the agency game, was being played strictly under cover. The society would be making a mistake if it underestimated Heenan, or judged him by his public utterances or the work of the police department.

"Dexter?" he said to the operative who answered his call.

"Yes, Chief."

"Listen carefully: I want our best assigned to trail the witnesses who testified for Allaire this morning. Understand? I also want all Allaire's friends looked up, and their dossiers sent to my apartment tonight. . . . Oh, I know that's quick work, but all I want is an outline of each man's career. Begin with the Maple Club. The dossier of every member—outlined but complete—education, business, tastes, income—you understand. Put clever men on that. And assign two men, instead of one, to each of the men who 'phoned for protection this morning. And all the other men out on the case—call them off! They

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were only doing routine, and the flatties here will attend to that. It'll keep them busy. Routine work won't get us anywhere. This isn't a routine case. . . . There were fifteen men out doing routine work, rounding up stools, eh?" Evidently Heenan had been giving way to his weakness for boasting when he told Blake, earlier in the day, that he had one hundred and fifty men out on the case. "Well, call them all off, and have them in readiness for a sudden call, day or night. . . . Expect to call on them? Dexter, I don't expect anything. This is one time when dope don't work. This is the thing I've been looking forward to in all my experience—something new in crime! Get busy." And he rang off.

He wrote a few minutes at his desk. The twenty-five thousand which Blake had offered him as a reward out of the Emergency Fund could no longer be claimed by Heenan, so he issued a bulletin offering that amount for the capture of the men involved in the four murders or for evidence leading to their arrest. He gave the bulletin to Doughty, and then did what was the only thing to do: he waited. Shortly, officers began turning in professional crooks, and Heenan began the work of the "third degree" in person. Not that he expected these crooks to confess anything that would be helpful. He didn't believe a single one of them knew anything about the society; he was certain they didn't. But he would not miss a single trick. His agency was on the right trail now; maybe there'd be some "right" on the wrong one.

Meanwhile, Allaire had left the headquarters building and was striding toward his office. A dray held him up on a corner for a moment; it held up another man. They recognized each other. Ex-Commissioner Blake flushed. Allaire's face hardened. Blake noted it, and spoke impulsively.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Allaire, that I had to put you over the jumps this morning. I hope you realize that I was only doing my duty, and what, under the circumstances, you must admit I was justified in doing."

Allaire felt a rush of sympathy for the ex-commissioner. For the dreadful business of the last twenty hours had ruined Blake, Allaire knew, as well as himself. He put out his hand.

"No ill will, Mr. Blake. It wasn't you; it was fate. Fate seems to have been too much for both of us."

They shook hands.

"I wonder," said Blake. "You don't look like a quitter, Allaire; and I hope I'm not. Are you going to lie down meekly and call it 'fate,' when we both know it's a bloody-handed murderer that's to blame? I'm not!"

"You're not in office any longer," said Allaire. "If you couldn't handle the matter there, how can you now?"

Blake flushed.

"I'm no detective—never professed to be. And this thing all came up so suddenly! I only know the routine things to do, but now—Heenan, my successor, is the ablest detective in the world. But he may fall down on this. And, anyway, I'm not going to wait idly for his results. I'm going to do something!"

"What?" queried Allaire dryly.

Blake shrugged his shoulders.

"God knows! But I have ordinary

intelligence, I hope. I can at least apply that. Once again, I'm sorry, Allaire. Good-day."

He would have left the lawyer, but Allaire detained him.

"Look here, Blake," he said: "We're in the same boat. Maybe if we row together—Anything especial to do now?"

"I thought of dropping into my club and receiving the commiseration of my friends," answered Blake, with a wry smile.

"And I'm on my way to my office to see if this affair has already affected business," said Allaire, with a smile that matched the ex-commissioner's. "Come along with me."

Misery loves company; Blake accepted the invitation gladly. Allaire's office was not far from headquarters, and they were there in a few moments. A wan-faced stenographer looked up, timidly at first, then with a little cry of welcome.

"Oh, Mr. Allaire, I'm so glad! It's been dreadful! I know you hadn't anything to do with that awful affair, and I tried to tell them so, but they wouldn't listen to me! As if you hadn't suffered enough without their being so mean as to take away their business, too!"

Allaire looked at Blake.

"It's what I expected," he said. Then, to the stenographer, "Don't worry, Miss Prendergast; there's lots more business in the city. Who withdrew their business?"

"Mr. Considine, Mr. Brady, Mr. Thorold, and—that's all, I guess."

But it was enough. Considine's business was worth fifteen hundred a year to Allaire; Brady's was worth almost that much, and Thorold's a couple of thousand. Five thousand dollars, the bulk of his practise, withdrawn in a lump! Certain practise, too.

"Did they say anything particular?" he asked the stenographer.

"Th—they were—r-rude," she replied. She had been plainly keeping up under the strain with difficulty, and Allaire was sorry for her.

"You didn't shake me, anyway, Miss Prendergast," he said.

The color came to her cheeks.

"I should say not! As if I took any stock in what the police say! As if you were a murderer—my stars!" Her contempt was tremendous, and Allaire again felt grateful for his friends.

"I am mighty grateful to you, Miss Prendergast," said the lawyer. "I'll not forget it. And as this has been a hard day for you, you may go now. And if I'm not here to-morrow—if I don't show up here for some time—you keep the office open just the same. I'll send your weekly check to you, and—"

"I'll stick," she said. "But you aren't going to run away? You're going to stay on the job and fight it out, aren't you? You're one of the best little lawyers in this town, Mr. Allaire, and those people that turned you down to-day are going to be sorry—you mark my words!"

"Thank you, Miss Prendergast," he said. "You're a trump." She beamed at his words and was smiling happily when she left the office.

"Well, Blake," said Allaire, after she had gone, "you see that there is little to prevent me from doing a little detective work. My practise—" He smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

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"And my career—" Blake emulated the smile and shrug. Then he got down to cases. "Look here, Allaire: Let's figure this thing out. We know that some one has impersonated both of us and done murder. He has also impersonated Heenan."

"What?"

Blake explained about what had occurred in the commissioner's office while Allaire was waiting outside.

"Three of us have been impersonated. Also, the chauffeur who drove you—beg pardon, I mean Hastings' murderer—last night. That's four of us. Have you noticed that you and I are similar in build?"

Allaire surveyed the ex-commissioner. He nodded assent.

"And comparatively alike in feature. But our coloring! Your hair is black; mine is brown. Heenan's is red. That chauffeur's was almost white it was so blond."

"I don't believe the disguise was as deep as that," said Blake. "As for our hair—wigs! All of us are smooth shaven. The chauffeur and you and I are of the same general build. Heenan is stout, but padding would make that change. And remember, too, that even in the most daring impersonation, that of myself, the man was careful. He came into headquarters with his hat over his eyes and his collar turned up. He did as I would have done—went to my office; no one thought to expect anyone other than myself. Notice: He's not supernatural. He doesn't impersonate any of us where he would be subjected to a close examination. He does it before people who have never seen the original, or know him but slightly, or at a time when they are expecting the original, and so do not scrutinize. There's nothing supernatural; there's simply demoniac cleverness. I've figured it all out, I think. He knows you—well, I imagine."

"Intimately," said Allaire. He explained the reasoning which was mostly that of Allison, quoting the letter which had contained the money.

Blake nodded.

"And he got a good look at me in court to-day. We know when he saw the chauffeur. Heenan's picture's been printed often."

"But why impersonate Heenan?" demanded Allaire.

"I think it's a little tip to Heenan to be careful; not to be too earnest in his chase of the murderer," replied Blake. "The murderer is a student of conditions; he knew that Heenan would be drawn into the case—knew it eight days ago."

"I believe you," said Allaire grimly. "But go on. Where else has your figuring taken you?"

"Not very far," admitted Blake ruefully. "But the murderer knew that the three men killed at headquarters were in my office this morning. He telephoned me from up-town and told me so. I wondered how he knew. But I can understand now. He undoubtedly phoned their offices, found they were out, and guessed that they were with me. Then, learning such was the case, he guessed that they would be frightened half to death and would leave headquarters only under a heavy guard. When he saw that guard and a patrol, he went by in his stolen car and—well, you know what happened. He must have got down-town

again, after trapping those who chased him, in time to see me leave the building, when he entered and killed Coleman and Warren with a revolver equipped with a Maxim silencer, for no one heard the shots."

"But how did he trap those who pursued him?"

Blake told the lawyer, for the details of this had not been in the extra Allaire had read. Then Blake asked for what further information he had. Allaire gave it, even to the simulation of his handwriting on the murderer's note left in the commissioner's private office.

"And here are our joint conclusions," said Allaire: "First, the murderer is a friend of mine, intimately informed of my private affairs; second, he is a man possessed of histrionic ability. At least, he can impersonate."

"Third?" encouraged Blake.

Allaire shook his head.

"There is no third as yet."

For a long while, they both sat in thought. Then Allaire leaned to his feet.

"Blake, I'm going over to the Star office. I know the night editor, and I think he'll let me go over the files. For there is a third, Blake. The murderer is a counterfeiter. I'm going to look over the files and clippings—the 'morgue,' they call it—and search for the record of the arrest of some actor for forgery."

"Can I help you?" queried Blake.

"Yes; you visit the wig-makers along Broadway and in the Tenderloin. The murderer may have hair to match one of the four he's impersonated, but he's surely had to buy wigs to counterfeit the other three—"

"By George," cried Blake, "this detective work means only the application of ordinary common sense—doesn't it?"

"And eternal patience and shrewdness and a thousand other things," said Allaire. "No; I don't expect much from this, but—it's something, Blake. And we'll pool our issues and we won't quit, eh, until we've run him down?"

They shook hands. Allaire gave Blake his address.

"If you have anything, come up here to-night," he said. "It'll be late, but we'll want to talk things over."

"I'll be there," promised Blake.

They left the office.

It was about this time that Heenan, disgusted with the farce of examining professional crooks who could give no information, received word from Dexter that operatives of the Heenan Agency were now on the trail of every person who had testified at Allaire's hearing that morning. He added that Donovan, shadowing Allaire, had telephoned that the lawyer and Blake were closeted in Allaire's office. Heenan sneered at this information.

"Misery loves company," he said. Then an idea struck him. "Get some one else on Allaire's trail, looking him up. Especially find out if he's got a girl—engaged, or anything like that."

"Why, it don't seem like a skirt-job," said Dexter. "What makes you think—"

"I don't think anything!" snapped Heenan. "I only know that it never does any harm to look up the woman. They're usually found close to trouble, anyway. Mind, look her up, if there is one."

The next instalment of *The Gray Hair* will appear in *May Cosmopolitan*.



Good Style

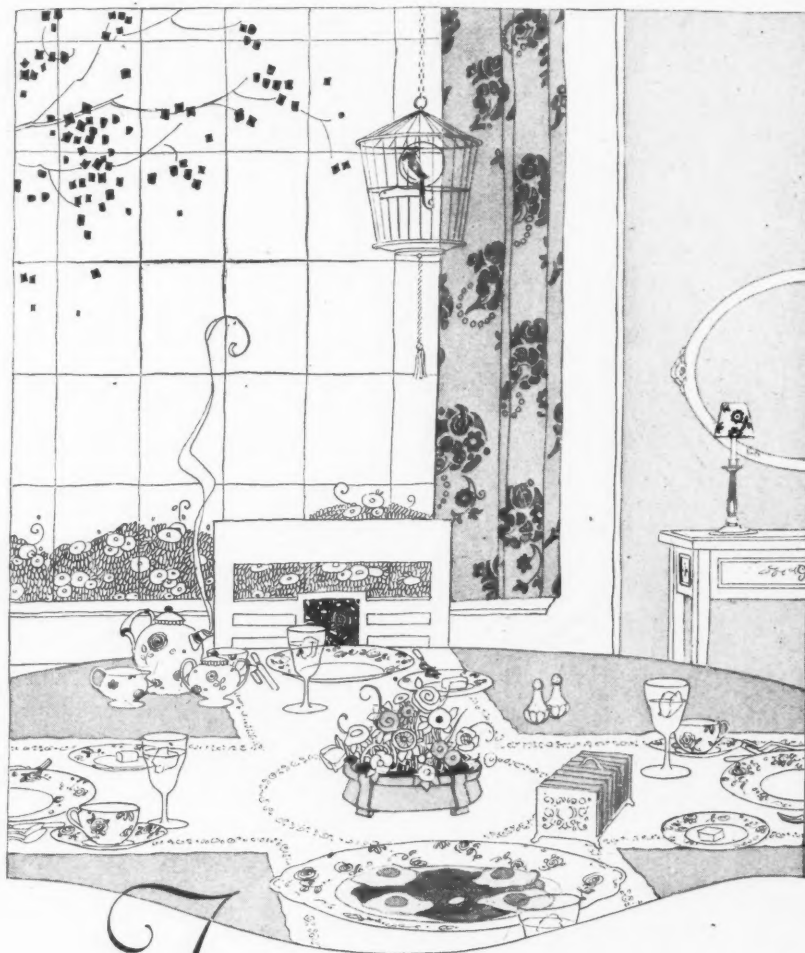
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